

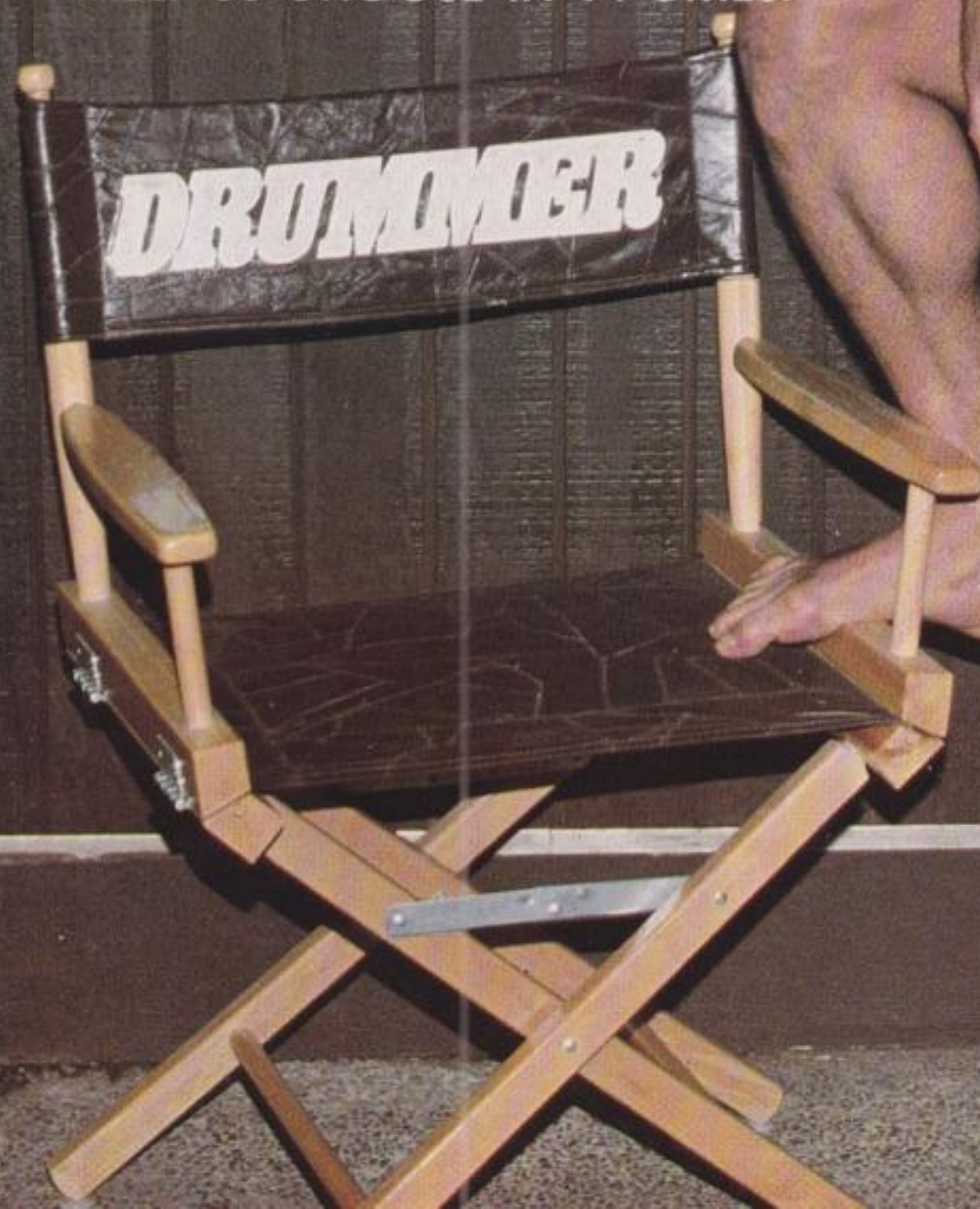
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

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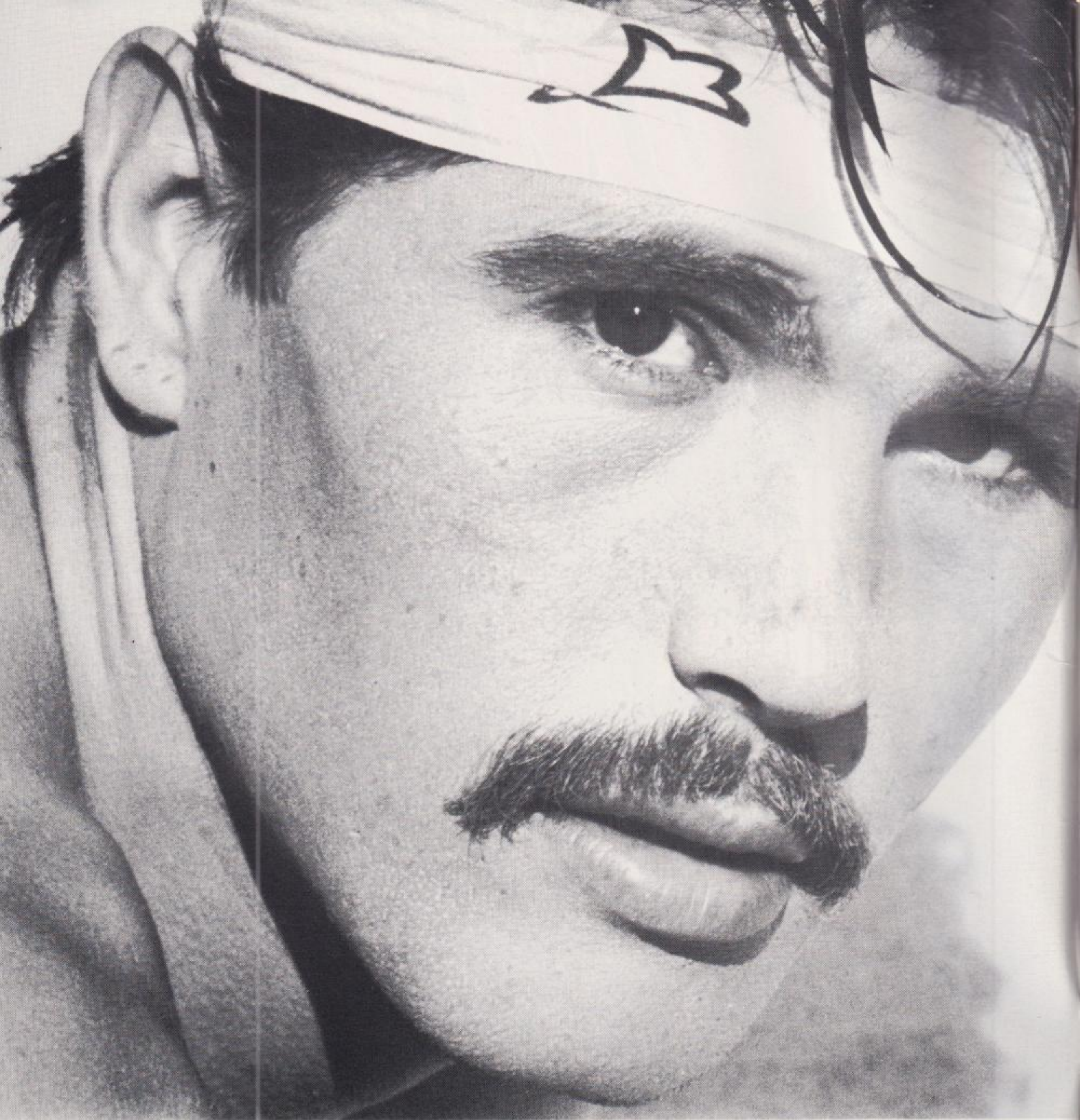


ALSO:
THE QUARTERS
BECOMES THE
COMPOUND!

CHASTITY
DEVICES

NEW FICTION:
JOHN PRESTON
LARRY TOWNSEND

ISSUE 63



MODEL: RICHARD EDWARD FORSYTHE

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IN THE BEGINNING

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



GETTING OFF

Drummer, along with the San Francisco leather community, was saddened to hear of the death of Hank Diethelm, owner of The Brig, both long time institutions on Folsom Row. Even more shocking were the details of his death: strangulation, blows to the head, body handcuffed to a dentist's chair in his basement, five separate fires set throughout his house. An eye witness happened along to report seeing the suspect loading up Hank's car and driving off.

The police have arrested the suspect, impounding the car and the loot, according to newspaper reports—which themselves kept the SM aspects of the case down to a roar. We still don't know all the details. Whether games went too far and the surviving player panicked, or whether Hank was chosen to be done in, we can't say. But we can't think of a more unlikely victim. What we do know is that Hank is gone and will be deeply missed.

Along with leather and The Brig, Hank loved his home, opera, the theatre, and was a collector of antiques and silver. He quietly and generously supported many causes in the community, including sending three men to Chicago each year for the Mr. International Leather Contest. He made his money in the leather community and he returned much of it in many different ways.

I like to remember that whenever Hank would call on another bar in the area, he would personally pick up all the beer bottles on the street along the way and leave the returnable empties with the bar he was visiting, both to keep neighborhood pressure down and not to arrive empty-handed.

Hank Diethelm was a good and decent man, his bar has always been well-run and gives every indication of continuing as a memorial to the man who made it the epitome of leather bars in San Francisco. His quiet and generous leadership on Folsom Row will be remembered for a long time to come.

A well-planned and moving wake was held Sunday, April 17 at The Brig. His friends came from all around to drink a toast to Hank and what he stood for. The San Francisco Board of Supervisors sent a proclamation stating that they had adjourned early out of respect for him. The floral arrangements brightened the dark barroom, the music was dynamic but classical and the mood subdued but friendly.

Just the way Hank would have liked it.
John H. Embry

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Okay, all you worthless little boys, get your pencils out and write a real nice note to your dad...or else.

94 IN PASSING

Rose DeCastro shows us just how to oil your buns.

Cover: Who will fill the Mr. Drummer chair? Photo of Rene by Jim Moss. Opposite page: Paul Manenti, winner of the 1983 Mr. Northern California Drummer Contest, and on his way to the June finals. Photo by Jim Wigler.

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VOLUME 7/NUMBER 63/APRIL 1983

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

A MAJOR RESPONSE

I hope R.G. from North Carolina in his letter complaining about queens (*Drummer*, Issue No. 61 *Male Call*, "A Major Complaint") has his gay act together. We all need to learn from history that nearly two million of us went together into the death camps of Nazi Germany where there was no distinction between butch and fem and queen and clone. No room is left in the gay community for R.G.'s petty distinctions.

M.E.M.
Indiana

In reading the letter from R.G. in North Carolina (*Drummer* No. 61) and your response, my estimation of your publication and what it stands for has risen 1000%.

This man is frightened. I'm a top who has been into leather for 12 years now and done it all. While I find the types described by R.G. unattractive, I will defend their rights to pursue and adopt an identity and a role.

Lack of cohesion within the gay community is the single most damaging influence in keeping gays where they are. The ideal should be to generate the kind of society where all these areas become non-issues. By that I mean that one's sexual identity would have no more import than one's hair color. I wish to stop having to preface every conversation with the fact that I'm gay. My ideas and feelings and opinions must stand or fall of their own merit. My sexual identity should serve to give them flavor and style.

Finally, to deny the feminine is to deny a part of every man and leads too easily to the kind of misogyny that is already too common among gays.

Thanks for listening and bravo!

From a man who can eat quiche and still be a man...

Barry Byford
Address Withheld

I find your response to R.G.'s letter excellent and to the point. As a psychotherapist, I can't help wonder what is going on in R.G.'s head. What has caused so much anger in what he's writing about? One of the causes of anger is fear of (fill in the blank). I can only suspect that his feelings could be a reaction to a closeted past or a need to reinforce his— as he states it— MAN ego. If the latter is true, is he not saying, "I am better than..."

The most damaging discrimination against gays is not from the heterosexual

community but from our own gay brothers and sisters. I feel very sorry for R.G. because he is not more accepting of others. He has the right to choose who he sleeps with, but does he truly have the right to put others down for the sake of his own ego?

Thanks for the excellent article by Mark Chester ("Bondage Confessions"). *Drummer* is getting better all the time.

D. Coryell
Vancouver, Canada

I must applaud your editor's note to "R.G." in *Drummer* (Issue 61). I have just finished performing in Doric Wilson's *Street Theatre* at the Mineshaft. The show carries various political messages (besides being the first "legit" show to ever be performed at NYC's best backroom bar) but the main message was this: the need for unity in the gay community. *Street Theatre* was about the Stonewall Rebellion, and Wilson's parallel to today, when gays have forgotten the importance of standing together, and too often carrying loathing and contempt for others that may not be part of their particular clique.

Leathermen are the brunt of as much prejudice among gays as the drags and "nellie queens." In these times with "moral" and conservative power threatening to again dominate the thinking of all people, gays must remember that we are all brothers and sisters and must band together. Tolerance of all is a must. We have to remember that those who put on a dress or fluffy sweater for their pleasure have as much right as we do to put on our black leather.

Peter B.
New York

RENEWAL BLUES

Truly your publication must be the one and only in this country that does not hound its subscribers to death. In fact I did not receive one notice that my subscription was ending. I am enclosing my renewal. In the future I, as I'm sure many others, would appreciate some form of notification that our favorite magazine is about to be taken away from us.

Thank you in advance for the many wonderful issues of fantasy, daydreaming, and just good old jack-off material. Keep up the good work. But I really would like to see more articles on enemas and fisting.

E.T.
Alexandria, VA

(Editor's Note: Real sorry about the slip-up in getting a renewal notice to you; that's a rare complaint around here, but nonetheless, we'll try never to let it happen again.)

ON SLAVES & M'S

I was more than pleased that Larry Townsend finally differentiated an M from a slave. The failure to understand this difference has broken up more than one relationship. Although I am a total M, I am also a busy and responsible citizen with a good position and certain civic responsibilities in the community. I have no time to be shining shoes, washing cars, cooking meals, walking dogs, and cleaning houses and apartments. On the other hand, when hot and horny, in the right hands I thrill to a studded belt or whip, harness or C&B torture, golden showers, shaving, piercing, ball weights, and rough oral and anal use.

There comes a time, though, when both master (or masters) as well as the M are satiated, hungry, sleepy, in need of a smoke or shave, and, finally, a good sleep, a real bath, and donning one's garb for one's duties in society.

Thanks to Larry for making this succinctly clear.

J. Belton
Chicago, IL

THE SICK WHO RULE US

Greetings from the land that pioneered and championed modern democracy. The country where no laid-down constitution or Bill of Rights was thought necessary as people's freedoms and rights were protected and enshrined by the legislative and confirmed by the executive.

Of course it was never as idealistic as that in practice, but today, in 1983, as Britain slides further and further to the right, these longstanding and cherished rights are eroding away. More of the Weimar, less of Tom Paine.

Whilst the sovereignty and freedom of a handful of people in the South

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DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GUIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MEMBERS ONLY, MAN TO MAN CLASSIFIEDS, GETTING OFF and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments of DRUMMER magazine. Copyright 1983 by Alternate Publishing.

Atlantic are protected by the spending of billions of pounds (dollars) and hundreds of dead, the Conservative Government is (before the next General Election) pushing a Police Bill through Parliament which will have diabolical repercussions on the freedoms and rights of gays in Britain. These include, amongst others, forcible entry into homes (without warrant), street arrests on suspicion (of gayness), being held up to 72 hours incommunicado, and held in custody for one week without being charged. All actions of which Soviet citizens are already familiar.

For many years press censorship has prevailed within this country, but now control is getting tighter. Gay bookstores are regularly busted, gay advertising is banned, and the right to read, see or do is violated repeatedly.

The Customs and Excise Management continues to play its part as well. *Drummer 60* never made it through.

Let no one in your country have any doubt about the worsening situation here. You may have your own worries with the Moral Majority, Jesse Helms, and various outhen hyenas in ascendency. Here they are already in power and are out for blood.

This piece of polemic is long and angry, but I hope it conveys some of the frustrations and fears of a liberal minded gay who is appalled at the sickness enveloping his beloved country.

Dave
Great Britain

(Editor's Note: We are acutely aware of the state of things in England— where, ironically, homosexuality per se has not been a crime for a number of years— and we are constantly battling with Customs & Excise over Drummer. We continue to invent new ways to insure that you receive your magazine, but teeter on the brink of having Drummer officially banned. It may be difficult for Americans to fully grasp such a situation, where a magazine can not be sold by government decree. But it is a situation that, given the frequency with which gay magazines are seized and prosecuted in America today by local authorities, looms ominously on the horizon. We already follow some of the suggestions you mentioned in your letter— which have been deleted here intentionally— and have had a very good success rate.)

HORSESHIT

You've never had articles about sex with horses. Why? I know some real together leathersmen who get turned on by horses, riding them, being around them, fucking with them. You've covered everything else—why not horses?

R.G.R.
El Paso, TX

(Continued on page 92)

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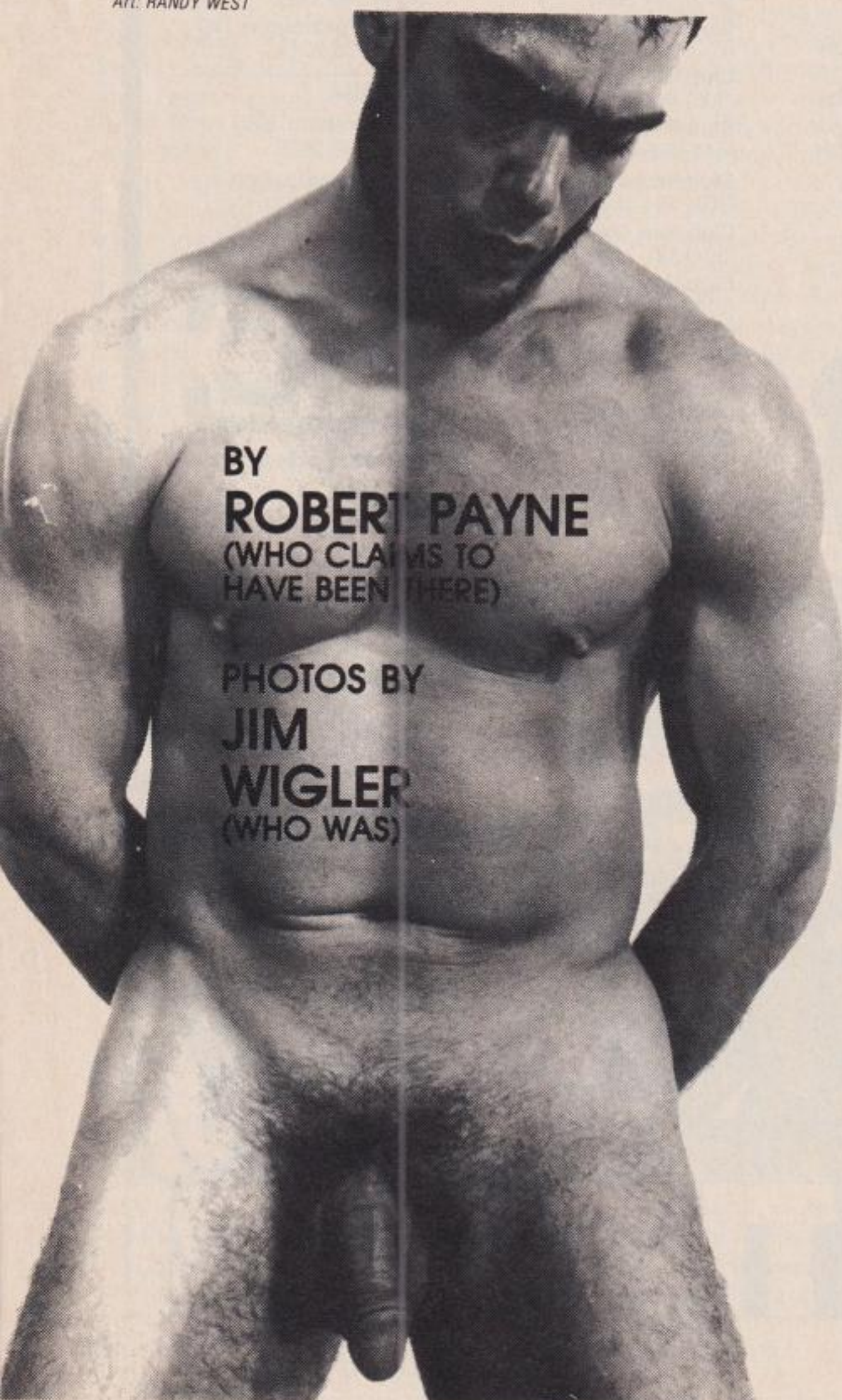


TO THE CLUB!

THE QUARTERS BECOMES THE

COMPOUND

Art: RANDY WEST



BY
ROBERT PAYNE
(WHO CLAIMS TO
HAVE BEEN THERE)

PHOTOS BY
JIM WIGLER
(WHO WAS)

The concept of *THE QUARTERS* was an exciting and intriguing one. It had been designed at a discipline training enterprise where carefully chosen men could go for a weekend or a month when they were on the west coast and discover themselves. It was somewhat of a manhood ritual. How could you stand up to hours locked in a cell, stripped, ordered around, made to perform for someone else's enjoyment, put your own likes and dislikes aside, drop your ego along with your pants and become a stripped-down number whose vocabulary was limited to "Yes, Sir" and "Thank You Sir."

Drummer ran a couple of spreads on *The Quarters* and its operators were swamped with mail from all over the world. Men came to San Francisco to experience *The Quarters'* training. It was very select, very private and very short-lived.

The people are gone, the place is empty, leaving a lot of disappointed guys. Then one day we were given access to the premises and we came across the idea of creating a somewhat similar facility. We'd call it *THE COMPOUND* and we'd reconstruct what had been attempted, but on a more solid footing. We approached Jim-Ed Thompson who used to edit a magazine called *Action Male* that many of us have spent many a happy hour drooling and meat-beating over. Bondage was Jim-Ed's specialty and still is, so he offered to put on a demonstration for us. As luck would have it, he was personally taking on a young trainee that he volunteered for us to photograph.

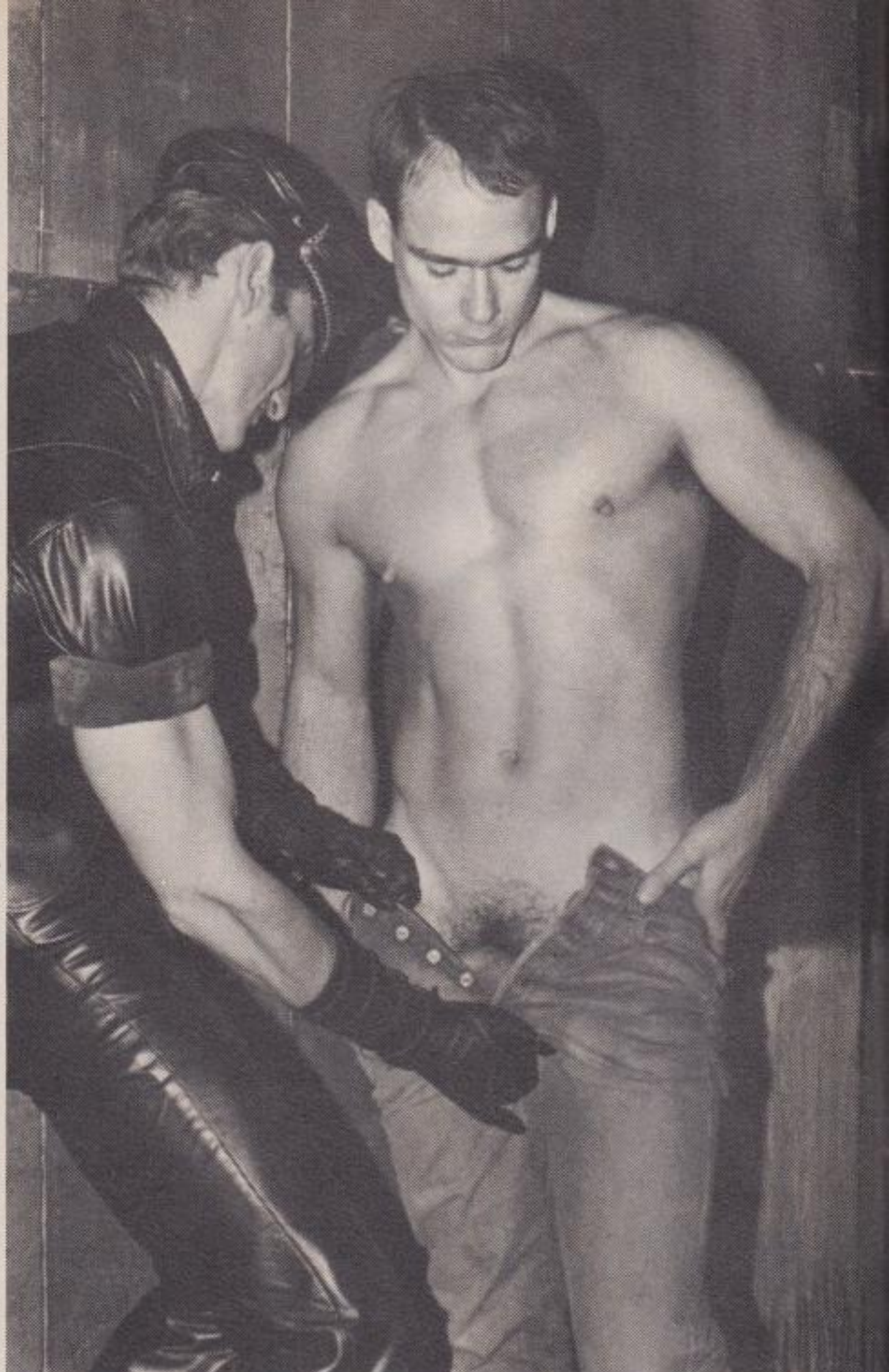
We walked into the induction room of what was once the west wing of *The Quarters* and I couldn't believe my eyes. The effect was just like I remembered it, the low lights—some areas lit only by candles and others by small red bulbs, like on a ship. The racks were still there for hanging the equipment (and the men) and military stenciled instructions remained on the rough wood walls. All that seemed to be lacking was the DI's voice thundering from the cell room down the hall.

We asked Jim-Ed if whatever he planned to do to his trainee was also part of the training. "Everything he has done to him is part of it," he stated. "Not in the military sense under which *The Quarters* operated, but I have been working on this guy for several weeks now and he is just as completely trained as anything *The Quarters* turned out."

Enter the subject of the conversation. Young (about 28), Caucasian, well-built, masculine, completely controlled and ready for anything. He knew he was to do exactly as he was told and only what he was told. There were no instructions and to this day I don't know the guy's name. Not that his name is important but he didn't even have a number like *The Quarters* used to assign each trainee.

But I'll call him "Seventeen" so you'll know who I'm talking about. If I hear from a "Seventeen" that used to be *Quarters'* property, I'm sorry.





17 stood there, looking down at the floor, waiting to be told what to do. "Kneel, cocksucker," (maybe he did have a name after all) was all Jim-Ed said—or had to say. The guy dropped to his knees, putting his arms behind him. Jim-Ed reached behind his back and pulled up the shirt. Off it came revealing not only a well-developed chest and wide shoulders but two of the biggest nipples I've seen to date on any man. So I had to ask.

"How did his tits get so long, for hell's sake?"

"We've been working on them for over a month now," said Jim-Ed matter-of-factly. "His whole body is developing very well. A couple of hours of forced working out each day and we'll have a showpiece on our hands. His tits are getting a lot rougher now, at least he has stopped yelling so much when I work on them now."

I ran a hand across the broad, hairless chest, tweaked each tit and checked his lower belly. "Are you going to shave his snatch?"

"Of course. His ass and underarms are getting it too. The first thing to go was that fucking beard."

That's right. I remembered the guy now. He had had a short beard that made him look like some nineteenth-century Mormon settler the other time Jim-Ed had shown him to me. And I remembered his physical development hadn't been near what I saw in front of me at the moment.

Jim-Ed made him lie down on the cold concrete and pulled his pants down. Seventeen had a big fat pecker, big balls and the crotch area had been either shaved or clipped not too long ago

because the pubic hair was short, the balls still smooth. Jim-Ed threw the jeans across the room and grabbed the guy's arm, pulling it behind his back. He pushed Seventeen's head down to the floor and the trainee automatically began licking the tall black boot in front of him.

"Good boy," said his trainer and started tying his hands behind his back.

"Thank you, Sir," the good boy said softly.

Jim-Ed went to work in an efficient and professional manner. The rope was well-chosen nylon and cotton, white and virginal, and as Seventeen began to wear more and more of it, his torso began to be covered as by a web, then his pelvis and crotch. Naturally he said absolutely nothing, merely snapping-to every-time his trainer told him to do something. Jim-Ed wrapped the rope around the boy's ankles and he ceased to move around the area, merely struggling to keep his balance.

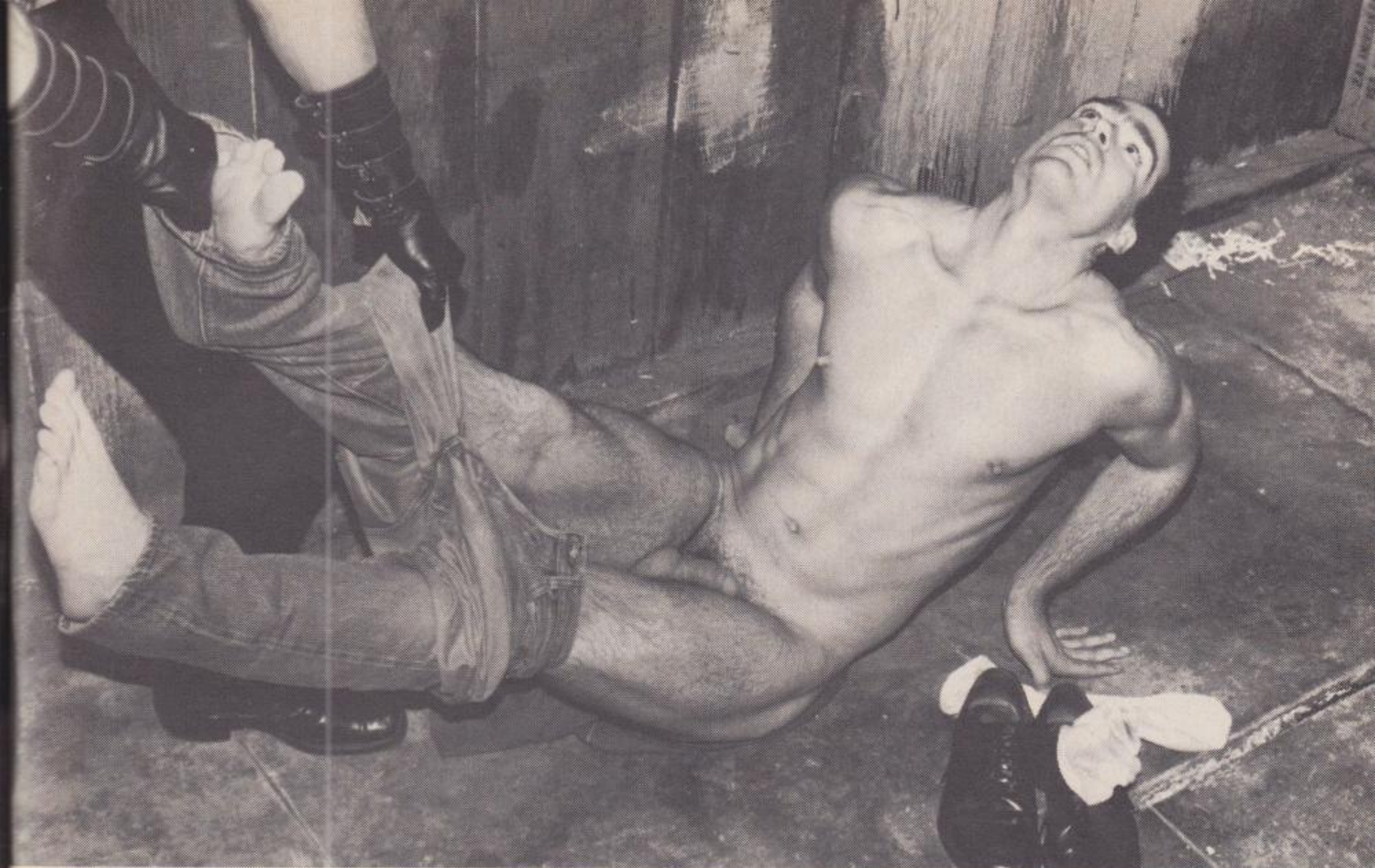
"A subject like this has to be really worked with to be brought to this level of discipline," Jim-Ed said. "He started out by asking a lot of damnfool questions and kept challenging me."

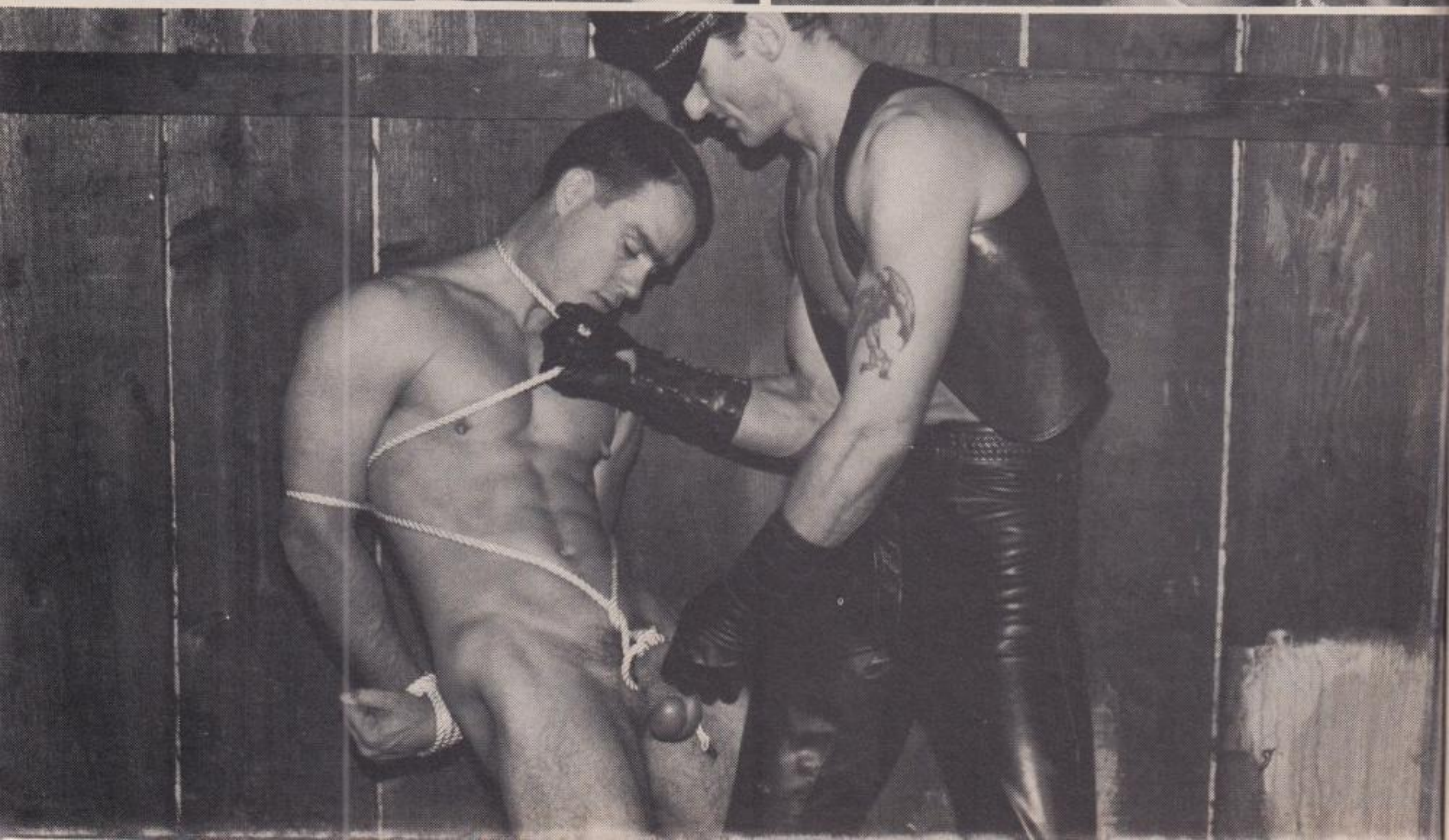
"How did you break him of it?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

Jim-Ed pulled back and struck the boy hard across the face. If Seventeen was surprised he didn't react. He merely said, "Thank you, Sir."

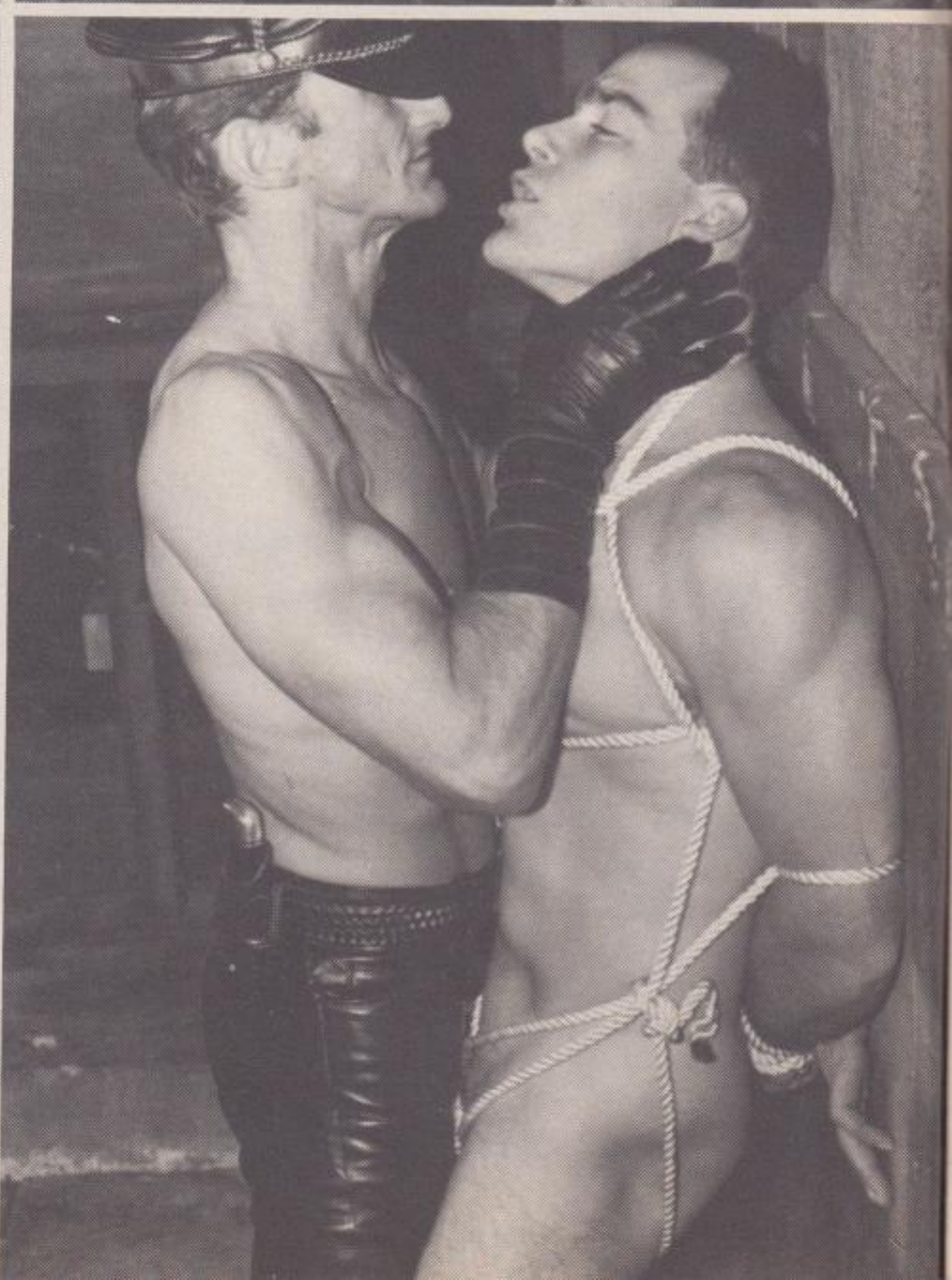
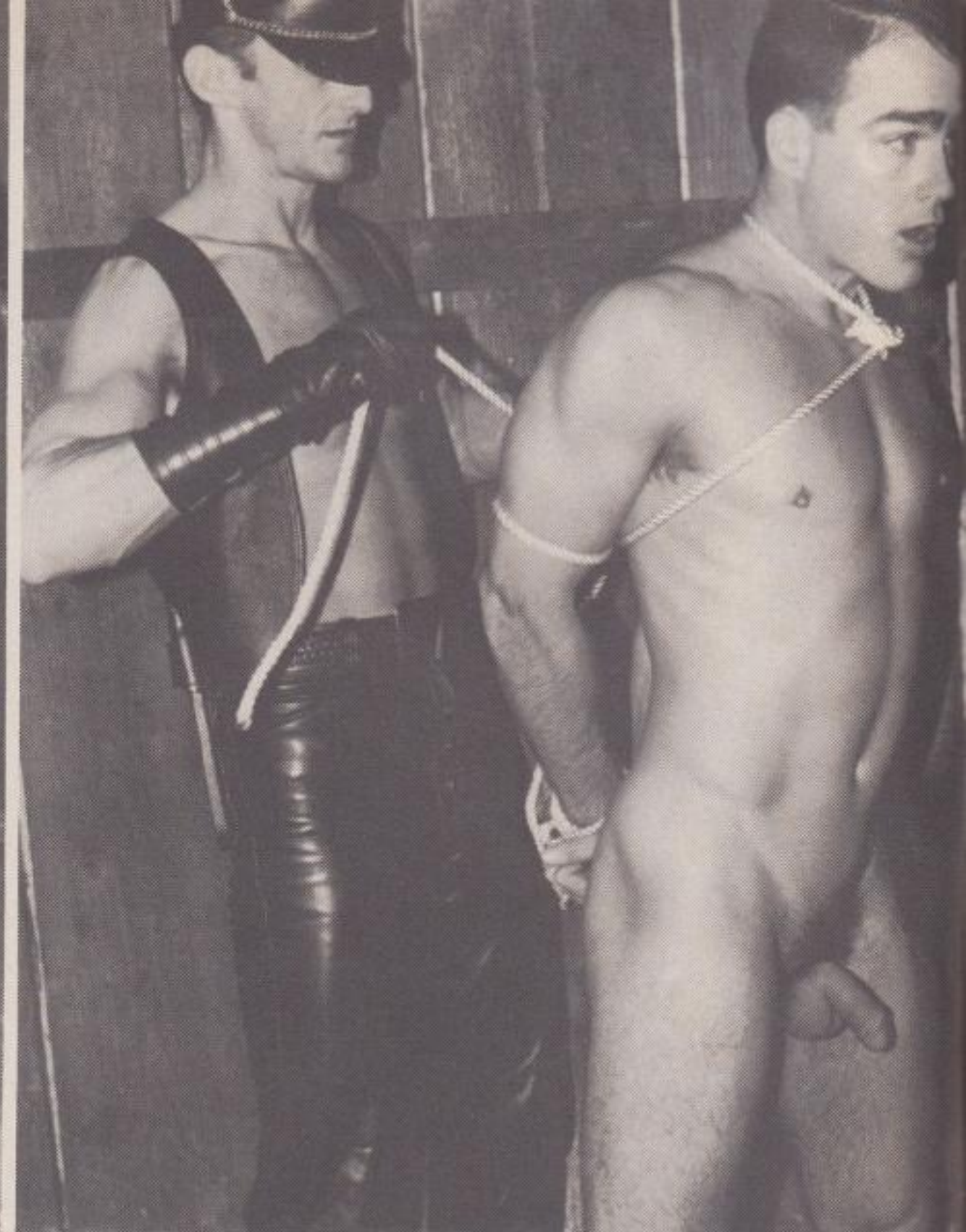
Obviously a lot of training had gone into this recruit. Jim-Ed bent him over and examined Seventeen's ass. It looked tight, muscular, beautiful and ready.

A couple stinging pops across those smooth buttocks, a cou-

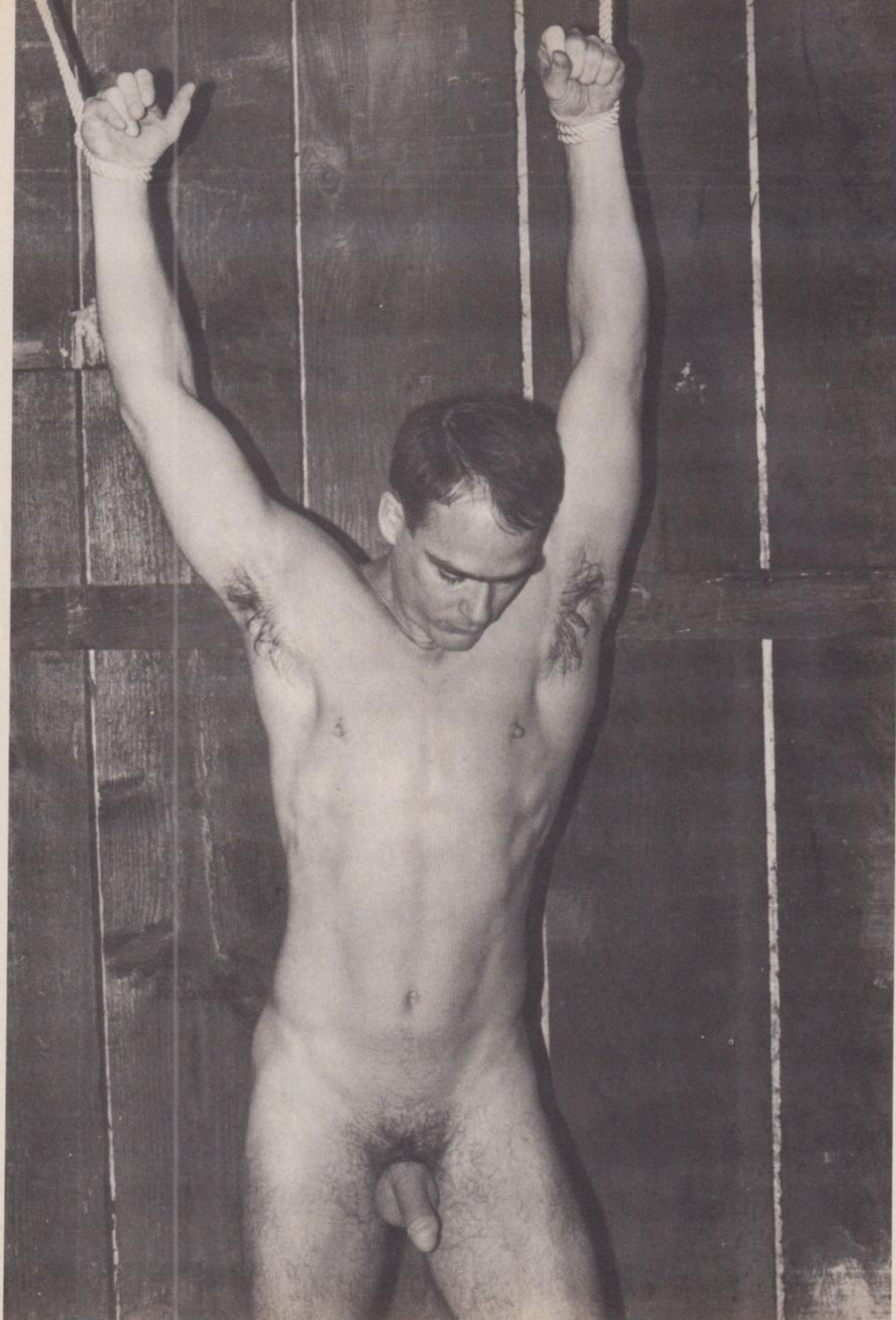














ple more "Thank you, Sirs," and Jim-Ed stuck a large forefinger into the beautiful hole. He felt around inside, pulled the finger out and stuck it into the guy's waiting mouth. Another "Thank you, Sir," and we were ready to watch the finishing of the rope harness.

Suddenly the boy cleared his throat, hesitated and, still looking at the floor, said, "May I ask a question, Sir?"

"Ask away, asshole."

"Sir, thank you, Sir. I would like to have permission to pee, Sir."

"Permission denied. Now get down on your knees."

"Yes, Sir."

He knelt and, while Jim-Ed began applying nylon cord to each of those big nipples, his recruit licked the broad chest and rippled belly before him. "The bastard is full of piss," said his master. "There isn't any toilet in this part of the building, so I've been using him to take the beer I've been drinking."

I remembered that The Quarters was woefully short of plumbing and one of the trainees used to go from cell to cell every few hours with a big coffee can and let the nude bucks put their dicks through the bars to pee into it. What was done to it after being in the can, I couldn't say.

The kid's balls were swelling both from the cockring and the rope around them and his prick kept becoming erect, then subsiding, almost like a breathing exercise. He showed no embarrassment for the erection. Obviously he had been trained to realize his prick was not his to worry about.

"What more training has the kid got ahead of him?" I asked.

"A lot. He is my personal project and I want quite a bit to show for all this work."

"What does he do for a living?"

"He was a computer operator. But you can't get a build sitting at a fucking computer." Pause and a smile. "I got him a job doing heavy construction. He still gets those two hours in the gym everyday though."

It showed.

"You sure can get a hard-on since we stopped letting you beat off, though, can't you boy?"

"Sir, yes, Sir." The fat dick began to swell.

"I make him wear that cockring all the time. I even went by where he works, took him to the can and checked him out. He had it on alright, so I put a butt plug in him for the day as a

reward. He had to come over here that night to take a shit. He sure knew better than to try to take it out himself."

The guy's tits seemed swollen and were beginning to look sore as hell. God, they were beautiful. Jim-Ed noticed my interest. "I'm going to ring him soon. Those nipples are getting big enough for doubles, maybe triples. Right, boy?"

"Sir, yes, Sir."

"See that weight hanging from his balls?" I saw. It was lead and must weigh about ten pounds. "He'll be able to support one of those on each tit soon. Won't you, boy?"

"Sir, yes, sir."

Jim-Ed was playing with the kid's mouth, putting a black leather glove between those white teeth. Seventeen was licking frantically, trying to please.

"You asked what we're going to do with him from now on. He's got a lot to learn before I can release him as a graduate. Or even use him for myself."

He paid no attention to Seventeen as we discussed him in the third person, other than to use his gloved hand to slap the young fellow around. From cheek to cheek, down across the swollen nipples, the arms, belly, cock and balls, thighs and ass. Tears began to well up in Seventeen's eyes and while he never questioned his treatment, he looked imploringly at his trainer. The beating became more and more intense and the boy raised his ass to receive the blows as if by instinct. Anything to be of service. As Jim-Ed methodically went about the business of raising the fellow's consciousness, he observed, "He gets a high from this punching around. I'll just give him a good one to that soft fucking belly of his and..." His fist pounded into the guy's tight gut, just below the bellybutton and Seventeen fell back against the rough wall on his bended knees. He was fighting for breath. He fell to his belly and slowly began crawling over to Jim-Ed's boots.

"...and finish this up." Jim-Ed let him lick one boot while he placed the other in the middle of the broad back.

"Thank you, Sir." The words were spaced out and difficult to hear. Seventeen was frantically licking that symbol of authority, black leather police boots. He was wordlessly pleading to be accepted—wordlessly but, in my book, very effectively.

"I'll shave his head and the rest of his bod in a week or so. He needs to know what a piece of shit he is, no matter how good he looks. Then I'll show him how good he can be."

Sounded like EST to me—and a hell of a lot sexier.

Jim-Ed made his pupil crawl over to lick my boots. You would never know but what it was the thrill of his life. He then thanked me for letting him suck me off, swallow my cum, drink my piss and then crawled back to the man who controlled him—cock, stock and barrel. Jim-Ed yanked the rope off of the rest of him. "Have to worry about circulation after twenty minutes," he stated. He tied the guy's wrists and pulled the rope up to the rafters. It was a scene almost identical to the old Quarters.

"We'll leave the cocksucker there for awhile," he said.


He blew out the candles. "have to worry about fire in these old buildings," was his observation. "Can't leave these unattended." There was a dim red bulb shining brightly enough to illuminate the prisoner's sweating ivory skin. Seventeen had become part of the erotic scene, as a living piece of statuary to be the highpoint of the old room.

"We're out of beer. Let's go over to Folsom and have a drink. I can fill you in on some ideas I have for The Quarters. We'll let this pisshead stay here tonight. I'll bed him down when I get back. He can go to work from here in the morning."

"Thank you, Sir," came almost as a whisper from the dark room.

Seemed like old times at The Quarters. □

These pictures and text are from a forthcoming book titled *The Compound* by Robert Payne. Because we do not have clearance or releases, all photography taken at The Quarters will have to be redone. If you were photographed there or wish to be a model for the shots we are doing of training at the Quarters' premises, write ROBERT PAYNE, c/o DRUMMER, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103.



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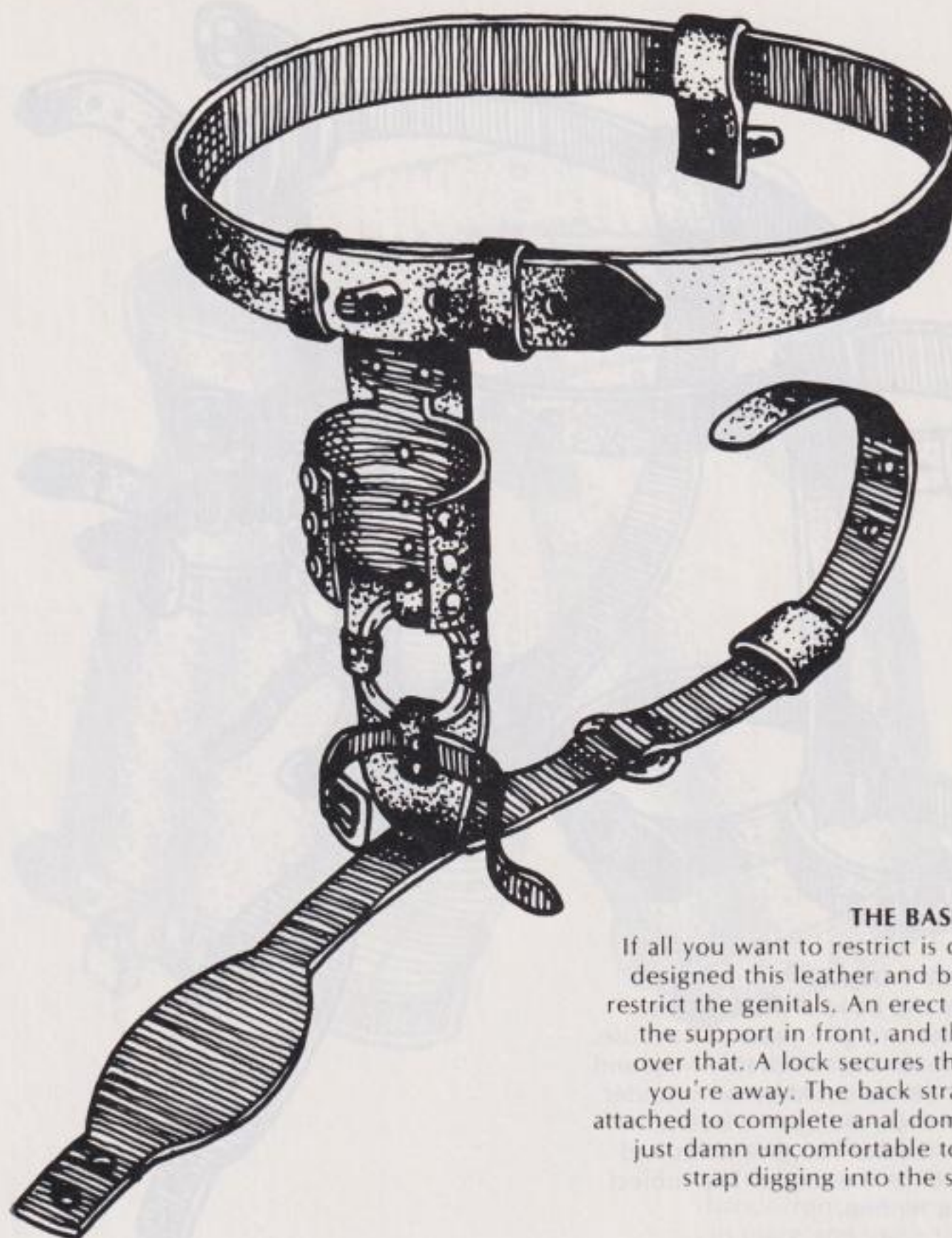
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CHASTITY DEVICES.



THE CRUSADERS HAD A GREAT IDEA, TO KEEP THEIR WOMEN PURE WHILE THEY WERE OTHERWISE OCCUPIED. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MEN? JIM STEWART OF FETTERS TELLS US WHILE LEO SHOWS US—



THE BASIC T CHASTITY DEVICE

If all you want to restrict is cock movement, Fetters designed this leather and buckle chastity device to restrict the genitals. An erect cock is buckled against the support in front, and the leather flap fastened over that. A lock secures the whole package while you're away. The back strap can have a butt plug attached to complete anal domination. Otherwise, it's just damn uncomfortable to have the edges of the strap digging into the soft flesh of the rectum.

FIRST THOUGHTS (1980)

The situation of a woman locked into an indestructible crotch cover to protect her from sexual assault or to prevent promiscuity while her husband was off on a Crusade has featured in romantic fiction for hundreds of years. Today this idea of enforced fidelity (of one or both partners) seems to have a special appeal in our permissive society. To surrender such very personal freedom (either willingly or under threat) certainly adds zest to a relationship already based on the balance of power. Whether as punishment, a symbol of domination, or a sign of mutual commitment, such an activity takes any relationship to a different level. For both partners to accept limitation of access to their own bodies when apart can create even more dramatic situations. To be left alone at home, or to be out-and-about at work or in social situations, while locked into a restraint of this very personal nature, is a constant reminder of dependency that can create hours of highly stimulating sexual excitement.

But what is a chastity device? The traditional medieval type of T-shaped

metal girdle is what most people imagine: something rigid, rusting and clanking with padlocks. Many museums display a metal construction of dubious origins and even more questionable efficiency as "chastity belts." Historically, the aim seems to have been to ensure that a woman would not become pregnant during her husband's absence, thereby safeguarding the line of succession. Alternatively, it was to preserve a daughter's virginity to protect her marriage prospects. However, the T-shape (a lockable waistbelt fixed to a front and back crotch strap) would frustrate attempted intercourse rather than insure against it, and leave both sodomy and masturbation as alternative options.

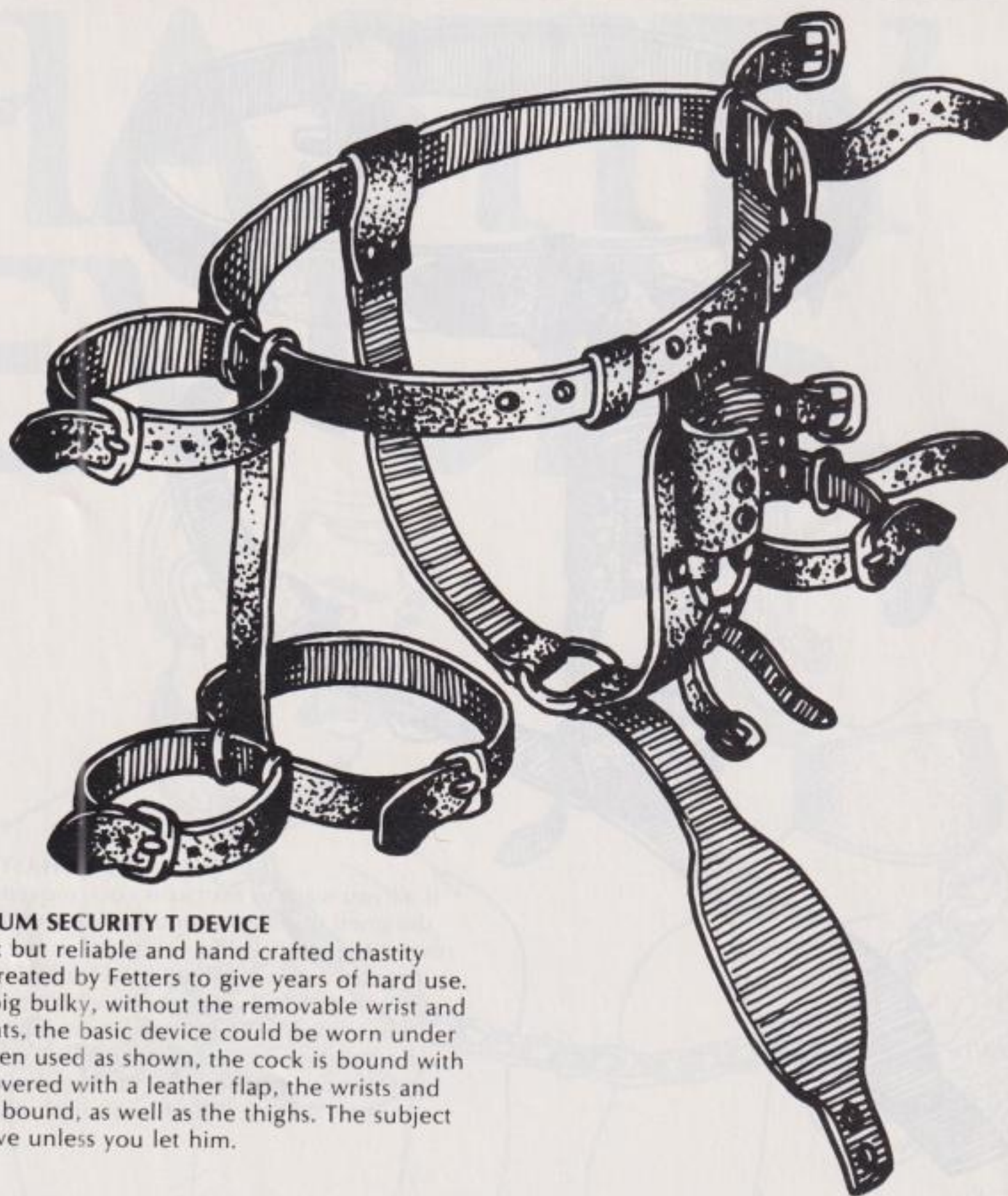
To totally prevent sexual enjoyment or arousal in any form is a very different ballgame, particularly when the subject is male. Anyone who has experimented with any form of cock bondage has encountered the problems of variability. Something which is comfortably restricting can suddenly become agonizingly tight! The physical and social problems are numerous. Cock

locks, sheaths, solid jocks and the like all have their advantages and limitations. Add to this the wide range of personal preferences for visual and dramatic effects and the wide range of possibilities becomes mind-boggling.

A CLOSER LOOK (1983)

I started considering chastity devices a few years ago. Since then there's been a lot of sweat, tears and occasional blood spilt in the cause of experimenting with different concepts of the chastity device. My workshop (Fetters) is littered with aborted contraptions. Despite the seeming impossibility of the chore, there are men and women around the world who are regularly locking into solid realizations of their fantasy—enforced chastity. For many people, chastity devices are the ultimate symbol of a partner's dominance or surrender.

Making any fantasy into a reality can be a risky business. Most of our potent jerkoff symbols have vague areas. To achieve the reality of the masturbatory image means bringing the dream into sharper focus. The hard edges of reality would make most of our torture, punishment, or imprisonment fantasies



THE MAXIMUM SECURITY T DEVICE

This complex but reliable and hand crafted chastity device was created by Fetters to give years of hard use. Although a big bulky, without the removable wrist and thigh restraints, the basic device could be worn under clothing. When used as shown, the cock is bound with straps and covered with a leather flap, the wrists and forearms are bound, as well as the thighs. The subject does not move unless you let him.

intolerable. Such a fantasy might be destroyed for all time if the actuality of it turned even the slightest bit sour. The people I have made bondage devices for in the past—the solid steel reality of manacles or the unyielding canvas and leather straps of a straightjacket—quickly learned that reality necessitated a completely different set of erotic daydreams. The point being that facing up to the difference between reality and pure fantasy should begin in the planning stages, when you are actually going to make or buy such devices.

Bringing a fantasy to life can be as complicated as composing a symphony. The general sweep of the score can be decided easily, the dramatic style probably already defined, but before it becomes music, the practical details have to be decided upon one by one—they cannot just be skimmed over. A checklist is often the best way to make sure no essential element gets left out of the scene. Writing up such a list shouldn't be a chore. Whether it's done in partnership or in secret, checking over the specifics can give hours of stimulating speculation. It's not only worth the effort; it's rewarding in itself.

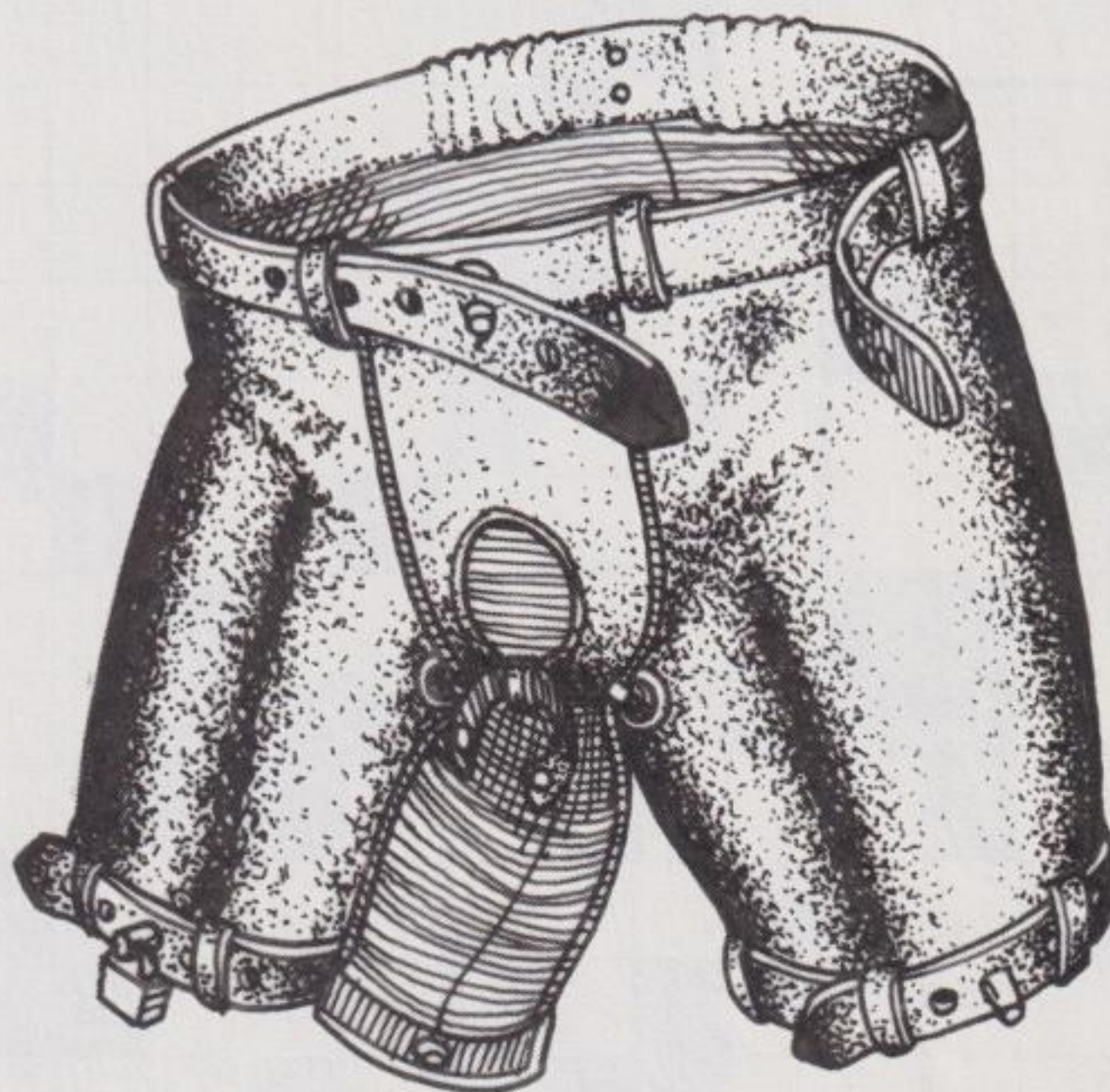
A chastity belt check list might start with one of these questions: What does it look like? What is it made of? What is it supposed to do?

How practical is the fantasy of being welded permanently into a cast-iron jock strap if in reality you can't even sit down without getting a hernia? The visual image may be one of the main turn-ons. Should it involve something metal and even vaguely medieval, or be like a Victorian surgical corset, all horsehide and rivets, or a shining modern high-tech stainless steel?

Remember, if abrasions are allowed to develop, pleasure can be denied to all concerned while the wearer is at the doctor. Any device intended for actual use (even for short periods of time) must be used with consideration for the wearer's physical safety. The choice of material, although perhaps essential to offer the desired dramatic effect, must be weighed against those factors. Exactly what the device is supposed to do or to prevent may be clear in your mind, but the range of technical options open to you may not, so exercise your imagination. You should consider experimenting with improvised ver-

sions before settling on a particular design. This way you can discover what does or doesn't work for you.

The degree of security is another reality to be faced. A totally indestructible, impregnable device is virtually impossible in this day and age. Given access to a hacksaw, a pair of bolt cutters, or a friendly locksmith, no determined victim need fear remaining imprisoned. Exactly how secure need the device you have in mind be? Threat alone is often enough to keep a victim wearing even the most uncomfortable device. Additional restraints such as mitts and handcuffs can sometimes reduce the number of locks needed on the chastity device itself. Of course, if hands are free and still the device can't be removed without destroying it, the scene is intensified. So face the facts: leather straps can be cut, inexpensive locks can be picked, metal-reinforced leather or top quality padlocks add considerably to the cost. Locks at every fixing point may make opening and closing the device a very complicated process. While this can be an enjoyable part of your scene, it can also be a downright irritation. *I deliberately refer to all SM activity as a game.*



CHASTITY SHORTS

The holder of the keys decides when the wearer of these leather shorts, which were designed at Fetters, takes a piss, or anything else. An elasticized waist and a covering built in belt buckle makes sure no hands go down into the shorts. Buckles on the thighs keep hands from creeping upward. The front flap buckles in place and that's that for the wearer, come hell or high water.

Although it can be as tough, demanding and as painful as ice hockey or boxing, if it ceases to be a game, the dangers become legion.

However high or low the security factors are on your list, the situation should never arise that a chastity device is causing so much pain or physical damage that the wearer feels compelled to remove it at any price.

HOW LONG, OH LORD, HOW LONG?

Time is another very practical aspect when choosing a device because toilet functions have to be considered if the device is to be worn for periods of over five hours, particularly if the keyholder is not immediately available.

With the traditional T design, both toilet functions are possible, though really quite messy. A totally efficient design (particularly if a butt plug is used) can make such body functions impossible. For periods of over five hours without relief, people with experience of bondage for unspecified times can usually devise their own solutions. Control through diet, enemas, or day/night urinal bags allow for most situations. A recycling hose, from the cock to the mouth,

can be incorporated to relieve the bladder, but such a hose must be worked into the overall device.

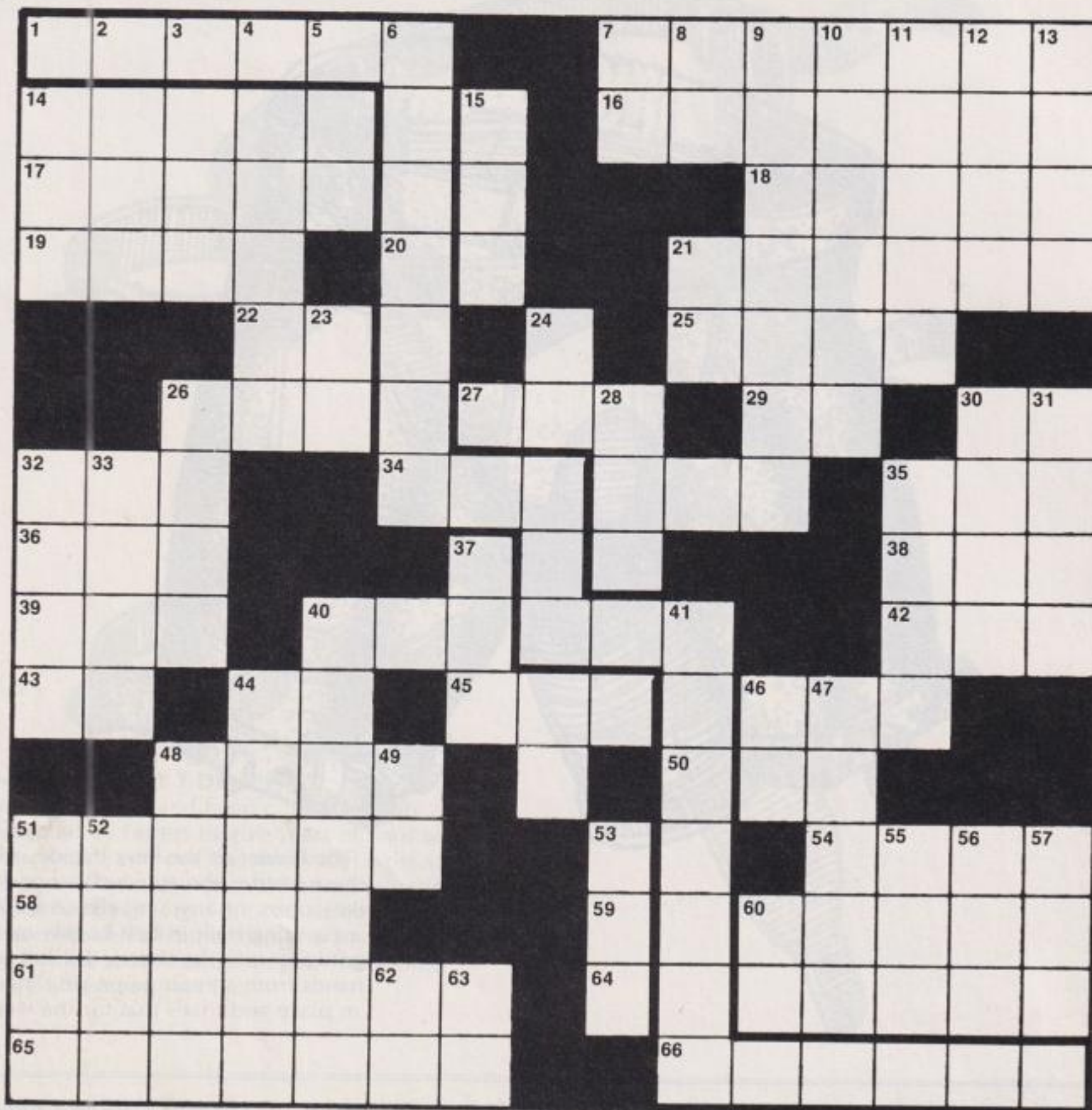
Everything in erotic bondage, including chastity devices, is a matter of degrees. Denying a partner access to his own body for a day is very different from the victim spending a night locked into the same device. Wearing a "handicap" in the privacy of the home is very different from being escorted around a leather bar with it locked on. And being taken around with the device hidden beneath clothing is totally unlike being in public with all the locks exposed to view. All a matter of degrees. Forcing someone to go off to their place of employment unable to piss can give both players a day of intense tension, but for two gamesmen to mutually agree to spend their time apart both locked into devices with the keys held by the opposite partner is something else again.

The range of different designs available in many leather stores is considerable, but in most instances the degree of efficiency will depend upon a good fit. Most standard cock and ball toys either fit or they don't. There are no half mea-

sures. There are people who can't get them on while there are others who find they constantly fall off. Adjustability in a lockable chastity device is usually quite limited. Accurate measurements are particularly important if ordering one by mail.

Safety factors deserve more space than is available here. Because so much in SM is a matter of personal taste (and degrees), it should be enough to say, "Take care!"

Most chastity devices need to fit tightly around the cock and balls and when locked on, the cock and balls may be out of view. Even temporary interruption of blood circulation to the genitals is potentially dangerous, and the danger signals are usually seen rather than felt. You can minimize this danger with both cautious and concerned experimentation. Monitoring the effects of what's going on inside a metal jock box or behind a laced-up, strapped-down, butt-plugged horsehide where everything is invisible, is the responsibility of the top. The safety of all SM equipment is, generally speaking, in the hands of the users rather than those of the designer, maker or supplier. □



by Joel R. Hess

ACROSS

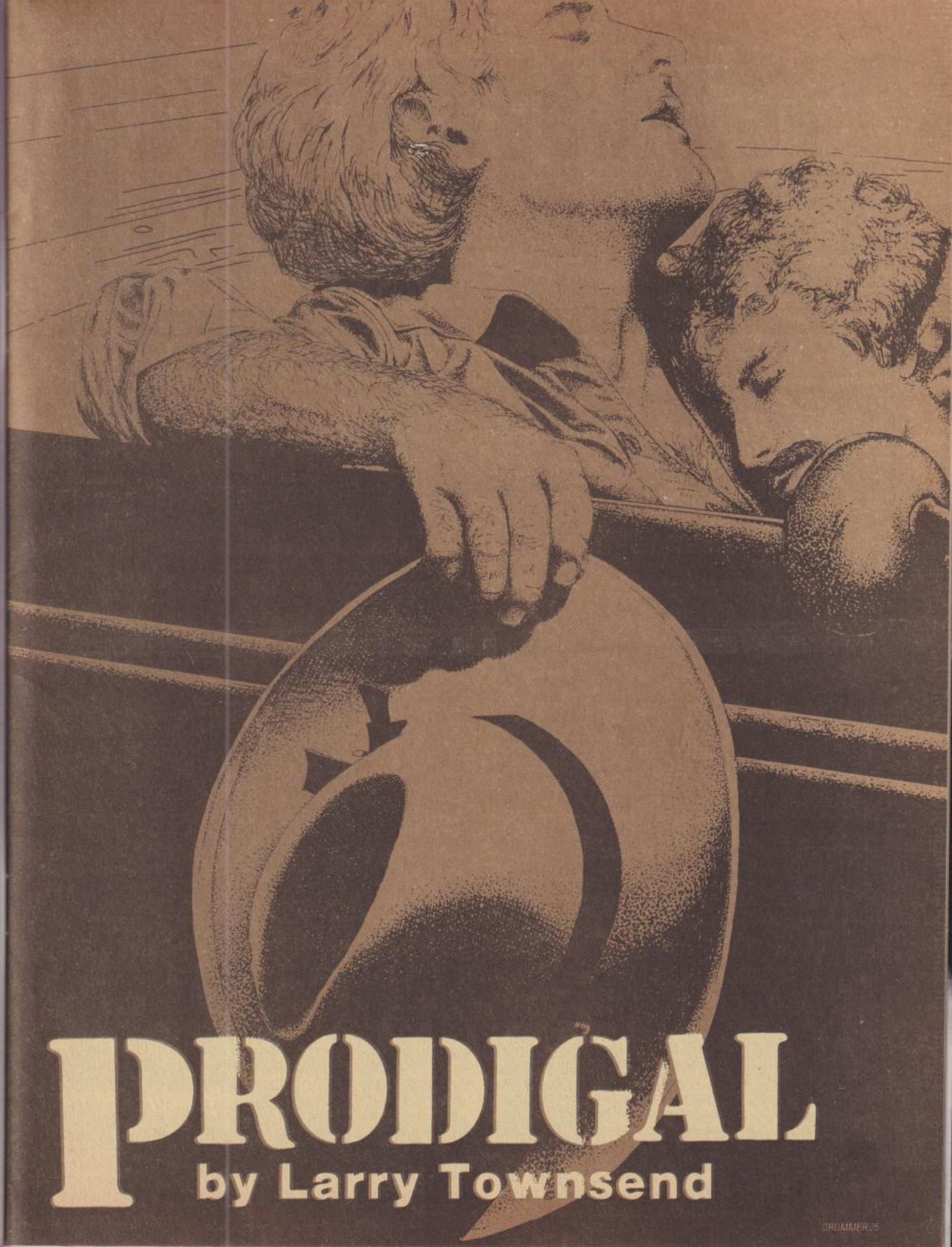
1. Master's message (inside black outlines)
7. America's Macho mag
14. Himalayan peak
16. Rescinds
17. Bevelled
18. Anglican VIP
19. Home of 32-D
20. Einsteinium symbol
21. Forty winks
25. Rank's partner
26. Frame
29. Compass pt.
30. College degree for mother?
32. Baseball bat material
34. Bud container?
35. Raunchy one
36. Coroner's abbr.
37. Ms. Hagen
38. Wrath
39. Electrical unit
40. Billiards shots
42. Observe
43. Writer of the message?
44. Sigh of relief
45. Hangs down
48. Greek letters

50. Aural organ
51. Noxious vapor
53. What 1-A is
54. Existence
58. Up _____ (in difficulty)
59. Fruits, e.g.
61. Saddle attachment
64. Thief
65. Burton and Taylor, at one time
66. See 1-A

DOWN

1. Red pigment
2. Roman poet
3. Sits on the *cou*
4. Coat or mouth
5. Poetic preposition
6. See 1-A
7. M.D.
8. Note above do
9. Elevate
10. Character
11. WWII river
12. Ancient Greek city
13. What writer of 1-A wants you to do
15. Six-pointers
21. Baseball pos.

23. Site of *The Stud* and *Griff's*
24. Duplicated
26. Fellow in leather leggings?
27. Deaf in France
28. What's between you and a Drumbeat contact
30. Muck
31. *A Death in the Family* author
32. Top man?
33. Undetermined quantity
35. Master's nectar
40. Illusion
41. See 1-A
44. Aver
46. U.S. continent
47. Earth-removal machine
48. City on the Seine
49. Hemispheric Partner of 46-D
51. Not Fem.
52. Sock _____ me.
53. Police alert
55. Lesbian novel
56. Slave's dinner
57. Poetic adverbs
60. Globe
62. Abraham's birthplace
63. Letter addendum



PRODIGAL

by Larry Townsend

Six months ago my son Ron came back to Los Angeles to live with me. While that may seem to be a statement of no earth-shaking importance, his arrival greatly changed the lives of several people, including myself. Ron had lived with his mother since our divorce, and because she had moved back to the east coast, I had all but lost contact with my son... and with both of my younger children. There had been Christmas cards, an occasional note when one of the kids was in summer camp, but I hadn't seen Ron since he was fifteen. Now he had completed two years of college, and wanted to finish up at USC. I had agreed to help him out, and part of that agreement had been my less-than-enthusiastic invitation suggesting that he stay with me.

The reasons for my reservations were complex. First was the natural desire for my own independence, although I had no great fears that Ron's presence would disrupt any specific activity. At forty-one I was not as troubled as I might have been a few years before, regarding my son's possible intrusion on my sexual liaisons. Still, even before my marriage, I had been very much of a switchhitter. Since separating from my wife, my sexual activities had been exclusively with other men. At the moment, however, there was no particular guy I was seeing. With my son in the house, there wasn't going to be, nor did this make any great deal of difference. It was my social life I wondered about. All of my friends were gay men. Well, somehow, Ron was going to have to accept them.

More disturbing was the prospect of renewed contacts with Janice, my ex-wife. With our son under my roof, I knew she would make frequent phone calls— might even find some excuse for a visit. She was aware of my sexual proclivities— a major cause, in fact, for our original separation. What she had never discovered was the budding sexual interest that had existed between our eldest son and me. This had never been blatant, never mentioned in so many words, never openly acted upon. Yet the feelings were there; I recognized it, and I was sure that Ron had, too. It had frightened me on the few occasions when we came close to a physical situation where feelings would have to have been acknowledged. But at each of those times, I had always managed to side-step the issue.

Now, my son was returning to me as a man. I wondered if he had outgrown his childish fascination. More to the point, had I gotten over my own? After hanging up the phone, following my assent to his coming, I sat smoking in the darkened living room for a long time, my mind recalling the series of sexually charged incidents that now formed the basis for my concern. The earliest— at least the earliest I could consciously remember— had happened when Ron was about thirteen. There had been a storm with heavy rains and wind. A tree limb had crashed through his bedroom window in the middle of the night. After doing what we could to keep more water from blowing in, Janice and I had taken Ron back with us, to our king-size bed. He had been between us, lying, motionless on his back until Janice had fallen asleep.

I can only guess at the thoughts passing through Ron's mind, but I knew how disturbing his presence was to me. In an attempt to avoid any physical contact, I lay face up, with my hands beneath my head. I slept in just pajama bottoms in those days, so after a while the chill in the room forced me to slide my arms back under the covers. I was just dozing off when I felt Ron turn onto his side, pressing his body down the length of mine, one arm landing across my naked chest. He seemed to be asleep, and his action completely innocent. However, he had trapped my left arm under him, extended down my side, so that his crotch

was pressed onto the palm of my hand. Whether by accident or design, his pajama pants were unfastened, the fly spread open, allowing his pubescent genitals to lie naked against my palm. I could feel him start to grow erect, and froze in horror as I realized that I was getting hard as well. Groaning as if in sleep, I turned onto my side, away from him, forcing my own erection down against the mattress.

I lay awake for the better part of an hour, Ron's slender, adolescent body against my back, his fully erect penis pressed onto my thigh. When I finally fell asleep, it was a slight slumber, and I came half-awake several times to feel my son's warmth still spread across me. In the morning he was up ahead of us, and had left the room before Janice stirred. Since I usually get up with a hard-on, she didn't detect anything that seemed out of the ordinary, and the incident passed unnoticed.

Although there were several minor instances of sexual awareness— Ron sitting next to me in the car, with Janice or one of the other kids on his other side, his thigh pressed too tightly against mine, or an overlong glance in the bathroom when one or the other of us was naked— there was no really tangible incident until the end of the following summer.

I had never been a very stern disciplinarian with any of my kids, but there were a few transgressions that called for a trip to the basement and the use of my belt against the culprit's butt. Ron had committed one of these "family felonies" by going to the beach with some of his friends during a red tide, against his mother's specific prohibition. When I escorted him down the stairs, he had gone along quietly, dropping his shorts and Levi's without my having to instruct him, and leaning on the stock of bundled magazines which had become the regular, if seldom used, punishment dock. In doing this, he had displayed an attitude of arrogance, almost defiance. His whole posture seemed to say, "You've got me; I'm in your power, but you're playing my game, and I'm going to win."

I gave him a half dozen strokes with my belt, tempering the force, but striking him harder than I ever had before— an involuntary response, I suppose to my own perception of his attitude. I left a pattern of red lines across the untanned portion of his ass, but he never cried out or sobbed. Instead, he emitted a series of soft, moaning sighs, and remained in position for half a minute or so after I had finished. When he stood up, he deliberately turned to face me, looking me straight in the eye as he pulled up his jeans and jockey shorts. There was a half grin on his lips, as if he were aware of the surge I felt in my balls. Nor did he make any attempt to conceal the formidable erection poking out through the flaps of his shirt tails. He merely pulled the shorts over his penis, forcing it to lie upward against his belly as he finished dressing himself.

Almost in a panic, I slid my belt back around my waist and headed for the stairs, leaving him alone to finish arranging his clothes. Not a word had been spoken, but there had been a decided communication. If it was a game Ron had won, although he had done nothing of an overt nature that I could use to justify any further punishment. Neither did I feel competent to enter into some discussion with him later. Yet it had been a physical statement on his part, something I did not understand, something which frightened me.

Ron was sexually mature by this time, although his body was still growing and developing. But his genitals were fully man-sized, already a darker color than the rest of his skin and surmounted by a thick mat of dark blond hair. Several times when I saw him entering or emerging from the shower I felt a surge of pride in his appearance, glad that I had forbidden the routine

circumcision at the time of his birth. But I felt something more than that, and it was beginning to disturb me... this inability to stifle the sexual excitement occasioned by the sight of my own son's body.

The last and most telling experience came only a few weeks before Janice and I decided to call it quits. I came home early from work one Wednesday. I was an engineer, supervising a large construction project, and the damned plumbers had staged a wildcat strike. We had been forced to stop all operations. Janice was working in a real estate office, and the two younger kids were in a day care center until she picked them up on her way home. Ron, I assumed, would be at school, working out with the gymnastics team.

I pulled into the driveway and hit the remote control button to open the garage door. I started to drive inside as it swung up and out of my way, when I saw Ron. Without thinking about it, I hit the brakes and sat staring in disbelief. My son's blue-green eyes stared back at me, an expression of shocked surprise on his face. He was naked, except for a pair of scarred old boots on his feet. A web of ropes surrounded his body, enclosing his legs and torso, wrapping around his neck to fasten onto a beam in the ceiling, another intricately encasing his genitals and secured to another overhead a couple of yards ahead of him. His hands were free—he had obviously been jacking off and must have ejaculated a moment before I hit the control button. A puddle of semen lay cooling between his feet, while a long strand stretched down from his swollen, softening cock.

My first impulse was to get out of the car and set him loose, but that would have been pointless, since he undoubtedly could free himself. Nor was there anything I could really say to him. Instead, I slipped the car into reverse, backed out into the drive, and hit the button again to close the door. I then went into the house without saying anything to him. But my own response had been immediate and even more disturbing than the sight of my son in his net of self-bondage. My cock was projecting like a tightly wound spring down my left thigh, and my pulse was thudding against either side of my head.

I did not see Ron again before dinner, and although I expected him to act a little sheepish when we did come face to face, his demeanor was almost superior, as if he were aware of the reaction he had caused in me. He looked at me without flinching as we sat across from each other, and he carried on his usual bantering conversation with his younger brother and sister. We never discussed the incident, nor did I ever mention it to Janice. Things were already at the breaking point between us, so our conversations were strained at best. How much Ron might have known or guessed about my own extra-marital activities I have no way to surmise, but he seemed perfectly unruffled in his day to day relationship with me. He was a cocky kid anyway, a leader among his mates, and outwardly more aggressive than I had ever been. With his startling good looks and flashing white teeth, he could charm the devil with a smile.

I knew I should say something to him, offer some sort of comment, but I was at a complete loss. I felt I was failing him, but tried to persuade myself that this was merely another bit of bizarre sexual behavior one might expect from time to time among our nation's overly sophisticated youth. It came almost as a feeling of relief when Janice decided to move across the country. It did, at least for the moment, relieve me of the immediate responsibility for Ron's guidance, since all three kids went with her.

But my family's departure did not relieve me of the residual effects, resulting from that momentary sight of Ron hanging and bound in the garage. That tableau became a familiar—admittedly favorite—mental photograph. I could not suppress its recall, nor could I suppress the inevitable sexual excitement that accompanied it. I could see his slender, exquisitely defined body, encased in the bands of white clothesline... those which held his ankles together... more rope wound around his neck, contrasting sharply against the deep tan of his skin, before continuing upward to be secured at the dusty beams. The final binding had been the loops around his sac, stretching it and

forcing his balls to appear as a shiny red globe at the base. A pair of ropes had led off from his genitals, anchored to some nebulous objects my mind had failed to record. His long, thick fingers had stroked his cock, pulling back the loose foreskin to reveal the gleaming head, pulling slowly forward to hide the straining crown beneath its velvet cover.

With Janice gone, I spent many lonely nights in the big bed we had shared for so many years. But my thoughts were seldom of her. It was the image of my son that flooded my senses. It was his face and body I saw as I tossed about trying to sleep, trying to ignore the frantic craving in my nuts. More often than not I would relieve the pressure by surrendering to my own lust, by lying on my back and stroking myself to a climax. Although it was my son's image I could see etched upon the darkness of the room, there was also a certain narcissism in my increasingly frequent masturbation sessions. I was twenty-one years older than he was, but my work as an engineer and surveyor had required a great deal of hiking and climbing over the hilly country where my company planned its buildings and subdivisions. Also, I had gone regularly to the gym—not only to work out, but to permit the contacts I craved with other men.

I was hairier than Ron, but my coloring was the same light brownish-blond and I was proportionately not much heavier. Thus it was easy to substitute my own body for his in the mental image that formed the core of my masturbatory fantasy. I could feel the same ropes wrapped around my legs and throat, the same warm coils forcing my balls into deep distention. One night, after fighting the urge for over an hour, I slipped out of bed and out the back door. Naked, I crossed the few feet between the house and garage. I found the same old pair of boots in the corner, slipped them on my feet, and used the ropes to bind myself into the exact same posture where I had surprised my son. I felt the same sensual pressure he must have felt as the ropes pulled against my nuts, and the coils about my neck forced me to stand straight and restricted any tendency to bend and watch as my own fingers slid across the spring-steel hardness of my cock, manipulated the tingling sensations as I felt the loose skin fold about the head, then retreat as I slid it back.

In this moment of glorious depravity I seemed to merge my being with his, to become the living counterpart of the image my mind refused to obliterate. I wanted to come so desperately it was all I could do to restrain the impulse to force my hand into a slow, steady rhythm, teasing the sensual lust almost to its boiling point, then backing off and forcing the tide to recede, to fall back and await my command to rise again. I could feel the frenzied pull at my balls as the sperm tried to burst free, and a stabbing pain shot up my side as a result of the tightly restrictive bonds.

Finally, when my legs were trembling with excitement and my body was so debilitated with desire that I could hardly maintain my upright posture, I allowed the flood to possess me. Fighting its way through the tightly restricted vessels, a frothy discharge welled up from my guts and burst free, seeming to tear against the wall of my swollen cock in its frantic rush. I stiffened, gasping and trying to stifle a scream of anguished pleasure as I shot in arching spurts, discharging the whole great glob of shame-filled, guilt-ridden excitement.

This terrible possession had gradually weakened with time, although it had never completely dissipated. Over the intervening five years I had thought about Ron, trying to imagine how he must have changed, wondering how much taller he might have grown. The few notes and snapshots the kids sent me were not very revealing, and the only communication I had with Janice was the one-sided dispatch of her monthly check. I had engaged in a number of affairs with different men during this period, a couple of them fairly serious and extended. But I had always been afraid of the bars, and very turned off by the "leather image," thus depriving myself of any opportunity I might have found to engage in the type of sex my son had forced me to want. And I *did* want it. It was a fact I could no longer deny, and now the prospect of his return was causing me to face the dilemma I had previously been able to shove into its own conve-

HOT WAX FOR YOUR TURNTABLE!

SYLVESTER



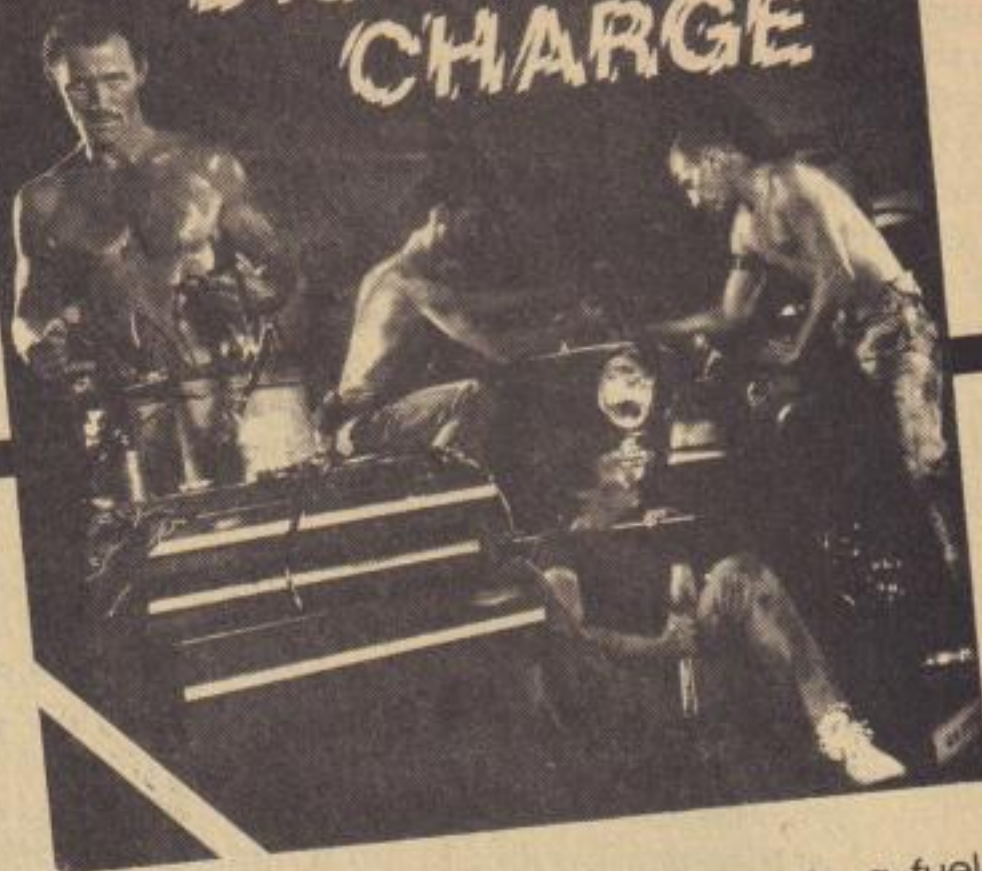
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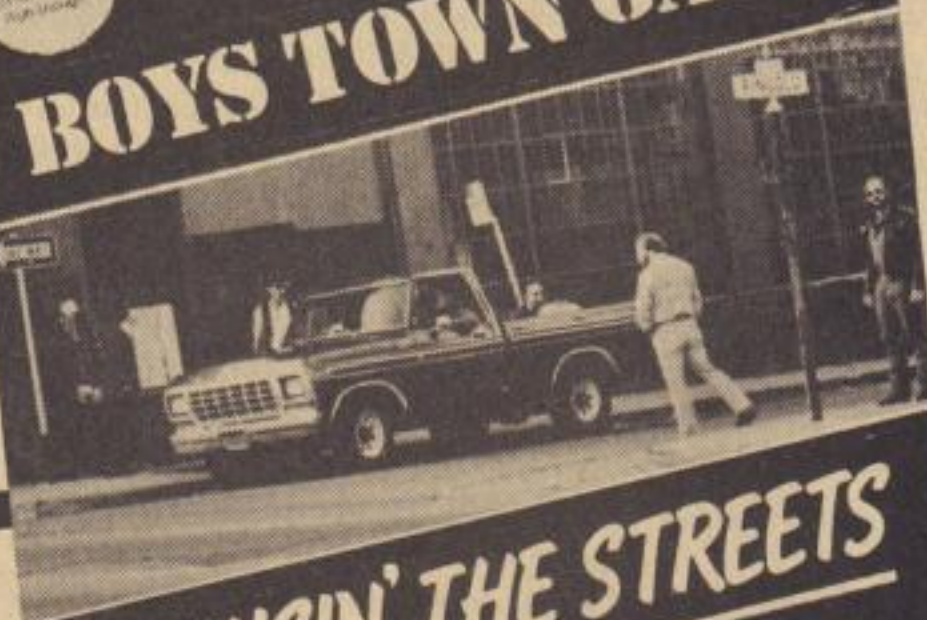
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nient pidgeonhole. As badly as I wanted him back, my fear of the possible consequences was almost overwhelming.

The night before I was to pick him up at the airport, sleep was an absolute impossibility. I was feverish with a mixture of fear and desire. I recognized the symptoms early on and jacked off in an attempt to relieve the tension. But I still could not fall asleep, and less than an hour later I was not only tossing and twisting the sheets around my legs, I was so hard and desperately in need of release I might as well have never touched myself. Then something seemed to give way, like a lock suddenly snapped open, or a window shade released to permit the light to pour into a darkened room.

To hell with convention! Fuck the righteous hypocrites! I muttered. If my son and I wanted to get it on together in our own home, who would know or care? And if bondage were a part of it, what difference did that make? It would still be an exchange just between us... between a father and his son.

Ron had been home for a week, and my fantasies were farther from fulfillment than ever. He had emerged from the airport baggage pick-up, beaming and dropping his pair of suitcases to rush into my arms. But other than this brief, public display of filial devotion, there had been no physical contact between us. I was afraid to initiate even a conversation that might betray my interest without some hint of reciprocal desire on his part. Like Professor Humbert, I could only sit by and watch while the object of my misdirected desire went enthusiastically about his seemingly endless series of tasks. He would get up in the morning after I had showered and dressed, sometimes racing about the house in his jockey shorts, grabbing a cup of coffee from the kitchen counter, then back to his room to finish dressing and get on his way to the university or the endless series of interviews and tests necessary for his enrollment. Although he seemed genuinely happy to be with me, there was not a suggestion of sexual interest.

Maybe it had been just a juvenile "phase" I thought... the stage in a boy's development that psychologists are fond of recounting as explanation for the bizarre sexual appetites of youth. But the physical potential he had displayed as a boy was now manifest in the man. His body was magnificent, and his handsome features were only accentuated by the seemingly naive and friendly smile he always reserved for me. Even the slightly knowing grin I had thought I detected on his adolescent features was gone. *Let's face it, you aging pederast,* I told myself, *you've boxed yourself into an emotional corner and your Prince Charming is never going to come carry you away.*

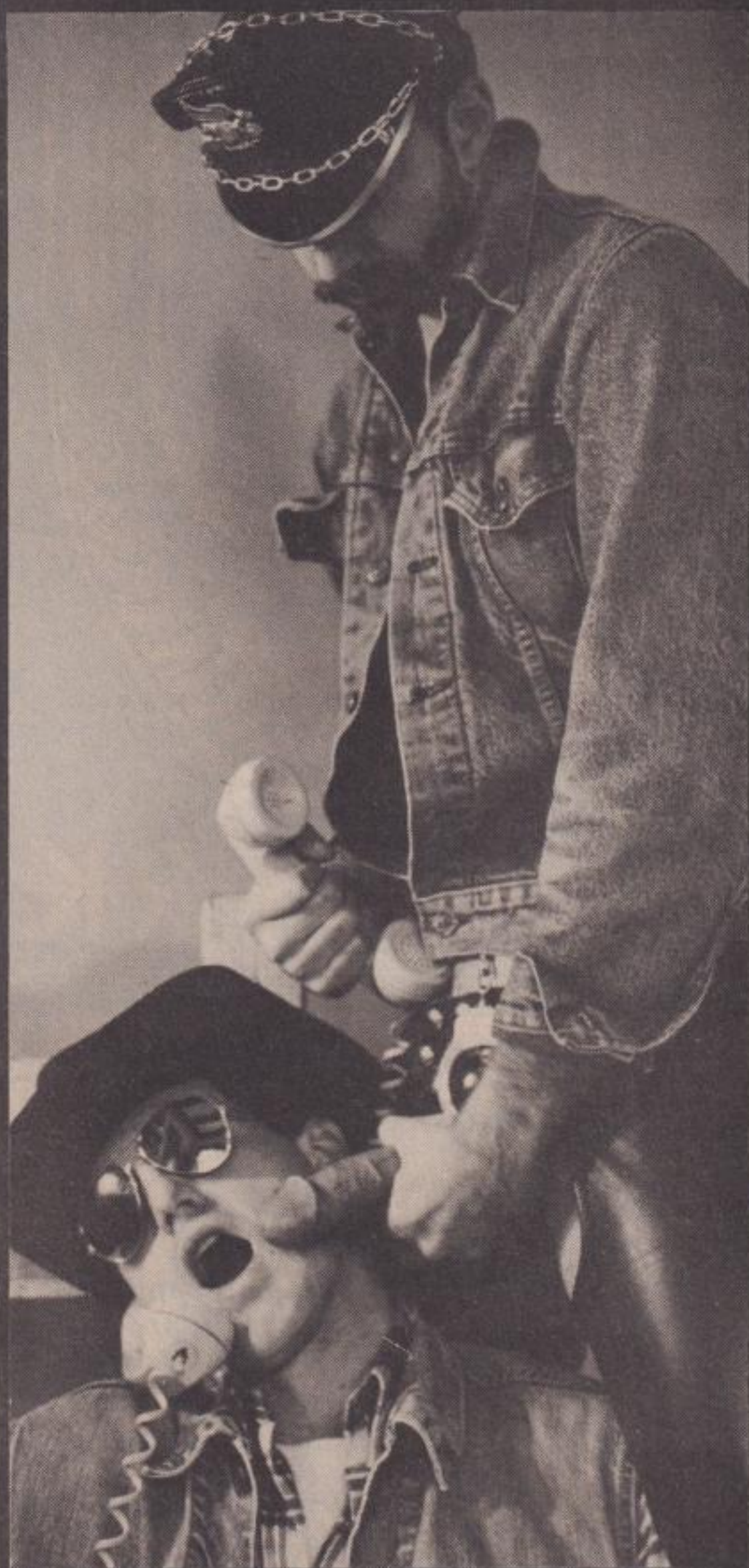
I gradually resolved to live with the reality of my situation, however frustrating it might continue to be. During the several weeks prior to Ron's return, I had cut myself off from social contacts, and a couple of my friends—gay friends—had been calling on the phone, expressing concern and wondering if I was all right. Since I had never even hinted at my sexual feelings toward Ron, they assumed I was upset that his presence was going to stifle my ability to visit and receive guests. Well, that wasn't going to happen, I decided, so I invited two of my best buddies for dinner the second Saturday after Ron's return.

Although my guests seemed a bit restrained at the beginning of the evening, they soon settled into their usual routine. Gus was an older man whom I had met at the gym many years before. A lawyer in private practice, he was a bit on the elegant side, and he generally drank too much. But he always became "high" rather than "drunk" and would always entertain his companions with a series of hilarious stories. Chuck was younger, in his mid-thirties and had been one of my steady sex partners a couple of years before. We had now become close friends. A regular at the gym, he had an exceptionally good build, and was something of a sexual athlete. The only remark he made regarding Ron, however, was during a brief moment when he caught me alone in the kitchen as he came in to refill his glass. "Hey, Alan, your son is a real beauty!" he whispered to me.

"And you're a dirty old man," I replied.

As for Ron, he responded with the same open friendliness I

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had come to expect from him. Although Gus made a few remarks that could have been taken either way, my son made no overt response to anything that was said. Still, it would have been difficult for him not to perceive the situation for what it was. If he did, though, he never let on. Even after our guests had left and he was helping me clean up, his only comment was that my friends had seemed like very nice guys. When I plugged in the dishwasher it was close to midnight, and Ron asked if he could borrow my pickup. "Want to see a bit of the town at night," he said.

He was still out when I went to bed, about 3 AM, but he was home and asleep when I got up Sunday morning. I made a point not to ask where he had gone or what he had done, and the next week I bought him a late model Toyota. We were still living in the same house where he had grown up—a place we had originally rented, which was the only reason Janice had not taken it in the divorce settlement. I had since bought it, thus precluding an easy move into an area more convenient to Ron's school—or my office for that matter—and I wanted to make it easier for him to commute. He was surprised and overjoyed, hugging me in thanks, leaving me again to reflect on Lolita and her shamelessly degenerate pursuer.

In September, when school started, we fell into a more regular routine, each of us in a hurry to get dressed and out in the morning. Although this resulted in numerous occasions for one of us to be naked in the other's presence, there was no apparent response or concern on Ron's part, although my own internal reactions to his impressive displays were always difficult to conceal. But I managed to control my external responses, or so I assumed, and still nothing was ever discussed or acted out.

I was working on a large condominium development, not far from the house, so I sometimes came home for lunch or was able to break off early and arrive an hour or so earlier than usual in the evening. One afternoon I came home a little past noon, half expecting to find Ron, since it was Friday, one of his short days. However, his Toyota wasn't parked in its usual place, so I assumed I was alone. I parked in front of the house, because I would be leaving shortly, and went inside to make myself a sandwich. The kitchen was in front, overlooking the street, while the bedrooms were in the rear: mine downstairs, the others on the second floor. Thinking to call my office and check on any messages, I picked up the phone and was startled to hear Chuck's voice: "...ready, Sir, and I'll wait until you get here."

Then Ron's voice: "And none of that shitty electronic music this time."

"No, Sir. Strictly Mahler and Strauss."

"Okay, I'll see you at ten."

There was a slight pause, and I could hear the click as one receiver was replaced. Another pause, and Chuck's voice again: "Is that all, Sir? Ron?"

I realized he was waiting to be sure Ron hung up first, and I eased the plunger down on the wall phone. Then I braced myself against the sink, my heart pounding in my throat as I tried to fathom the full meaning of the few words I had heard. Without thinking, I tossed two slices of bread into the toaster and continued with my lunch routine while my mind struggled to comprehend exactly what was going on between my son and one of my best friends. I was still muddling through the construction of a sandwich I would never be able to taste when Ron appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, Dad," he exclaimed in surprise. "I didn't know you'd come home. I didn't hear the truck."

"I... parked in front," I told him. "Only have a few minutes. Where's the Toyota?"

"I left her up the street to get the oil changed," he responded lightly. "Um, tuna salad... looks good. Got enough for me?"

The rest of my afternoon was a gut-wrenching hell that I thought was never going to end. All the emotional confusion that had mired my existence before Ron's return from the East Coast now swelled into my consciousness and obliterated every other thought. On retrospect I realize how basic and simple all

of this reaction really was, although at the time I was not thinking clearly enough to see it. It was good old-fashioned jealousy! I was responding like a betrayed husband, or lover, because nowhere in my previous fantasies had it ever occurred to me that Ron's sexual lusts might be directed at another person. I was experiencing a sense of loss, and I was perceiving his behavior as an act of betrayal—both on his part and on the part of Chuck.

Ron had still been in the house when I left to return to work. Not really knowing what I was going to do, I muttered something about a meeting that evening and not being home for dinner.

"That's fine, Dad," he had replied airily. "I've got some things to do tonight myself."

At 5:30, when everyone knocked off at the project, I returned to my office. I had trapped myself, so I couldn't go home and there really wasn't anything else for me to do. I might have gone to a bar, but I didn't feel like drinking. Instead, I sat at my desk, trying to think as the light faded outside and the room became gradually lost in shadow. I finally got into my pickup and drove to a bluff overlooking the ocean, where I sat and tried to convince myself that I really didn't care, that Ron was grown up now and had a right to his own self-determination, that I was reacting stupidly. Nothing succeeded in deflating this bubble of anxiety in my gut. While every logical argument mitigated against it, I succumbed to the most irrational impulse of all and decided to drive by Chuck's house. I knew it was wrong; I knew it was stupid. But I simply couldn't help myself.

Chuck lived in a fairly large old house on the edge of Hollywood, which had originally belonged to his parents. It had been rented out for a while after they retired and moved to the desert, but Chuck had taken possession of it three or four years before. Although I had been there a number of times, especially during our short, torrid affair, I had never seen any physical evidence of his interest in SM or any other aspect of the activities his conversation with Ron had suggested. I knew that he had started going

to leather bars shortly after we had broken off our sexual liaison, but I could not conceive of his being deeply involved in those games. Or was it just because of Ron, I wondered.

I drove past the house. My son's car was in the driveway, pulled all the way up and half hidden in the shadow of an old tree that overhung the fence. The house looked dark and unoccupied, and for a moment I toyed with the forlorn hope they might have met at the house and gone out for something to eat, or to a bar. It was wishful thinking, no more than that. I was past the lot, starting around the block, a lump like fear in my gut, but I was also aware of a deep, warm surge in my balls. There was an empty parking space just as I rounded the corner, back onto Chuck's street. Without thinking about it I pulled in, turned off the lights and engine. I spent a few minutes debating with myself, knowing I was going to approach the house, at least... probably listen outside like some frantic, distraught lover. Beyond this I wasn't sure... something to make a damned fool of myself, I thought.

I got out, closing the door quietly, and started down the sidewalk. I was still wearing my steel-tipped safety boots, so I clumped along the cracked concrete. Once considered a "better neighborhood," the area had declined significantly over the years. Many of the big old houses were now divided into smaller apartments or used as multiple family homes. I heard the Spanish language TV station blaring in one house as I passed. From another came the heavy cooking odors—cheese and chili. A woman shouted at her kids, half in English, half in a language I didn't recognize. I reached the front of Chuck's lot, felt the terrible pressure in my gut increase, the tendrils of sexual excitement grip my loins.

I paused a moment on the sidewalk, staring at the house and straining to hear some sound. The street was fairly dark, with big trees blocking off the light from the lamp posts. Chuck's yard was in deep shadow, and I could barely see the outline of Ron's Toyota. I crossed the lawn, moved toward the driveway. Pulse



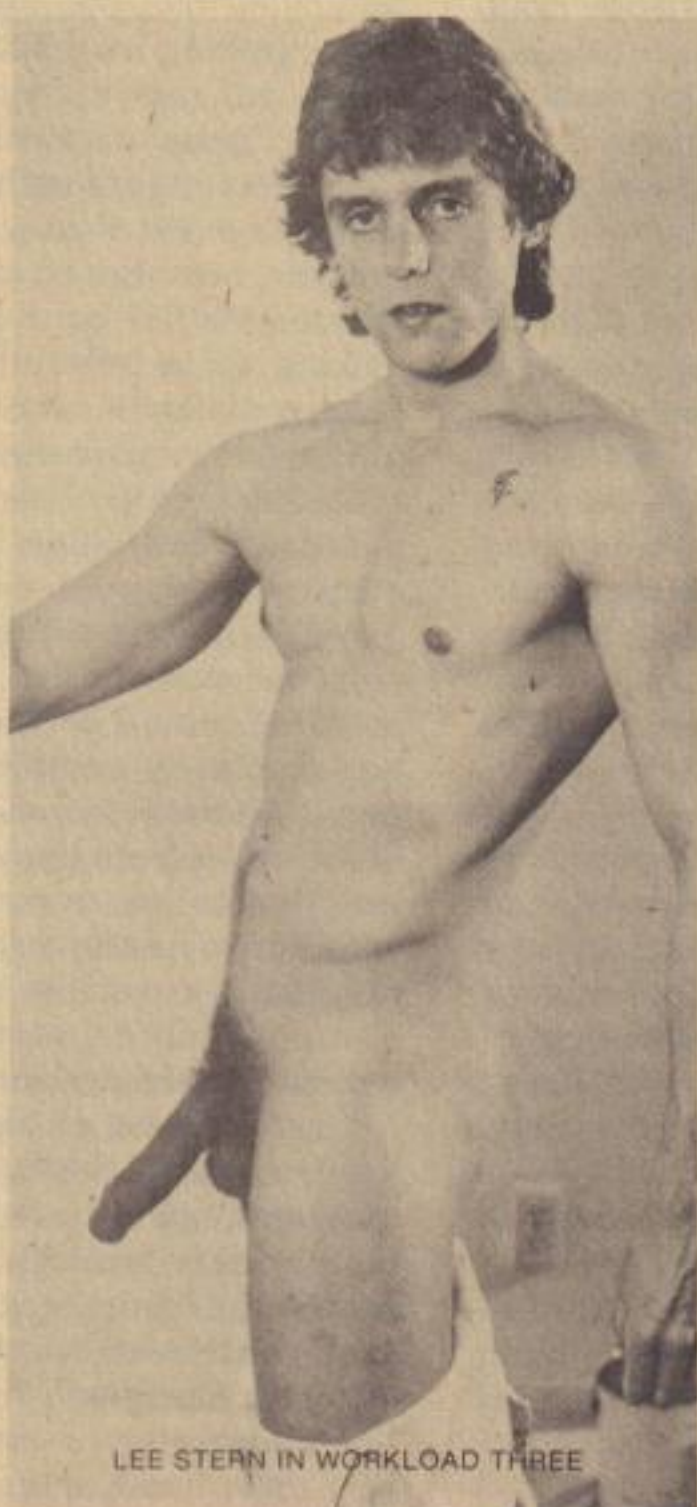
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rasping in my throat, I passed between the house and the little car, jumped when a sharp creak sounded from the cooling engine. I was below the windows of Chuck's second floor bedroom. A dull glow showed through a crack in the heavy draperies, but I heard nothing. I moved around a few feet farther, standing with my back to the detached garage, looking up at the darkened windows. A car swooshed by on the street and, as the sound faded in the distance, I caught a very faint suggestion of music. Rising suddenly in a wave of pulsing rhythm, falling below the threshold of my hearing, rising again—unmistakable pattern of notes, a Mahler symphony seeming to waft upward from the ground.

I knew Chuck's house fairly well, although I had only been in the basement once, on a day when I helped him store some wood. There was a side entrance, leading directly to a flight of stairs, down to the cellar. I tried the knob... locked. Remembering Chuck's custom in hiding his front door key, I reached up and felt along the frame above this entrance, found a key, and cracked open the door. I stood stock still, listening to the rushing pulse in my neck as I tried to summon the courage to open the door. I had absolutely no business being there; I was about to intrude on the privacy of my son and one of my best friends. All logic and decency required that I turn around and go home. But I couldn't help myself. I turned the knob and eased the door open.

A flood of sound seemed to engulf me, and I was aware of a dull amber glow from the lower level. This, as well as the music, seemed to come from the other side of the basement, although I did not have a clear view until I had descended halfway down the stairs. Several of the old boards creaked, but the symphony was loud enough to obliterate it. I could see a partition built across the width of the basement with a door in it that now stood ajar. Both sound and light came from the other side. I paused a moment to orient myself, noting the changes since my last visit. The other room, I was sure, had not been there. Reflective, I supposed, of a shift in Chuck's interests—a shift, certainly, since I had been visiting his bedroom.

I crossed the basement, becoming aware of sounds other than the music: a series of muffled moans, a muted voice—Ron's, I realized—speaking softly and soothingly. "It's all right, man, all right..." Then a protesting moan, and a soft, evil laugh.

I positioned myself well back from the door, still more or less in shadow, but where I could see partially into the room. I saw Ron, dressed in black leather vest and chaps, standing over a long, low table. Chuck was lying on this, stretched out with his hands secured to the surface above his head. He appeared to be completely naked except for a leather hood. However, I could not see his body much below the waist. Ron was holding a lighted candle, periodically tipping it so that the red wax fell onto Chuck's skin. Each time he did this, a series of whimpering moans sounded from the tightly bound figure. Ron moved from one place to another on his subject's body, depositing the hot wax and continuing with his soothing reassurances as Chuck struggled against his bonds and sounded his protests into the mouthpiece of the hood.

I took a step back as Ron moved closer to the door, turning so that he was first in profile, then with his back toward me. His substantial cock arched outward, half-hard, so the crown poked through the foreskin. The sight of his slender build, with the well-developed arms protruding through the sides of his black vest, sent a shiver through my frame, and I realized that I was not only hard, but already running fluid onto the inside of my jeans. I shifted my position slightly, trying for a better view of the table. I could just see Chuck's groin, where his thick, stubby cock lay upward against his belly, almost completely covered in a layer of wax. Blinded by the hood, he could not anticipate where the next drop would fall, so his whole body was tense, sweat glistening across the entire surface. Small mounds of wax were building on his nipples now, as Ron worked back and forth with his candle.

This was all pretty heady wine for me. I'd heard of such things, read a few stories about them, but I had never been involved in

them or realized that I even knew anyone who was involved. I slipped farther back into the darker part of the basement, staggering almost as if I were drunk. My back pressed against the cool bricks of the wall, and I leaned against it for support. The music reached a throbbing crescendo; Ron's body blocked most of the doorway, his back still toward me, the smooth rounded cheeks of his ass gleaming through the black leather of his chaps. He put the candle down and was doing something to Chuck: releasing him from the table, bringing him to his feet, and repositioning the hands behind his back. He pushed the table away and fastened a leather collar around the other's neck. The spots of red wax showed clearly, even from my less-than-perfect vantage point, clinging like the breast covers on some Amazon warrior. His groin was coated even more deeply, giving him an almost desexualized appearance, because his cock had been plastered to his abdomen in an upright position. Now, either as a result of its own substantial weight or some fresh wave of arousal, the powerful tool broke forth, tearing a large chunk of wax loose from his body, part of it hanging down like the flap on a codpiece. His hard, thick tool projected rigidly outward, horizontal, almost in defiance as Ron secured the rest of his body into its immobile, standing position.

Watching, I hardly dared to breathe, because the music had dropped to a barely audible volume, and with it I seemed to lose its concealing cloak. My whole body was trembling. My legs felt weak; I was covered with sweat. The only part of me that seemed to retain the strength to function was my dick, and it was pressing furiously down the side of my Levi's. My balls actually ached with an intensity that extended into my lower viscera. I heard Ron say something about taking off the wax, and saw him approach his prisoner with a small, braided whip. As he began to apply this lightly across the patches of clinging red, I could almost feel the impact on my own skin. My brain seemed to echo the moaning, the muted squeals of the victim, and a few times I actually twisted in imitation of Chuck's responses to the pain. My left hand had been sliding along the length of my dick, pressing down on the denim to cause a greater flood of sensation. Now I flipped open the buttons on the fly and worked it loose, pulling my balls free as well.

Ron was applying his whip to the patches of wax, flicking them loose in chunks, causing Chuck to writhe, trying to twist away from the stinging contact. At one point he turned completely around, giving Ron unobstructed access to his ass and back. Without seeming to pause in his rhythm, my son landed the braided leather hard across the solid, sweat-drenched cheeks, striking again before his victim had a chance to draw away. A pattern of bright, criss-cross lines showed against the whiteness of the skin, visible even to me as I stood across the basement, caressing the tip of my dick, sliding the foreskin back and forth over the head, fingering the moisture and rubbing it into the glans.

Although I certainly was not functioning in such a way as to consider my behavior or reactions on an intellectual level, I did realize—almost with a shock—that I was identifying or empathizing almost completely with Chuck. I was mentally placing myself in those bonds, and I was feeling rather than delivering those blows from the whip. I wasn't sure, however, whether this was due to my overpowering attraction for my own son, or whether my natural inclinations were leading me to seek the role of the masochist. Whatever the cause or underlying motivation, I was more turned on than I had ever been in my life, and it was all I could do not to intrude upon their scene.

As it was, I stayed back from the lighted opening, watching as Ron etched a skillfully executed design across his subject's well-muscled body. Chuck was jerking violently away from the stinging contacts, and his moans had become a frantic blubbering against the leather gag. Most of the wax was gone from his upper body, but several sizeable patches remained around the groin. Without warning Ron abruptly stopped the whipping, allowing his subject a few moments to catch his breath. But the respite was short-lived, only long enough for Ron to select a small, braided cat from the collection that must have hung on the wall,

just outside my field of vision. Returning with this, he started working on Chuck's cock and the skin surrounding it. The flecks of wax disappeared, while the tightly bound figure went through a fresh series of frantic twisting motions, turning away from his tormenter, only to have the whip impact across his back and ass. In the course of his movements, Ron had bumped the door so that it swung a bit wider, and the outline of light crept along the floor, closer to my booted feet. If he'd looked up he might well have seen me, although I was still standing in comparative shadow.

I watched him finish with the whipping and take Chuck down, bend him over the leather-covered table, and start playing with his ass. I had reached a point where I couldn't hold back any longer, and I shot my load in long, spurting arcs across the cement floor. It was a discharge that seemed to last an eternity and to tug at the interior walls of my being, to relieve the pressure in my balls by a painful implosion. When it finally stopped, I leaned back against the wall, milking the last of it from my cock. For a moment sanity returned and I must have blushed in the darkness at my audacity in coming here uninvited, spying on my son and our mutual friend. I was ashamed of myself and in the few moments it took me to stuff my dick back into my jeans, I made it to the foot of the stairs. I crept upward, trying not to cause the loose boards to creak, and slipped out the door. I relocked it and returned the key to its hiding place.

I stood outside for a few moments, trying to collect my wits, while the swell of music from downstairs rose up around me. Coming here had been utter madness and I had been fortunate not to have been seen. Smoothing my crotch down as best I could, I forced myself to assume a casual saunter back toward my pickup. As I came out on the sidewalk, I almost collided with an elderly man walking a small mongrel. The dog yapped at me and the man drew away as if in fear. Then we passed and I continued on my way to the truck.

There was, of course, no way I could shake the images I had seen from my mind. The picture of Chuck, bound and helpless, and Ron more naked than naked in his leather vest and chaps—long thick cock projecting through the opening, working with the whips and lighted candle. It was making me hard all over again, and I badly wanted to return. More than this, now that I had shot my load and returned to a more rational mental state, I found myself comparing my physical attributes with Ron's, taking a perverse delight in the realization that we really were very much alike: same general body build, same height and close to the same weight, same coloring (although my skin had coarsened a bit with age and my beard was heavier), hair line a bit higher with a few strands of gray. But I was still almost as firm through the ass and waist as he was, and only a shade thicker. His cock was possibly a fraction longer than mine, but his balls were not quite as large. As I drove back to my own house, I filled the final minutes with a wild fantasy of holding our genital endowments side by side, comparing them, allowing them to expand and harden in unison.

All of this was making me hard all over again and I badly wanted to return, to spin the truck about and drive back to Chuck's. Instead, I pulled into my own driveway and took a long, hot shower, jacked off to these mentally recreated images: me standing in that dungeon with Ron's hands cuffed behind his back, the hood over his head, his body exposed and vulnerable to my explorations, receiving the punishment he deserved for putting me through this frantic turmoil.

I lay on my bed with the lights off, still too warm to slip under the covers. I tried to sleep but couldn't. Instead I stared at the darkened ceiling where the scene I had witnessed kept replaying itself, and my cock responded as if I had not come for a week. I was lying there, gently playing with myself when I heard Ron come home. He came in quietly, spent a few minutes in the bathroom, then padded on bare feet into his own bedroom. I must have lain awake for another hour or so before I finally fell asleep, still lying on top of the covers.

In the morning I was up before Ron. I made a pot of coffee and sat drinking it while I tried to read the newspaper. The lines

blurred before my eyes, and my mind kept casting back to the night before. All I could see were Ron's big dick and balls hanging out through those leather chaps. These obsessive thoughts kept running through my mind until I realized that I really did not want to face him in the flesh, at least not then. What I really needed was to talk to someone, to try to explore some of my feelings and to try reaching some sort of mental equilibrium.

Without reasoning it out any further than this, I went out to my truck and drove away. At least I was spared having to face my son's bright, innocent greeting. Still without giving it much thought, I headed toward Hollywood. I was half-way there when it occurred to me that Chuck was the logical one to talk it over with. I wouldn't tell him that I had crept into his house to watch him getting his ass whipped the night before, but I could pretty well tell him all the rest, even admit that I'd accidentally picked up on their phone conversation if that was necessary for him to discuss the situation with me. I was not angry or even annoyed with him for getting it on with my son. I'd make that abundantly clear to him from the start. But if he was involved as I knew he was, and if he was really my friend as I felt he was, then he might help me to resolve the problem in my own mind, if no other way.

I pulled up to the curb a few doors from Chuck's house and walked across the lawn to his front entrance. It was already after noon, so I did not feel it likely that I would be waking him. He had always been an early riser; I was more apt to find he had gone out. There was no answer to my ring, even after several tries, so I started slowly back to my pickup, not certain where I should go next. But as I crossed his driveway, I noticed that his garage door was partially raised. Because his was an old house with a small garage, he always had to park this way, because the door would not close completely behind his big Buick. I walked back to get a better look and saw that his car was indeed in the garage. As I stood there stroking my chin and wondering where he might be, I became aware of music drifting up from the basement. Odd, I thought. Well, maybe he's down there cleaning up after last night's episode, I told myself. Absently I tried the door knob, expecting it still to be locked. Instead the door opened to my touch.

I leaned into the aperture and called: "Chuck? Chuck, are you down there?"

I got no answer, only the rising swell of music, the same as I had heard a few hours before. I went down a couple of steps and called again. Still no answer. I went all the way to the bottom, thinking to myself that if I found him in his dungeon it might make an even better opening to start the line of conversation I wished to have with him. But as I stood on the basement floor, not far from the spot where I had shot my load the night before, there was still no answer. The dungeon door was only slightly ajar, but I could see the same dull light seeping out.

Expecting to find the room empty, I crossed the few feet of basement and pushed the door open. Instead, I froze in horrified dismay, almost blinded by a sudden rush of blood to my brain. There, hanging from the same neck chain I had seen my son place upon him, was Chuck—obviously dead, his wrists cuffed together in front of him, hood with gag and blindfold over his head. His knees had buckled, causing his feet and legs to form themselves into a twisted, unnatural pattern. Directly in front of him, on the rumpled rubber sheeting, lay an open, spilled bottle of amyl, awash in a drying puddle of urine.

The strength began to ebb from my legs, and I quickly caught at the leather-covered bench. Leaning my butt back on the edge of it, I braced myself with the palms of my hands upon the padded surface. I sat there for quite a while—ten or fifteen minutes—staring at the inert form that had been my friend, my mind trying frantically to sort out the facts, to accept the truth of his being dead. Twice I started up, ready to unfasten him from the ceiling hook and take him down. But both times I remembered the time-honored lines from every murder mystery I had ever read or seen: "Don't touch anything." Of course, it was always a cop who said this. And that would be the next problem. The cops.

(Concluded Next Issue)

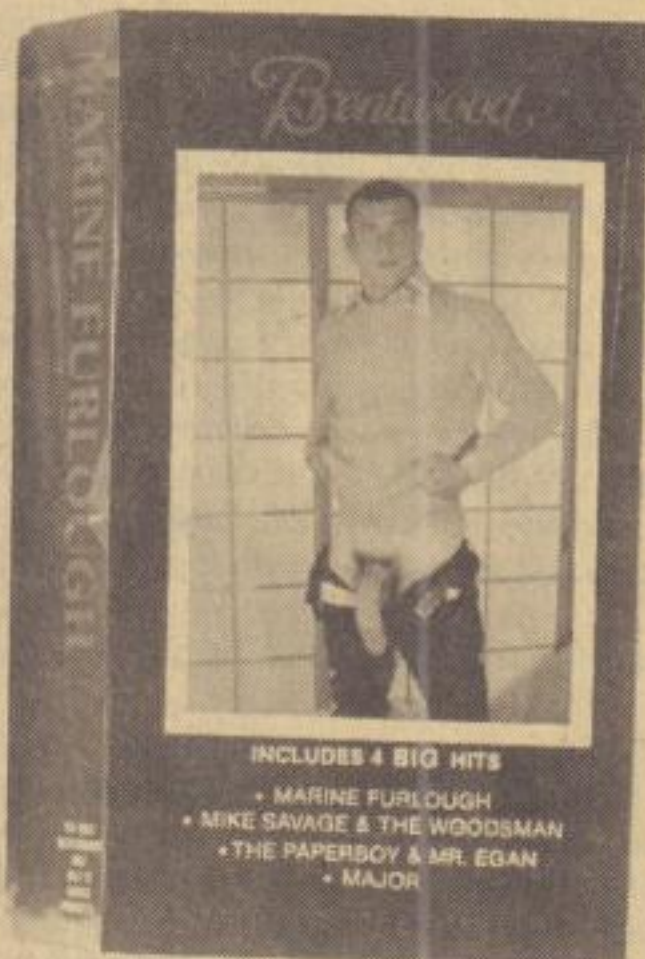
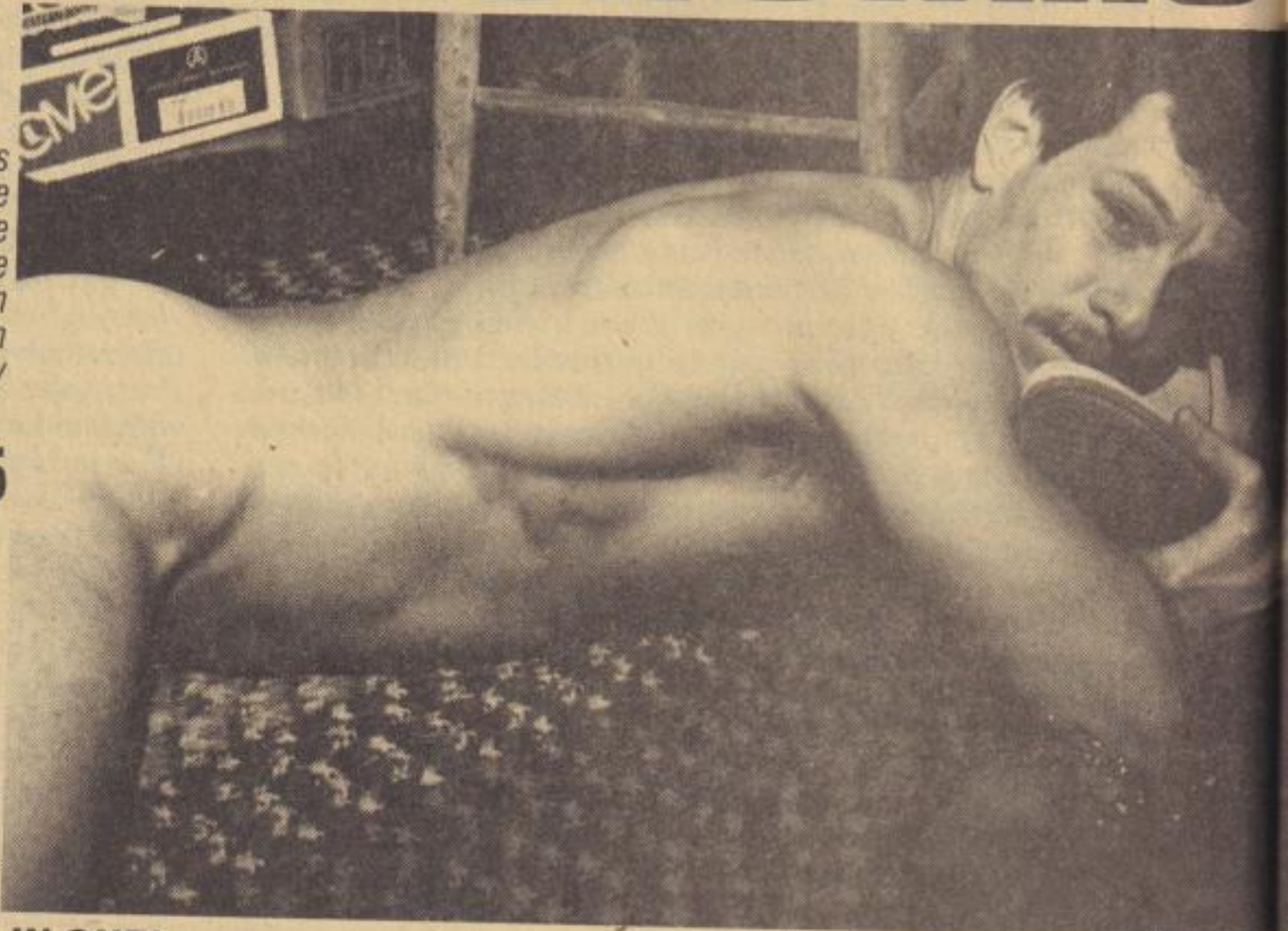
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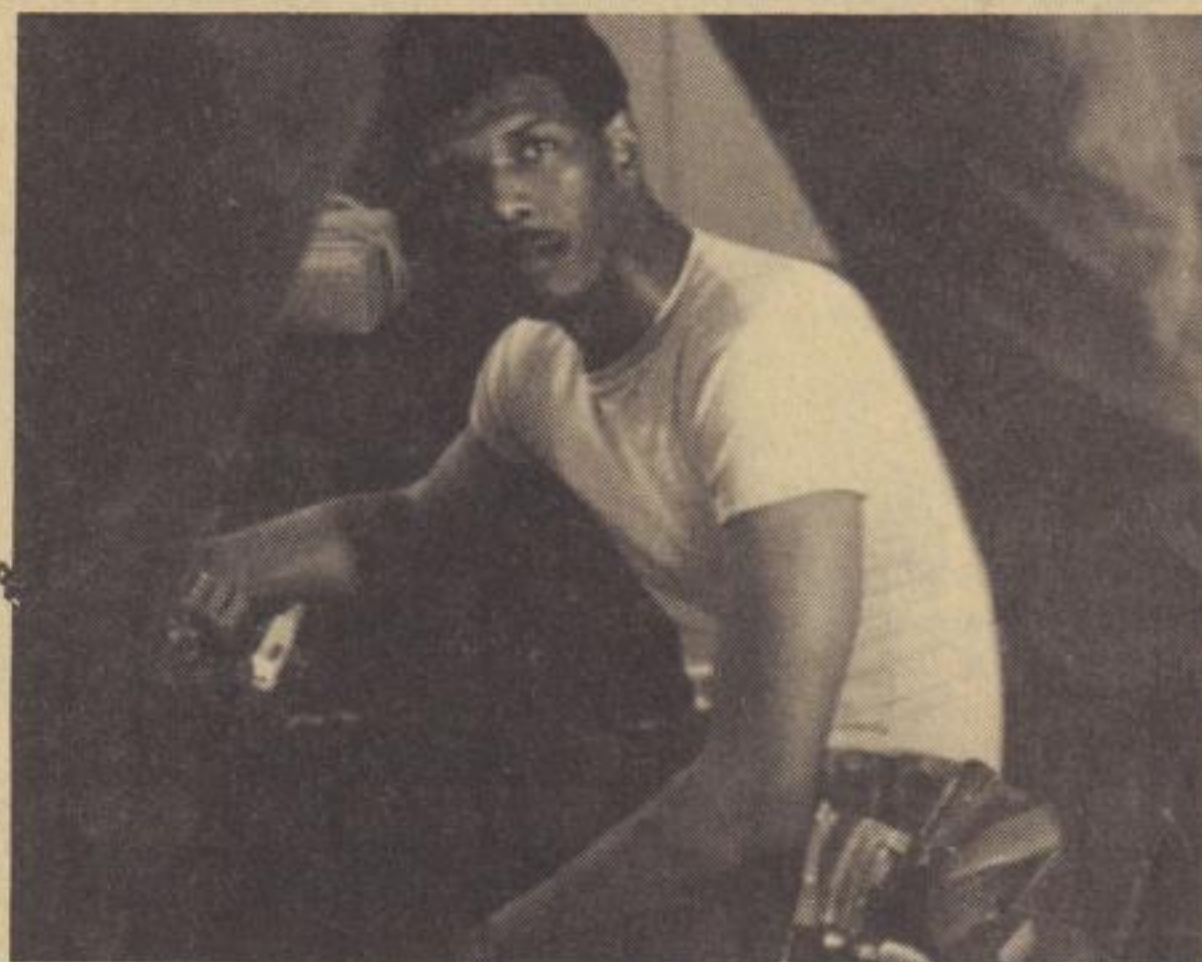


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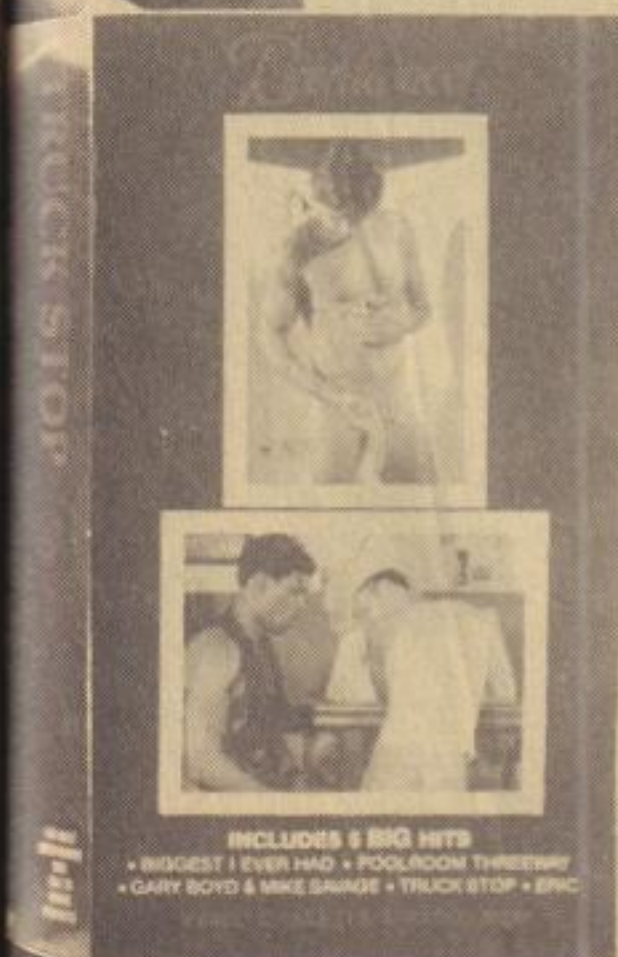
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Dear Sir,

I have a problem I hope you can help me with. My "son" and I have been together nearly two years, and during this time quite a few occasions have arisen requiring my disciplining him. Strict discipline is important in our relationship, and quite frankly, I am very hard on him. I used to correct him with a rawhide strap, which was most effective. But the flesh on his ass actually turned raw from its frequent application. As a result I felt it necessary to postpone some well-deserved strappings until his ass healed sufficiently. I switched to a paddle and this partially solved the problem, but while it left no raw skin it created some pretty mean bruises. My question: Is it necessary to wait until his ass heals completely before paddling him again? The bruising appears quite aggravated for about two days after a session, then fades somewhat. But a second paddling causes them to reappear. These are typical brown and yellow bruises. The paddle is two feet long and six inches wide. Please answer, as I don't want to hurt him— not permanently, that it. He is 27 years old.

Dad, TX

Dear Dad,

I don't think a good paddling ever really hurt anyone, certainly not an ill-behaved 27-year-old. You might consider using a leather covered paddle with some padding in it, if you're really going at it hot and heavy. The gluteus maximus was created for this specific purpose, however, and as long as you are not striking a bone (as on the hip) or tendons (as behind the knee) there is little chance of serious damage. Yours sounds like a fortuitous relationship. Why ruin it with unnecessary anxiety over a little discoloration?

Dear Larry,

I have a few questions that need answers. My friend (the term he uses when introducing me) and I have been together for 8 months. We started out in bondage, he being passive; I dominated. Although we have gotten into some heavy situations, he has never switched roles, even when I asked him to. We don't live together, but see each other three or four times a week. Now my friend has a slave, whom he sees one night a week— says he is preparing him. The three of us occasionally go out together, and when we do I notice my friend following his "slave" around the bar, making me wonder who really is the slave.

He tells me he doesn't want to lose me as his friend (he refuses to call me his lover). He tells me he hasn't been to bed with anyone else (except his "slave"), but he goes out a lot more than I do. I really love this man— and I do mean man, and he tells me I have nothing to worry about as long as I let him do what he wants to do. But I feel slighted, since I

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

was the one who brought him through his initial SM experiences.

I hope you can answer me, and I thank you for your ear and shoulder.

A Leatherfriend

Dear Leatherfriend,

You don't mention your age, but I suspect you are quite young. At least, yours is a classic problem of the 20's and early 30's. Older guys can be possessive, too, but greater maturity seems to take it into a little different form. The really wise man learns early on that there is no way he can own another human being, unless that person wants to be owned. Trying to establish the basis of a gay relationship on the mouldering standards of middle class heterosexual monogamy just doesn't work. (It doesn't even work very well for hets, anymore— if, indeed, it ever did). I know it isn't very helpful to tell you this when your emotions are in command of your senses, but the only way to survive these early life crises is to resolve in your own mind that you are going to enjoy what you can of it, and when it is giving you more pain than pleasure, you terminate the relationship. The exact point at which this has to happen can only be resolved by you and/or your friend.

As to your friend's inability, or unwillingness, to switch roles with you, that is not difficult to understand. For many guys who may be capable of assuming either top or bottom in a variety of situations, it is sometimes impossible to perceive one particular person in more than one role. There isn't much point in pushing it, because he's not going to perform very well if his heart (or balls) isn't really in it. You seem to have a lot going for you— probably more than your friend. Don't let him tear you apart.

Dear Larry,

Drummer is a great magazine, but when people write so much about sex and all the great things to do with SM, doesn't it occur to your staff that hundreds of guys are dying of AIDS and Karpases? Why don't you alert your readers about this

awful disease and tell them to be careful? If you don't, someday there will be no one around to buy *Drummer* or otherwise enjoy life.

Ron, NYC

Dear Ron,

I think all of us are aware and concerned about the various diseases that seem to be plaguing our community. I certainly have been answering letters and warning people, and I have seen similar notations from other contributors to *Drummer*. However, you must remember that guys buy this mag to read about the positive side of sex and SM. After all, if they read a story in *Drummer* and have a good wank, that isn't going to get them into any trouble.

Sir,

It has been some two years since I have ventured into the leather scene. My problem is an uncomplicated, but difficult one. I am over 6', handsome enough and in average shape. I haven't had any problem finding a leather partner to go and fuck with for the night, but the problem is that because of my stature everyone I have gone home with has cast me as Top. Even when I strive to be slave, it always ends up where I master.

This role could not be further from the truth in my heart. I belong on the floor, bound and at the mercy of a real man, one who knows me inside and out, and who will hear no excuses from me. Sir, my question is: what should I do in this situation? I am willing to be a complete slave to the right Master, to work for Him and turn over everything I own or earn to Him. Any advice would be deeply appreciated.

Desperate, VA

Dear Desperate,

This is a question I have had posed a number of times before, and have tried to answer for other people. Unfortunately, there really isn't any answer unless or until you run into the right man. In many of the larger cities, there are social/ educational groups that are helpful in allowing SM guys to meet one another, and if nothing more, at least unburden themselves. If such a group does not exist in your community— as I suspect it does not in yours— there are various national or international organizations and publications with either ads or membership rosters: InterChain, Chicago Hellfire Club, T.A.I.L., SMads, to name the most well known. You could also try an ad in *Drummer* or the *Advocate*. The best referral, of course, is a personal one, and the best way to get these is by cracking the ice with at least one good Top who knows his way around and can direct you to other guys. With looks and age on your side, you're much better off than many who share your emotional dilemma. I'll probably get some responses to your letter, and if so I'll pass them along.



AUTHENTICITY

BY JOHN PRESTON

It happened in Provincetown last summer.

I was standing in a bar there, what passed for a leather bar in town. Not that I'm complaining about that place. Hey, I've carried some great tricks out of there. But this was a slow night.

There had been a couple guys who were following me around for the weekend. We'd always end up in the same places. They'd be at the beach, poolside, at the Boatslip, at Tea Dance.

They were as obvious as hell. The two of them must have made it their lives' work to collect the t-shirt of every leather bar in the country. It seemed like they were afraid to wear just a couple shirts for fear no one would recognize the logos.

So they changed maybe five times a day. They'd wear San Francisco bar shirts in the morning, Chicago bar shirts in the afternoon, New York bar shirts at Tea Dance, Washington bar shirts at dinner time, and Houston bar shirts at night. I felt like telling them "I know, I know you're into leather bars."

They also wore an embarrassment of junk. They had every color handkerchief in the world. Keys, tit clamps, handcuffs, pieces of rawhide and an occasional dirty jockstrap all hung from their belts at one time or another in the first couple days I saw them.

Now, I don't mind that stuff. Of course I wear a lot of it myself. But I have stopped being a promiscuous billboard about it. I mean, I wear enough to get my message across and the fact is the stuff I'm comfortable wearing does that quite nicely.

Even if I am at a place like Provincetown, I feel most natural wearing my engineer boots; my 501s are just part of my body by now; I've always worn a heavy leather belt and I think I might not know how to stand up straight if my keys weren't dangling on the left. And if I'm going to carry a snot rag it might as well be black— and on the left.

Some other parts of me I can't help. They tell me at home I look "severe," Not "handsome," not "attractive" but "severe." I guess part of that's the bushy eyebrows. Hereditary. So's the thinning hair. The close cropped beard must goose the image along. So, anyway, I'm not exactly *hiding* what I'm into. But, well you can overstate this stuff.

I remember the good old bad days when being into S&M was something special. I mean, it was something you had to get through to. It was the opposite of chic and if you admitted it was your scene you were telling the world something very special about yourself.

What really got to me about those two guys was the easy way they approached it all. I mean, I didn't have the slightest impression it meant anything to them.

When I was young it was a fearful thing to come on to a guy for rough sex. You were not really in danger, not if you had your street smarts about you and not if you knew anything at all about what was happening. But there was still some mystery, some excitement that was never there in regular sex.

I couldn't see any of it with them. It was inevitable that they'd finally talk to me after all the cruising that had gone on. And they did, of course.

I was amazed at myself. Here they were, both hunky guys, and I couldn't get that little flame burning in my crotch. I just couldn't light the fire.

Now, I'm a pretty heavy top, have been for a while. Here were two guys offering me a trip around the world and I wasn't buying their ticket. What was going on?

Part of it was the words they used. They were all the right words, mind you, but I couldn't believe they were real words. They were words they had read out of a magazine. That was it. These guys began with the usual bar talk. No problem there. Then they moved, and not with very much caution, right into talking about the scene in a very, very heavy way.

I wanted to tell them to wait a minute. Just wait a fucking minute! I had given them plenty of clues, I had talked about clubs I belong to, places I'd been to, things I'd read and the like. And they were treating it like cocktail chatter. It seemed to me that if you heard the credentials I had just spun out then you'd wait a few seconds before you started to talk about how much you'd like me to work over your tits. But that's what they did.

And they bored me.

"I'd love to have you take me in a room and rip off my clothes and make me suck your big, fat cock," the first one said.

"Oh, yeah?" I took a swig of beer.

"I'd want you to make us call you sir and kiss your black leather boots," piped in the second.

"Really?" I leaned against the wall.

"You're the kind of guy that could turn us into real slaves. I just know you could."

"We'd have to do anything you wanted."

"We'd get our asses whipped if we displeased you."

I have to admit that I yawned at that point. There was no passion in what they were saying. Their eyes sort of glazed over a little bit, but that was it. They were also talking more to one another than to me.

I felt like asking them what was in it for me. I didn't bother. I mean, I was just supposed to be a prop for their fantasies. I can't get into that with bottoms. They're the kind who say, "A real master wouldn't do *that!*" Shit, what'd these guys know about a real master?

I let my eyes wander a bit. It didn't matter to these guys in any event. Their tired litany droned on and on. "...lick your ass... serve your body... drink your piss..."

I saw the kid on the other side of the bar. He was wearing ordinary clone clothes. Tight enough jeans— a little new for my taste, but what the hell?— a tank top, little running shoes and white socks. The shirt was close enough to his body that I could see his pecs. The tits weren't big enough to stand out from the

rest of his flesh. The arms bulged enough to be interesting. The ass looked gorgeous. And he was staring at me with a deep, obvious intent. Now this was going to be interesting.

I know it's bad manners, but I just walked away from the other two and went over to where the younger guy was standing. I think I must've left them in mid-sentence. I recall something about "...washing your arm pits."

"Hi."

He smiled back, the side of his mouth twitched a little bit. "Hello."

Then the usual. Where are you from? Boston, he answered. And so it went. Till the clench. He was the one who threw it out. "Where are you staying?" I gave him back the name of the guesthouse and added the expected, "Wanna come over for a while?" "Sure."

We started to walk through the crowd when an arm came out and grabbed him. I figured I was gonna have to listen to some kind of lover's quarrel, but the kid came right back out through the gang of people separating us and smiled at me as he walked out the door and onto the street.

We went up Commercial Street without saying anything until I finally asked him what that had all been about. "It was a friend of mine." The guy looked up at me. "He was worried."

"About what?"

"That you might be more than I bargained for. He thought you might hurt me."

"What if I do?"

He slipped an arm around my waist. "I don't know if I'd mind it."

Now the little flame started to flicker. "Done much before?"

He shook his head, "Not really."

"What if I get carried away and start slapping you around?"

He rested his head on my shoulder as we continued up the street. He barely whispered his reply. "No one's ever done it before." That was all. Not "No." Not "Please." Just enough of an opening. The burning started growing.

We walked into the house and up the stairs. I sprawled out on top of the bed and lit a cigarette. He had given me the go ahead; I took it. Nice and easy, with a steady voice and no dramatics, I said, "Take off your clothes so I can watch you."

He was only a little stiff about it. I dragged on the cigarette and watched as the top came off. His chest was rounded, not with gymnasium muscles, just with the tone of a guy in his early twenties. He kicked off the shoes. Pulled off the socks. He undid his belt and hesitated. He looked up at me. Then he unzipped the jeans and pushed them down over his hips and calves till they fell on the floor.

His hard on was stuck in the folds of his jockey shorts. He looked at me again. A precious blush crept over his face as he stared at me. 'Come on, kid, do it for your man,' I thought. This was a hard spot, one they always had trouble with. It's easy to have some stud rip your clothes off; it's hard to give in to a man and expose yourself to the potential humiliation of this kind of stripping. I nearly cheered when he expanded the elastic band and stepped out of the shorts.

"Come here." I held out my arms and let him climb into them. There was that shock of the touch of flesh, young flesh. I kissed him, nice and soft, to reward him for a job well done.

I like starting a new boy off that way: him naked and me clothed. It underlines the roles, makes the position he put himself into more real in a way. We made out for a while until I could feel his muscles relax. My hand went down and took his balls in my palm. I didn't squeeze yet. I just wanted him to feel me hold them, wanted him to know they were in my power. He squirmed; it was a nice little wriggle. But he didn't try to move away. That was a good sign.

I have to explain something about tits and me. I think men's nipples were put there to make a top's life easier. There really is very little, unless you want to go all the way into some pretty heavy whipping, that works as well in training as tit play does.

I leaned over and sucked in one of the little brown circles on the kid's chest. There was hardly any tip to it, just that nice, soft,

satiny flesh. I rolled my tongue around and around, smelling the young sweat under his arms as its aroma wafted up at me. Then I started to bite. At first I just used little nibbles, the kind that any one would enjoy. Then I increased the pressure little by little.

Pretty soon I had him moaning a bit. Not much, but enough honest little groans were escaping that I could tell he was really feeling it. I didn't slow down. In fact I increased the pressure some. "Please," he whispered eventually. I ignored him. I kept on teething his tit till the little nub of flesh was tender enough that even my tongue could bring on the guttural sounds. Finally he tried to pull away.

I leaned up quickly and looked at him; I was resting my body on my left elbow. "What the fuck are you doing?"

He looked a tiny bit guilty and answered in a low tone, "You were starting to hurt."


"So? You knew what you were getting into. You want to leave?"

"No," he spoke that out loud.

I smiled at him. I put a hand gently on his face. "Then put the other one in my mouth."

I laid back on the bed and watched him. There was the slightest hesitation. He looked down at his chest. It's always better to make them do it themselves, things like this. They can't get away with thinking it's something you're forcing on them. It's such a little thing, really, putting your nipple in a guy's mouth when you know he's going to work on it. But, shit, he was the one with a hard on that I could see. So he gave in to that slight humiliation and got up on his hands and knees and maneuvered his other tit until it was right on the tips of my tongue.

I repeated my little fun on the new play thing. I waited for the moans. They came. I waited for the whispered, "Please." It was spoken. I took him to that same place between pain and pleasure. When he got there this time, he didn't move away. Instead a hand came up and caressed my hair while I bit into him. There was no hesitation when I finally broke off. He thought I was done. Wrong. "Put the other back here." He closed his eyes a little, just a little for a short while. Then he surrendered the



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already sore prize to my teeth.

Such a minor event, such a slight bit of submission. But I nearly came. This time his hand returned to my head and he smoothed my hair while I continued this undistinguished torture. I kept it up, going from one nipple to the other, until there was the sweet, sweet sound of a real cry in his voice. I stopped and looked at his face just as a tear ran out of his eye. Then I kissed him.

That was when I undressed. I stood at the foot of the bed and let my hard cock jut out in the air. "Come and take it," I said. He got up and crawled to the waiting prize. I stopped his face just as he was about to swallow it. "Easy, just the head, just put the head in your mouth till you get used to it."

It was a beautiful sight. He was very tanned, but had been wearing a bathing suit. There was that nice white ass sticking up in the middle of all that brownness. He was on his hands and knees just barely holding my cock. The combination of his stance and his having my prick in his mouth was a picture of abject submission that turned me on more than I thought could be possible. It was, really, such vanilla. But so real, I thought, so very real.

I kept him that way until I thought he was probably getting bored. Not that I wanted to worry about that. The thing was: I wanted to take him to that place where he was unexcited, where he only thought about the hard cock in his mouth, not the excitement of following the new orders.

I didn't say anything to him, I just pushed him off my hard on and guided his body until he was on his back on top of the bed. Then I climbed up on top of him and gave him another reward in the form of a long, deep kiss.

When I broke that off I looked into his eyes and told him the truth: "You're doing pretty good."

His eyes were wide open; his tongue wetted his lips. "I want to."

"I know, kid, I know."

There was only a quick kiss after that. I pulled back again.

"You ready to go on?" There comes a point where you gotta make them say what you know they have to admit to. He nodded his head, yes.

I crawled off him and sat at the edge of the bed. I manipulated his willing body until he was laid over my knees. "No one's ever hit you before, have they?"

"No."

I slapped him one very, very hard. Hard enough to get a yelp. "No what?"

He knew the answer right away. "No, sir."

I caressed the cheek of his ass that had a nice red mark from my palm. "That's my boy, you're learning."

I'm of the school that says you gotta do it right. You gotta build it up in them and on them. I started with nice little pats, hardly enough to make a sound. I let them alternate from one cheek of his ass to the next. But the constant repetition is what gets them. And the almost undetectable increase in the severity and speed of the blows. They hardly have a chance to know that you've started to really hit them if you do it well.

They get the final result of it all in any event. They get to the point where they start to try to move. That's when there's a heat about it all. Their asses are burning from the spanking they're getting. Then they start to tense their buttocks, trying to defend themselves. That's when your own hand has begun to hurt and you're really beginning to get to them.

Then, since you've started to be a little less predictable in just when and where you're going to hit them, they can't prepare themselves and they can't stop from letting out little boy cries of pain. It's a beautiful sound, really it is.

This was a live one. You must have guessed it by now. I stopped about this time. He of course thought it was all over. I was just running my hand gently over the bright red surface of his ass. I knew it must be a fine, cooling sensation to have the delicate touch after the long, drawn out spanking. But when he tried to sit up, after all, he did think it was over, I just put a hand on his shoulder and said, "I'm not done."



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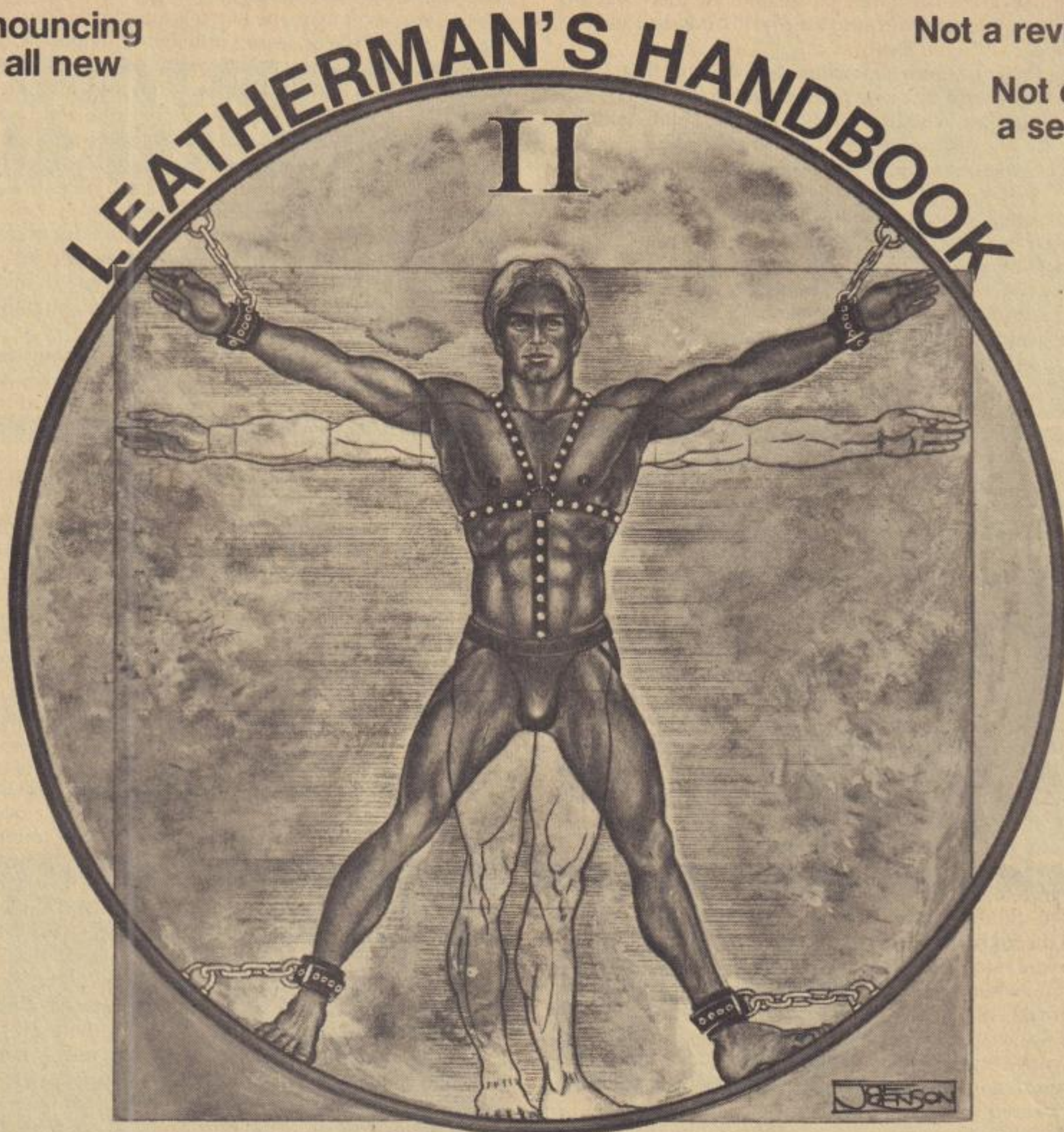
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It was enough of a shock to him that his back stiffened. I even wondered if maybe I wasn't going to lose him. But there was this lovely little submission that relaxed his whole body and surrendered it to me.

That tension of his returned when he realized that I was leaning over and grabbing at my pants to get that heavy belt of mine. He could hear it sliding out of the loops. Then I laid the cool leather on his ass and just let it rest there.

"You can tell me to stop now if you want to leave."

"No, sir."

"Does that mean you want me to belt you?"

"No, sir."

"What does it mean?"

"It means... it means you can do whatever you want to, sir."

Music, I tell you, just music to my ears.

I doubled over the belt and started out slowly again. Though of course the belt gets pretty severe after not too long a time. I just played its sweet music and watched its reddening magic as it worked on those plump pretty cheeks of his ass.

I had to hold myself in check about a few things. There was this beautiful young man with his body wrapped around my lap and that back of his, those strong muscles just waiting to get their due. But, shit, I thought, I can't start him with a whipping on his shoulders. Well, not the first time, at least. I had to keep reminding myself of that all night.

I kept at him with the belt. I never really let go, I just kept it up until the constant blows accumulated their force. I felt his arms as they tightened around my knees and his face as it started to rub against my thighs, first just rubbing, then the moaning, then the squirming, then the yells he couldn't have restrained and then, finally, wonderfully, the sounds of little sobs as he broke.

I put the belt away and reached down to kiss the glowing red ass of his. I rubbed my face against the heat of his flesh and knew that there would be marks the next day. Not the deep welts some people aspire to, but the faint black and blue I, myself, love so much.

I gathered him up and once more spread him on the bed. I kissed him again. A bit of pride in him came over me. "You're doing pretty good for a guy who's never been around."

There were still little pools of liquid around his eyes. But his smile came through all the same. "Thank you, sir."

Then I fucked him. I fucked him long and hard and pleasantly. Every once in awhile I'd lift his legs up in the air and plow him real good, make him feel it all the way inside him. And if I thought he was maybe forgetting what things were all about, I only had to move his body around till I got those sore, little tits of his in my mouth and could chew on them till his response was just what I wanted to hear.

It took all my self discipline to keep from shooting real early in the game. But I held back till I knew, I knew, it was really hurting him for me to be going at him for so long. Great kid, though; he never complained. Then I let myself go and shot an earthquake of cum into his belly.

When I was done and had pulled out of him, I laid beside him on my back. "Climb up here," I patted my belly. He was a little puzzled. I put my own arms behind my head. "Beat off while I watch you."

Another minor test. No big thing, just a test. You gotta see what happens when you take their own orgasm and turn it into a little toy for yourself. I made it so his coming was an entertainment for me, not something for him.

It took him a while. It usually does with new ones. You can help them though. What you gotta do, what I did, is get them back to that place where there's a little fear to get them all hot and bothered. "What's a matter," I'd ask, "need me to play with your tits some more?" Or: "Maybe you need more of the belt tonight." "No sir, no sir, please, sir," became a constant plea of his. In fact it was during one of those "Oh, no, please don't do that, sir" answers that he finally shot a thick wad of ooze onto my chest.

I swirled it around in the hair I have there and then brought my wet hand up to his mouth. He closed his eyes—he closed

them very tightly—and still he opened his mouth at this final little submission and licked my hand clean.

Now, you can't take one like this and start yelling and screaming with them like you were a drill sergeant right off. It takes time for them to learn things and to get accustomed to them. I just let everything drop then and the two of us took a shower together.

I started to get hard when we were done and I watched him bending over to dry himself. I was wondering if I could get him to the place where he was a body servant who would automatically, unthinkingly towel me first. It was a nice thought, a good one. But he had discovered the time.

It surprised me. I thought we'd been at it for maybe an hour. No. It had been, get this! four hours of non stop sex. God, when they're good, they're very good! He was late to miss friends at the disco down the street. We joked about what they thought had happened. He dressed quickly. So did I.

I walked him back down Commercial Street and pointed out a short cut to the dancing bar he wanted to go to. A little peck from him and a wave and off he went. I fingered the piece of paper with his name and address and looked forward to a trip to Boston.

It was too late to do much of anything but go on to the bar. I went back to that same one.

Wouldn't you know it, that pair was still there. Or, I should say, there again. They must have gone home since they had changed their t-shirts. It was Philadelphia leather bars tonight, I gathered.

I tried to keep the conversation nice and low key. Where had they eaten dinner? Had they tried this other place yet? How long were they in town?

One of them went off to the john. The other took quick advantage of the situation. "Look, my lover's not nearly as heavy as I am. If that's what's turned you off, I'll get rid of him for the night."

"No, no, I'm fine."

"Please, Master, please." There just wasn't anything in that voice, damn it. Nothing. "I'll gladly serve your body with my tongue. I'll lick your ass; I'll be your human toilet paper..." There was no edge to it. He was just telling me things he'd done, probably a hundred times. There might, someplace, be something he hadn't experienced before, but I also knew he'd never show it to me. If I took him up on the offer, I'd just be getting a body to play with. Now, it was a very nice body, don't misunderstand that. But it would have been thinking thoughts that had nothing to do with me. It'd be having fantasies that would not involve me. And it didn't turn me on in the least.

The other one came back. He didn't get mad at me, but he was honestly confused about something. "Why'd you trick with that vanilla kid. He wasn't such hot shit. We could've given you a much better time of it than him. Man, I'd really like to be able to drink your piss..."

"...while I licked your asshole..."

"Ah, shit," I said out loud. I walked away from them.

It had started to rain in the few minutes I'd been in the bar. But I figured the fuck with it. I walked up to the dancing bar and paid a ridiculous cover charge to get in. I don't think I'd even been there that whole summer till then.

I walked up to the edge of the dance floor and saw him out in the middle of it, paired with an attractive clone number. It only took a few seconds before he spotted me standing there waiting for him. He said something to the other guy and left him dancing by himself in the center of the whole place. When he got to me he put his arms around me. "My tits hurt," he laughed.

"Good."

He squeezed me and nuzzled against my neck.

"I want to go home, come with me." I didn't really order him to, but... well, let's say I was pretty definite. In any event, he came with me.

As we climbed the stairs in the guest house I asked him, "What'd you say to the guy you were with?"

"That I had to leave to go home with my lover."

So we went home. That night he slept in his jockey shorts with my arms around him. □

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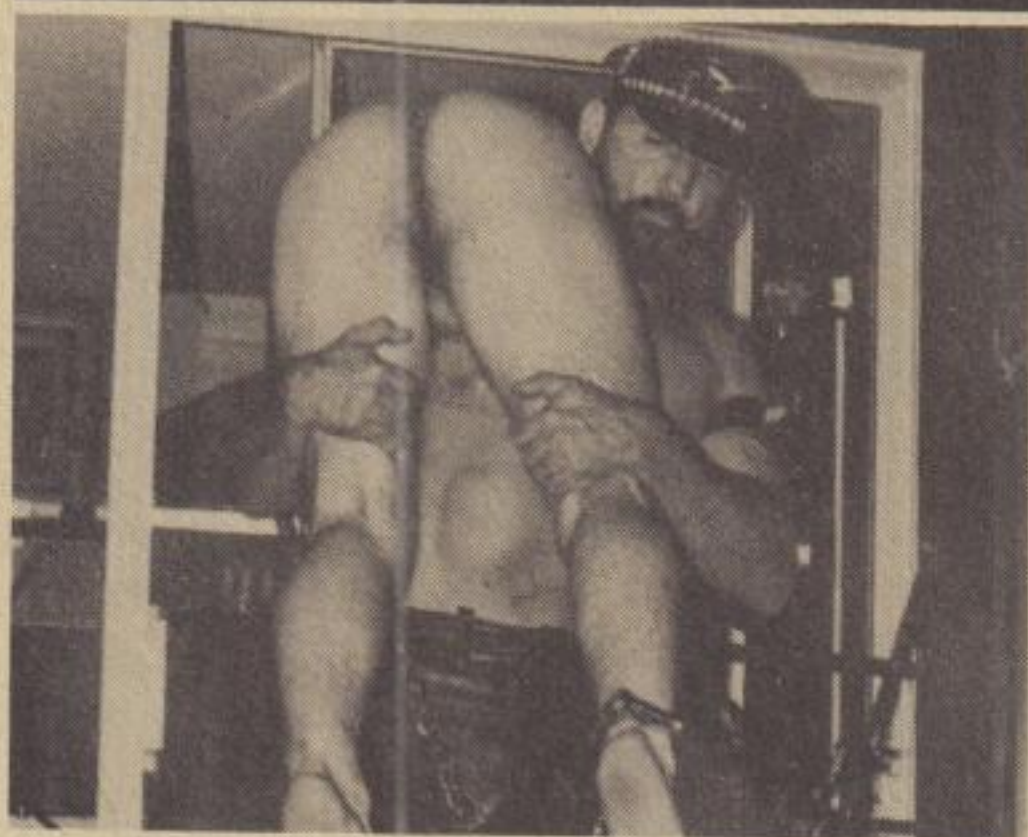
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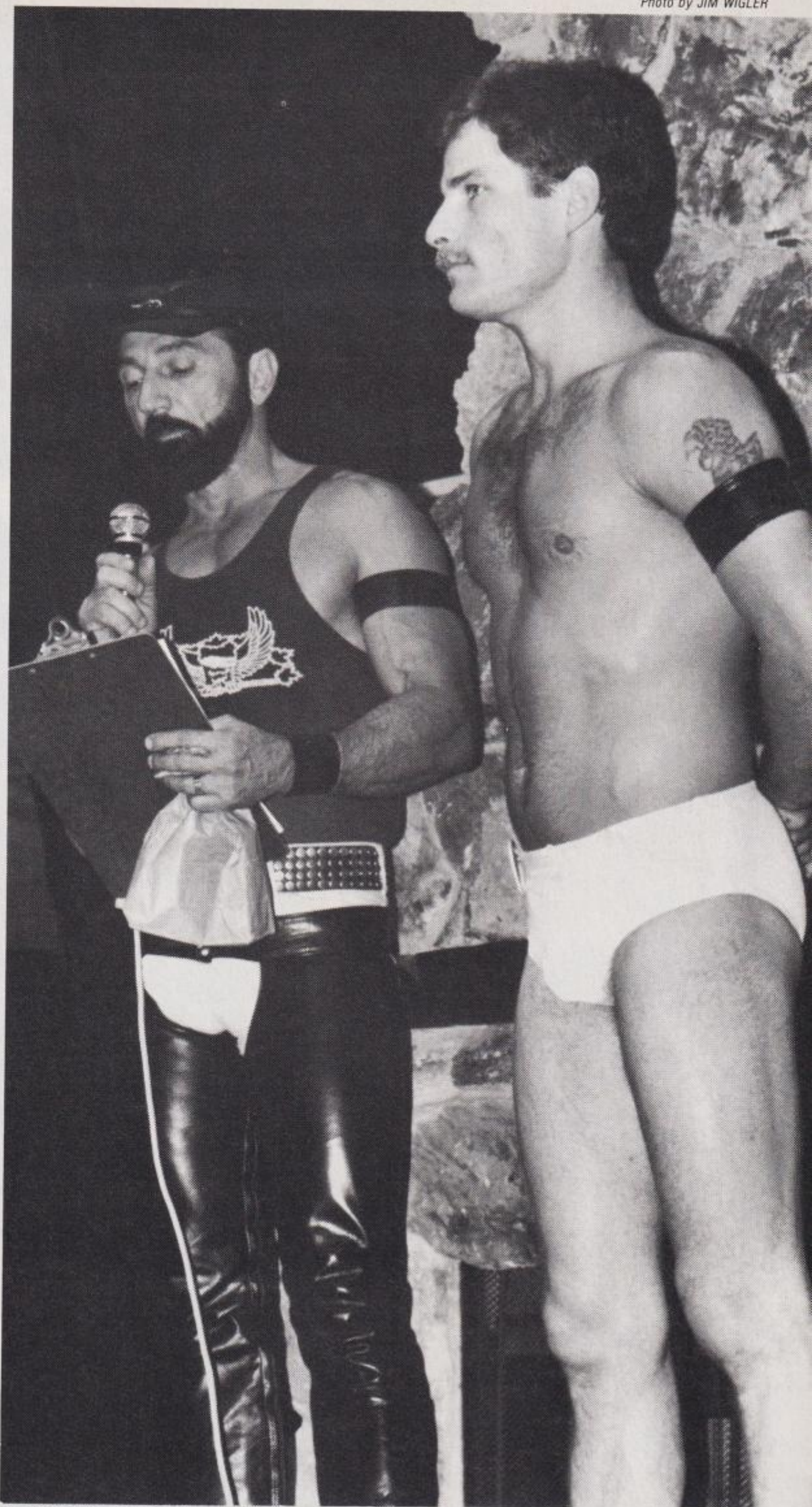
SOCIAL NOTES

OUR SEARCH BEGINS FOR A NEW MR. DRUMMER

The first of the nine regional Mr. Drummer contests was kicked off at The Woods Resort at the Russian River on the March 25th weekend. The weather was touch and go, but the resort was crowded with leather men from the area as well as from San Francisco. Three days among the tall redwoods proved to be the ideal setting for the contest. The audience found their own diversions between the events. And, believe us, they really did it up brown!

One of the big crowd pleasers was the surprise appearance of Val Martin as Master of Ceremonies. Val Martin's Brazilian accent lent considerable charm to the events. The nervous contestants appreciated his soothing manner and concern because it took the edge off of their self-consciousness. His outrageous, provocative humor came to the fore on the stage and it kept everyone hanging on his humorous ripostes. Because of his charm and wit, *Drummer* has asked him to co-MC the final big bash in San Francisco later this summer.

The audience and judges got their first look at the 11 hot men who would be contending for the title when they appeared Friday night on stage in full leather.

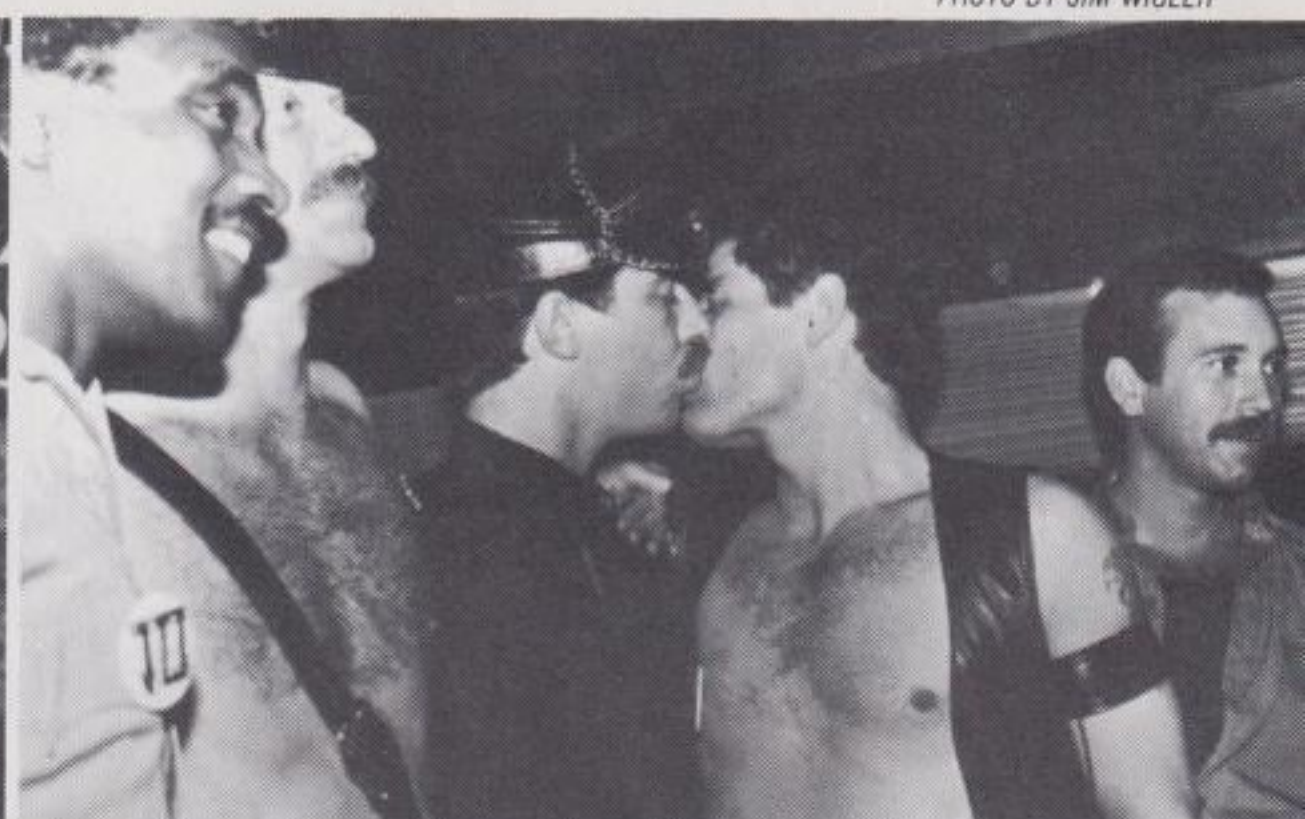
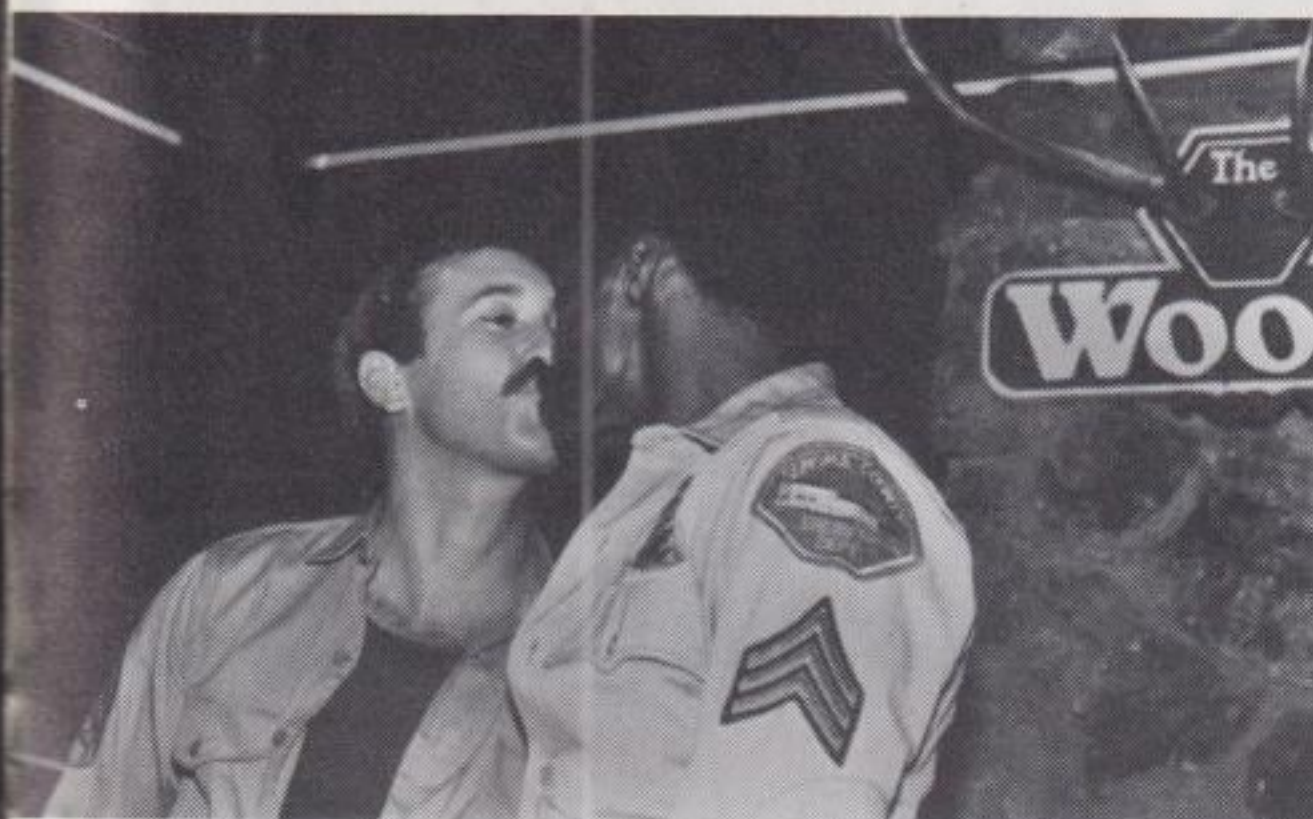


EMCEE VAL MARTIN puts the screws to This Month on the River's contestant Ken Divodi who patiently waits. Candidates bared not only their hunky bodies but their leather souls to the judges and the outrageous Val. Asked to show their best points, only half the lineup showed their collective bare backsides.



PHOTOS BY ROBERT PRUZAN





A kiss beats a handshake any day and really shows you mean it, especially when congratulations are in order.

Crowd participation accounted for part of the voting, while five judges used their own expertise toward selecting the winner and the two runner-ups. The judges were eminently suited to their task. They were: Jim Cvitanich (Mr. San Francisco Leather 1982), Frank O'Rourke (author of *Captain Morgan*), John Ponce (Mr. Northern California Drummer 1982), Ray Schliep (Mr. Russian River 1982), and Alan Selby, popular proprietor of Mr. S Products in San Francisco.

Saturday afternoon was the swimsuit

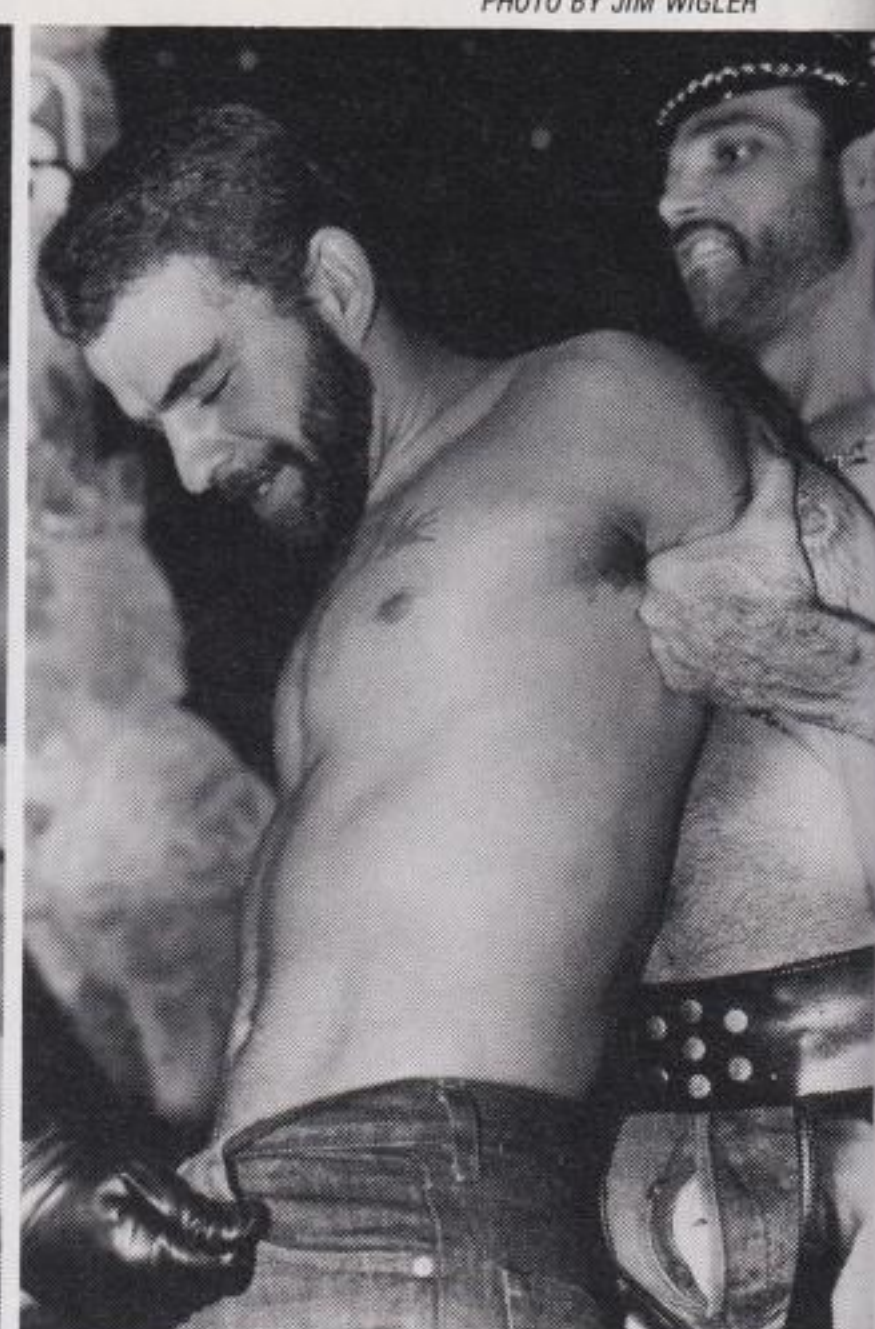
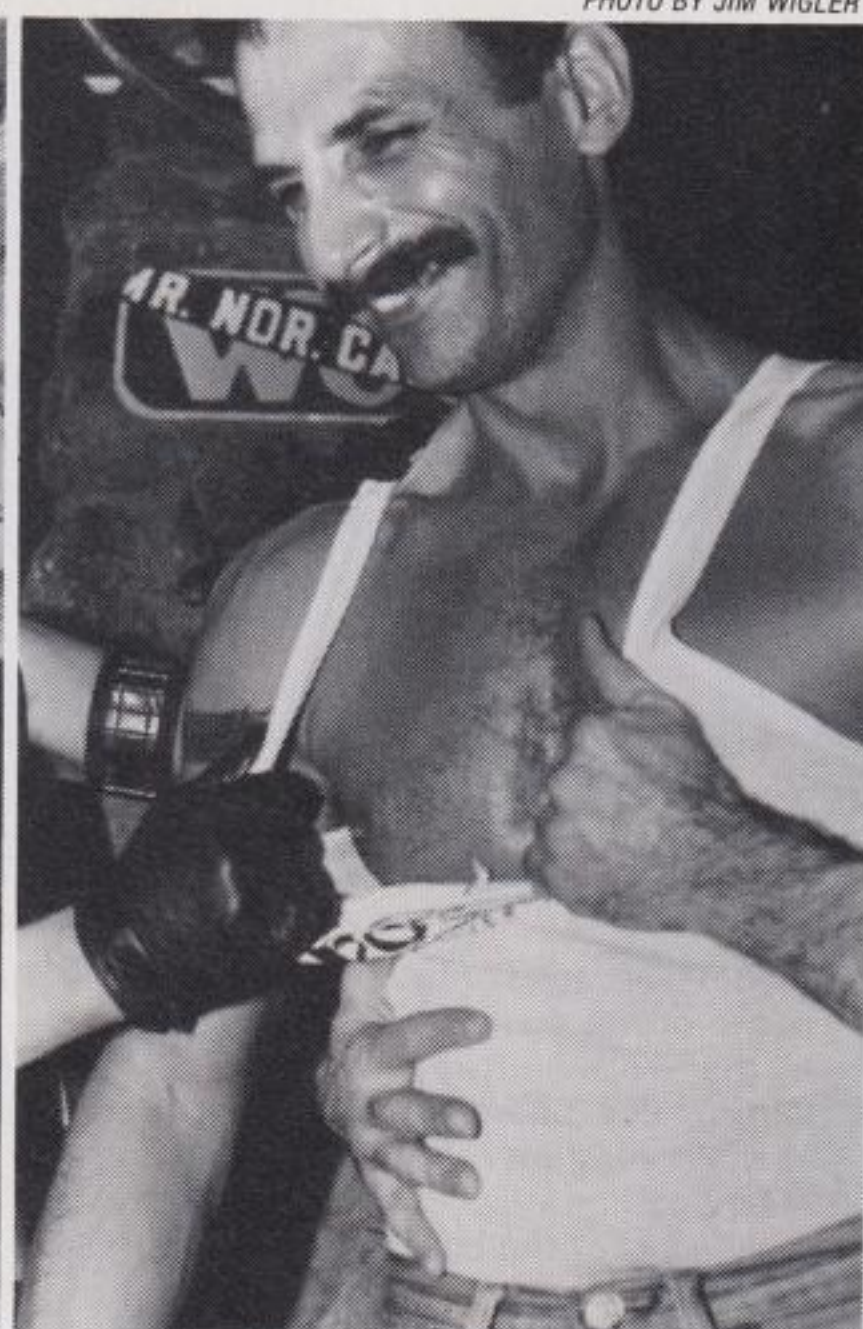
contest. Because of the heavy rains, this phase of the contest could not be held by the two big outside swimming pools. During this phase the judges probed each contestant about what leather meant to him.

It was after the bar closed in the early hours of Sunday morning that The Woods became a heated and wildly alive place all over again. It was the jock strap contest. The 11 men appeared on stage in pants and a Wood's tank top. Two of the judges, Jim Cvitanich and John Ponce, ripped the tank tops off the

contestants and stripped off their pants, revealing hunky bodies and bulging jock straps. Some of the men were lifted bodily from the floor as their pants were taken off, which brought roars from the audience. After the crowd had a good look at each man, they were given black t-shirts with the white *Drummer* logo, which they donned on stage. A good part of the crowd spent until four in the morning boogieing on the dancefloor.

When Sunday morning dawned, only a very few figures could be seen walking through the wooded areas. Some early



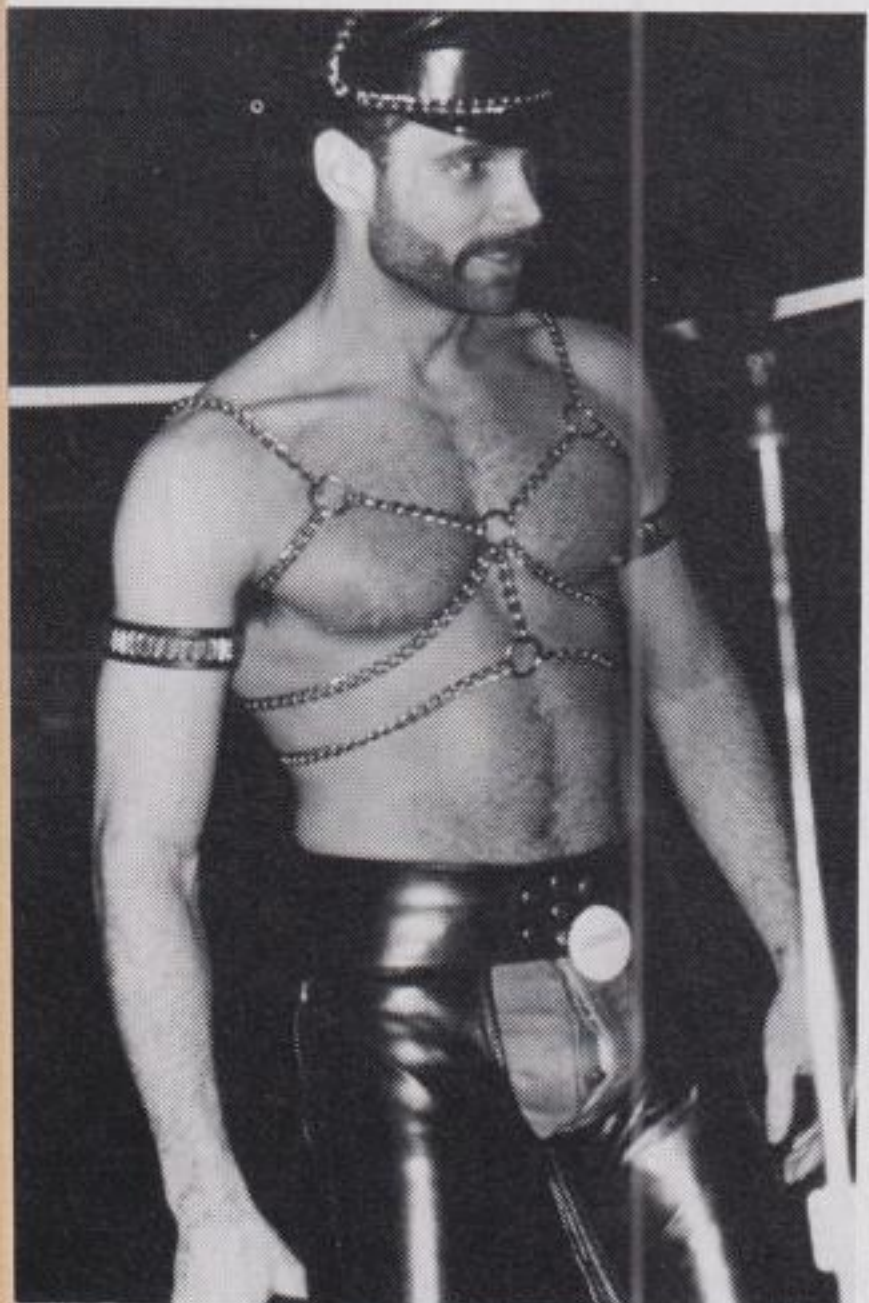


risers, or people who had not yet been to bed the night before, went looking for breakfast. As the morning progressed, more and more people emerged from their rooms and cars; bikes and pickups began arriving for the

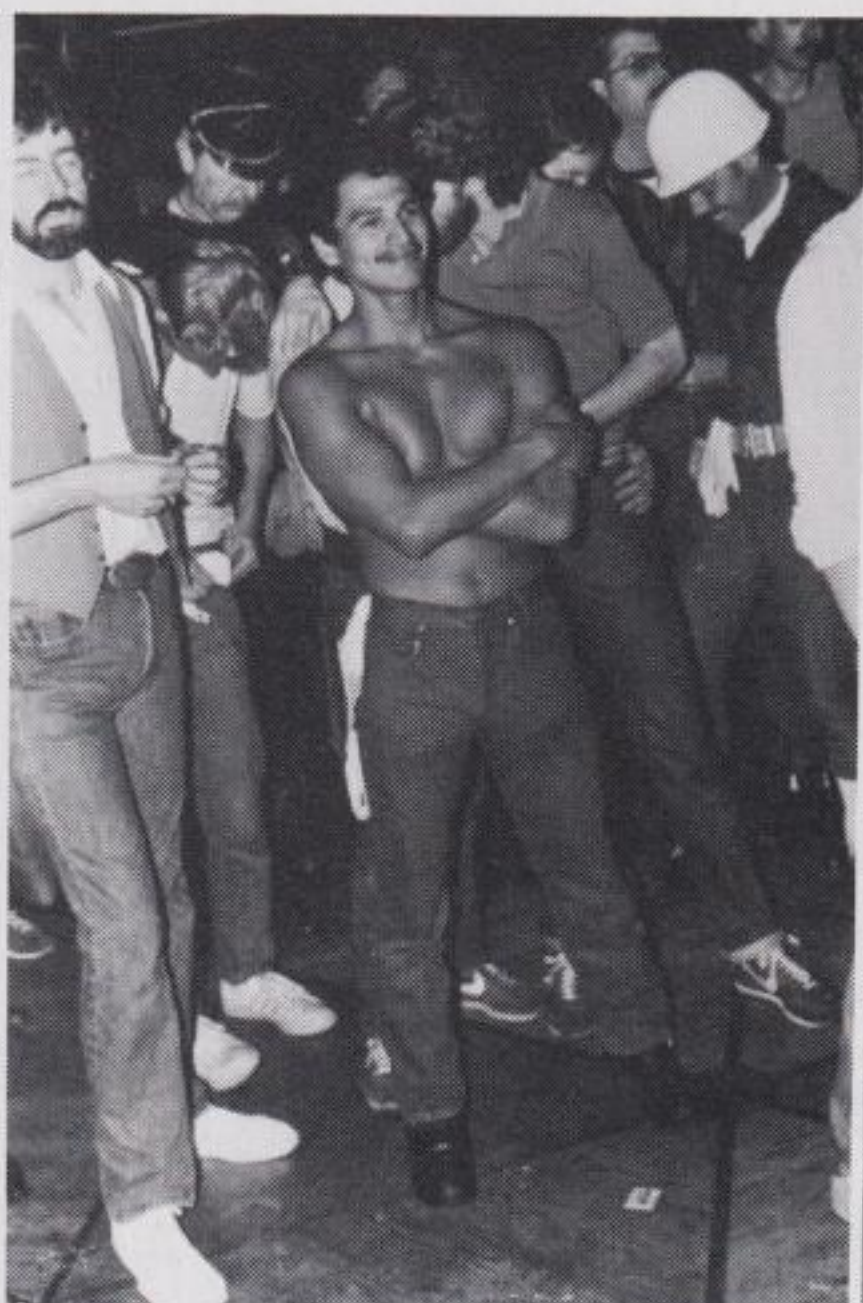
big announcement of the winner.

The air was electric with anticipation. The sun, which had not fully appeared until then, came out in full glory, warming the damp air and lending a holiday atmosphere to the proceedings.

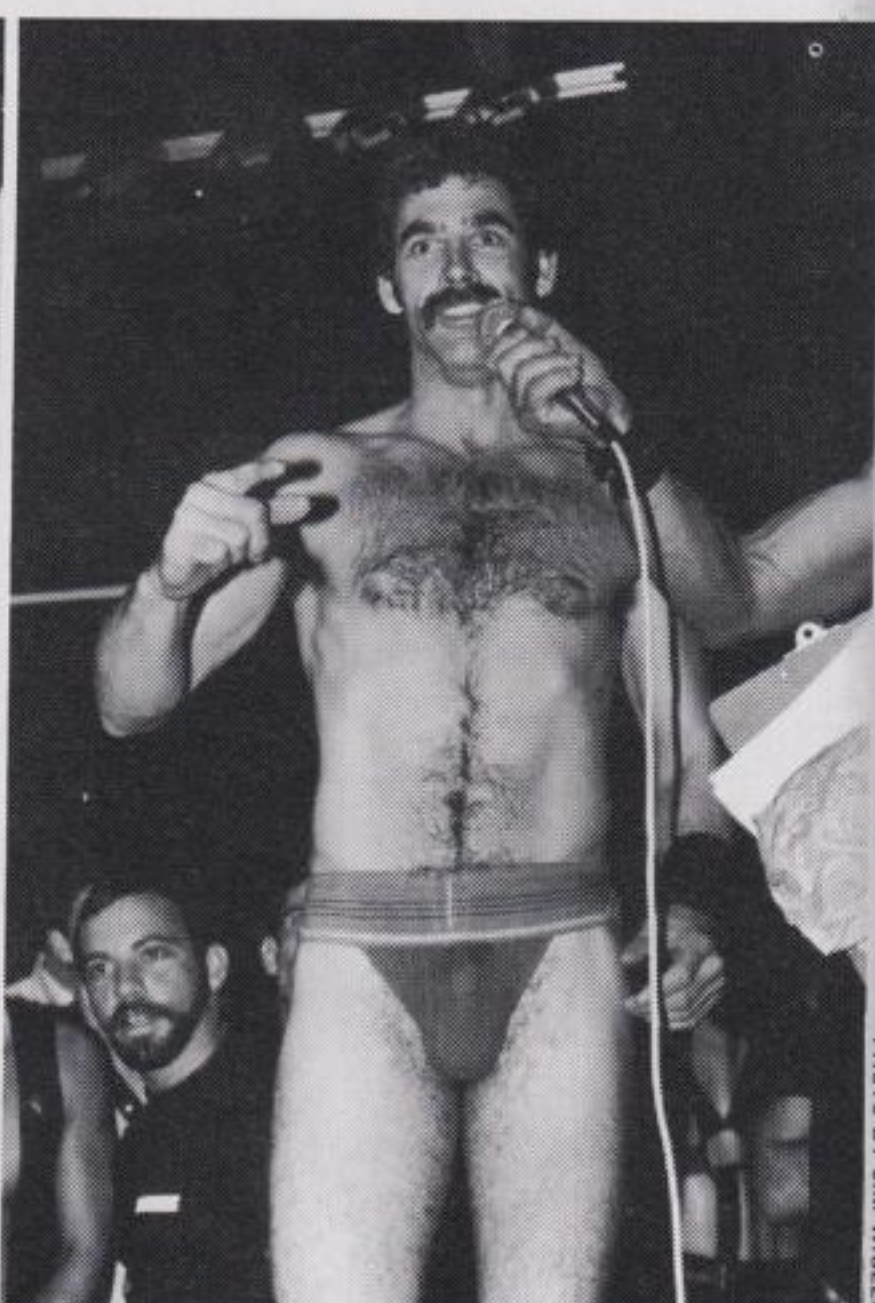
The Woods sent a limousine to the San Francisco International Airport to pick up Mr. Marcus, the dean of San Francisco's leather commentators, who had been in Detroit at The Interchange to help in the selection of their top



MR. SAN FRANCISCO LEATHER was a judge.

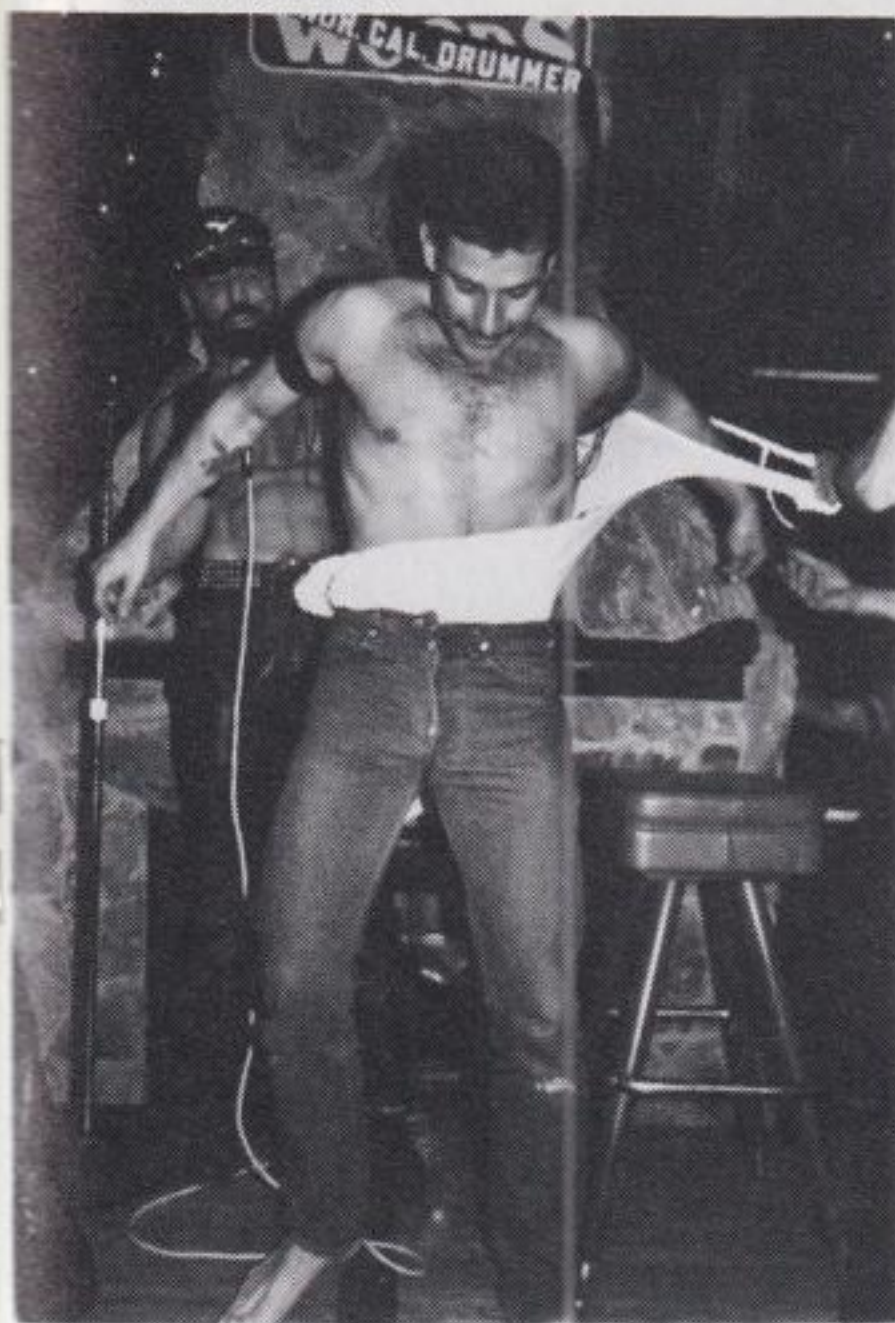


Some of the audience should have been onstage too.



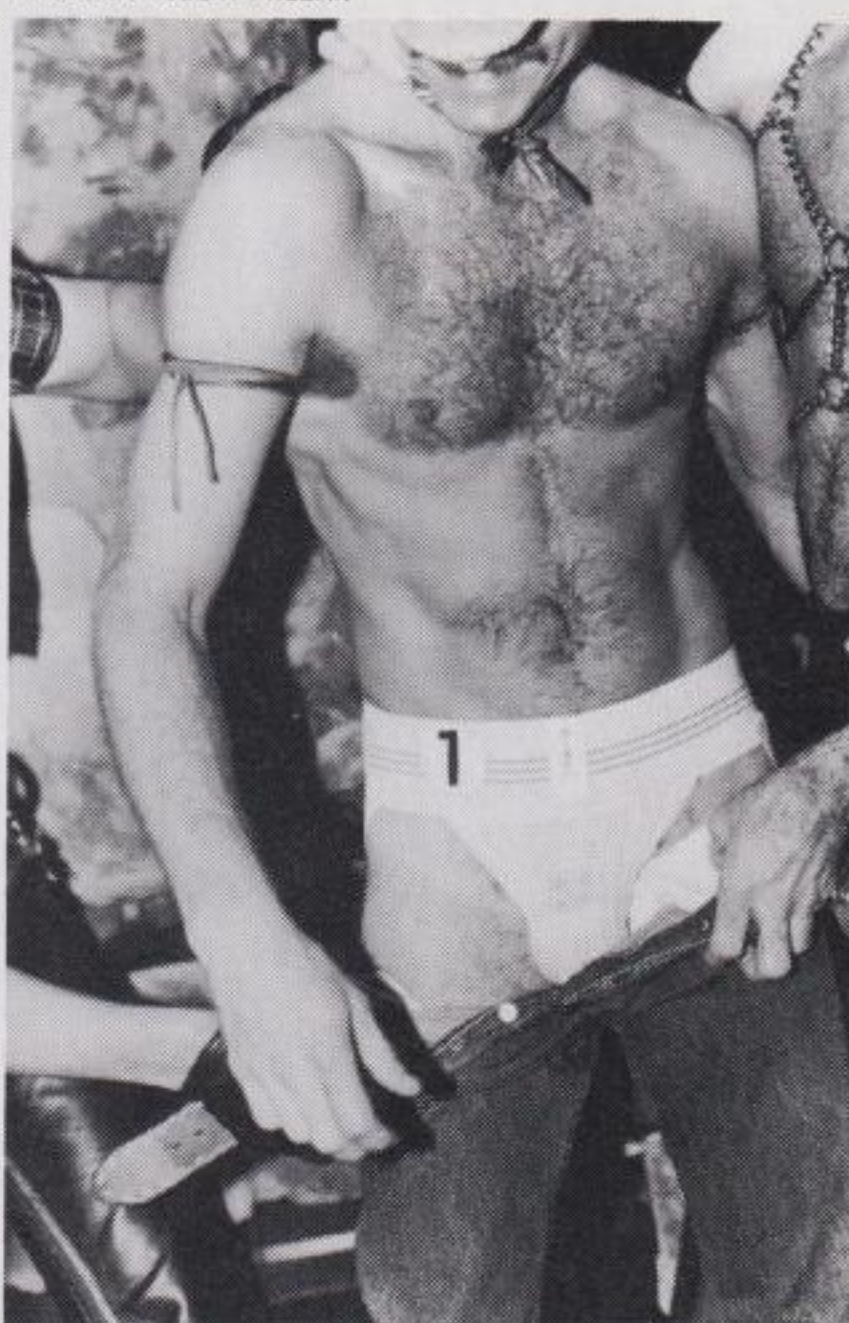
Lube contestant Bruce Barnhill tells what leather means to him.

LINE 'EM UP, STRIP 'EM. SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE GOT.



leatherman. Mr. Marcus emerged from the limo to announce the winners:

Paul Manenti, sponsored by The Pilsner Inn of San Francisco, won the coveted title of Mr. Northern California Drummer 1983. Last year's winner, John

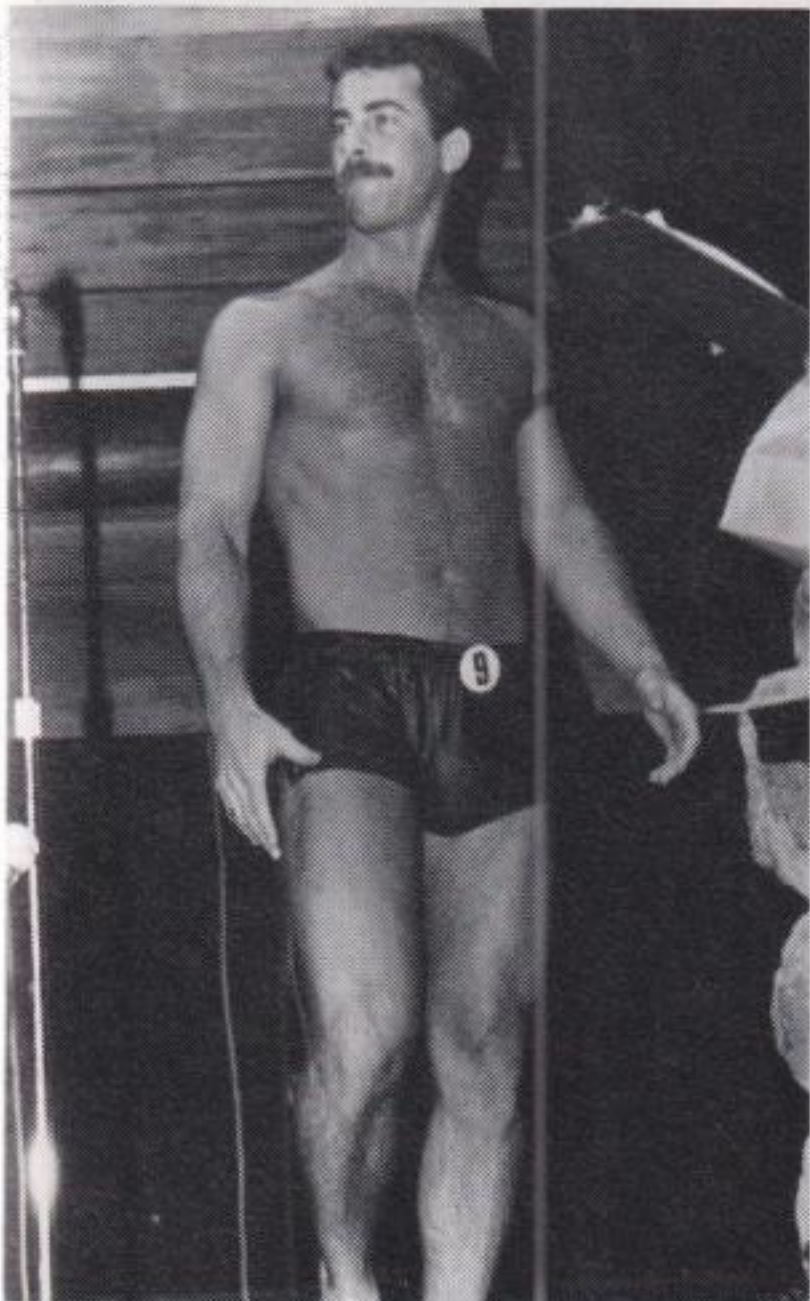


Ponce, made the presentation. The first runner up, Rick Williams, represented the Russian River Chocolate Factory, while the second runner up, Robert Martin, was sponsored by The Oasis in San Francisco.



Now Paul Manenti would find himself in competition with the other regional winners from all over the U.S. on June 24th at The Trocadero Transfer in San Francisco for the 1983 Mr. Drummer Finals.

PHOTO BY ROBERT PRUZAN



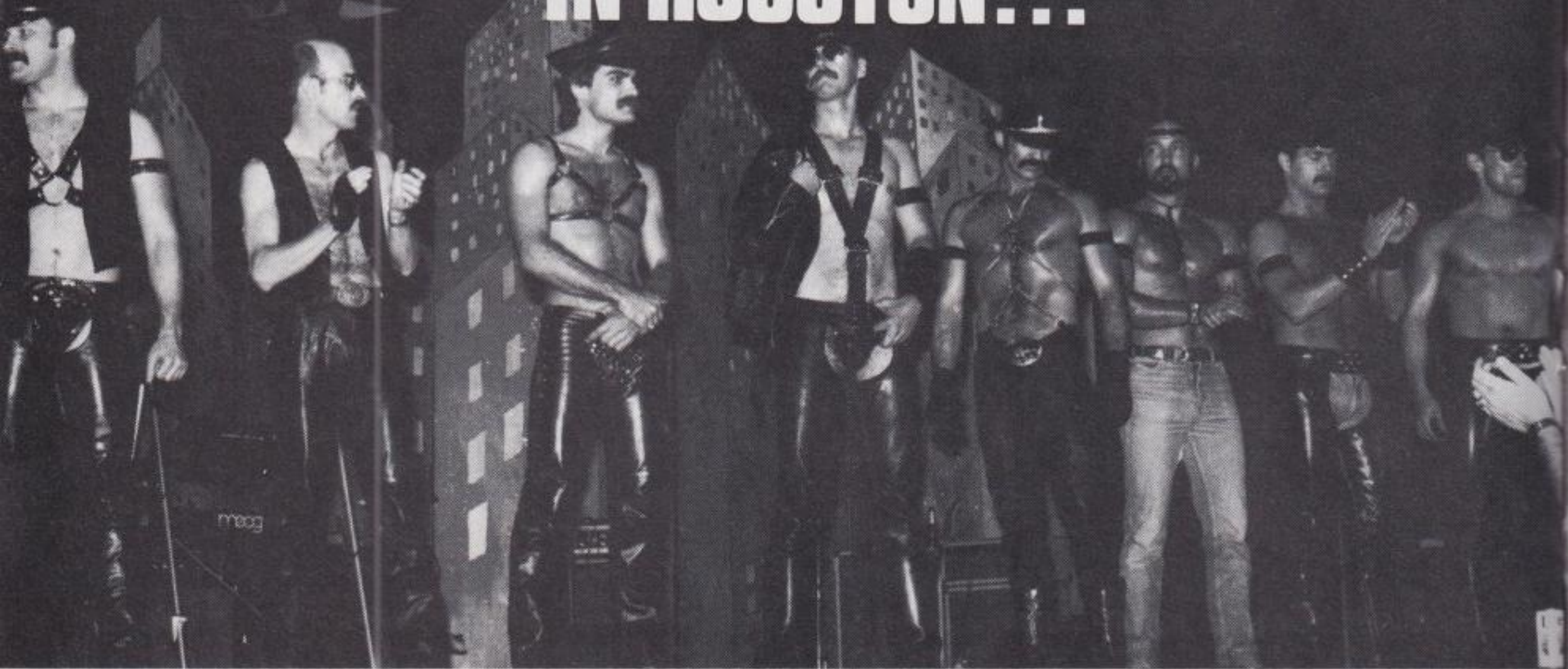
Winner Paul Manenti gives his all toward the basket of the evening.



Sonny Cline loses his as last year's winner John Ponce and S.F. Mr. Leather strip him down.

MEANWHILE IN HOUSTON...

MEANWHILE— IN HOUSTON...



The traditional lineup of the contestants onstage as they show their stuff.

PHOTO BY JEFF REDINGS

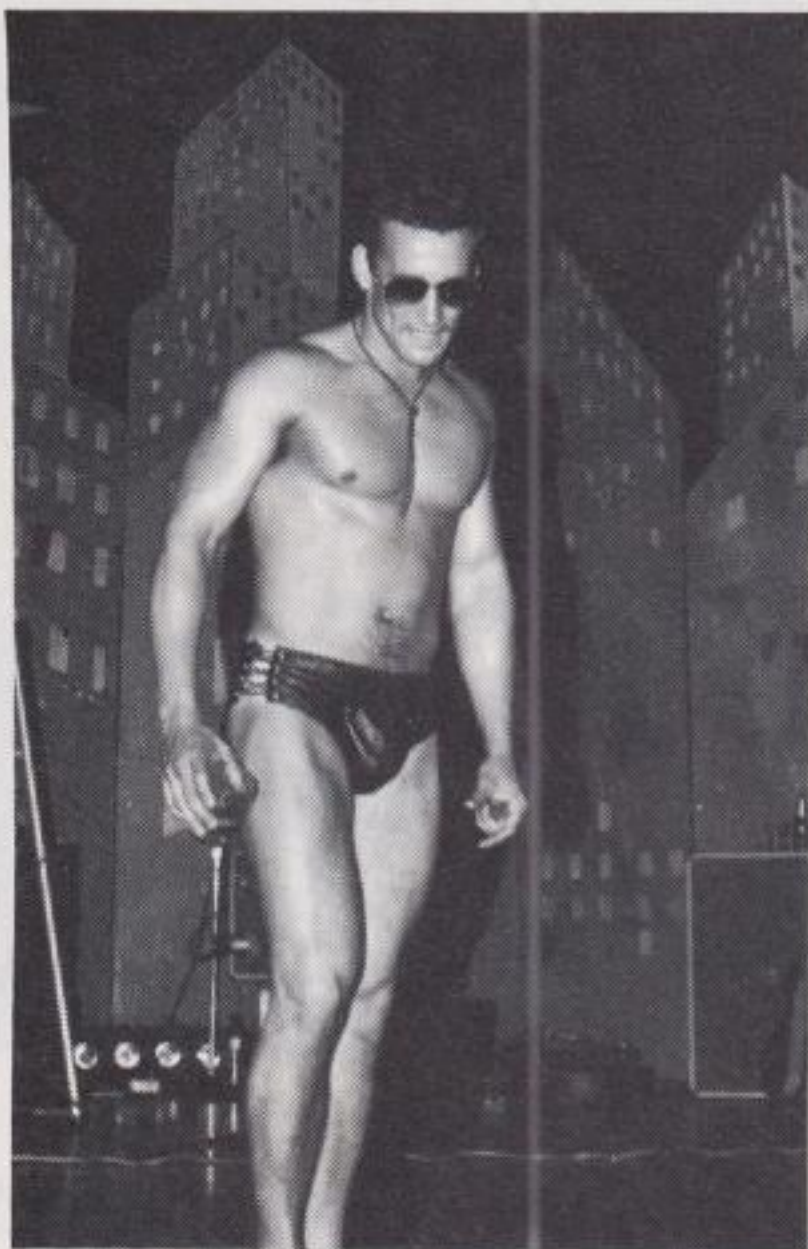
When things get hot in Texas, it can get so hot it takes your breath away. Witness the 1983 Mr. Southwest Drummer Contest held March 25-27th; one of the contestants had to be rushed from backstage to the hospital on the night of the finals for hyperventilation. But he recovered.

Houston loves leather. After all, Texas

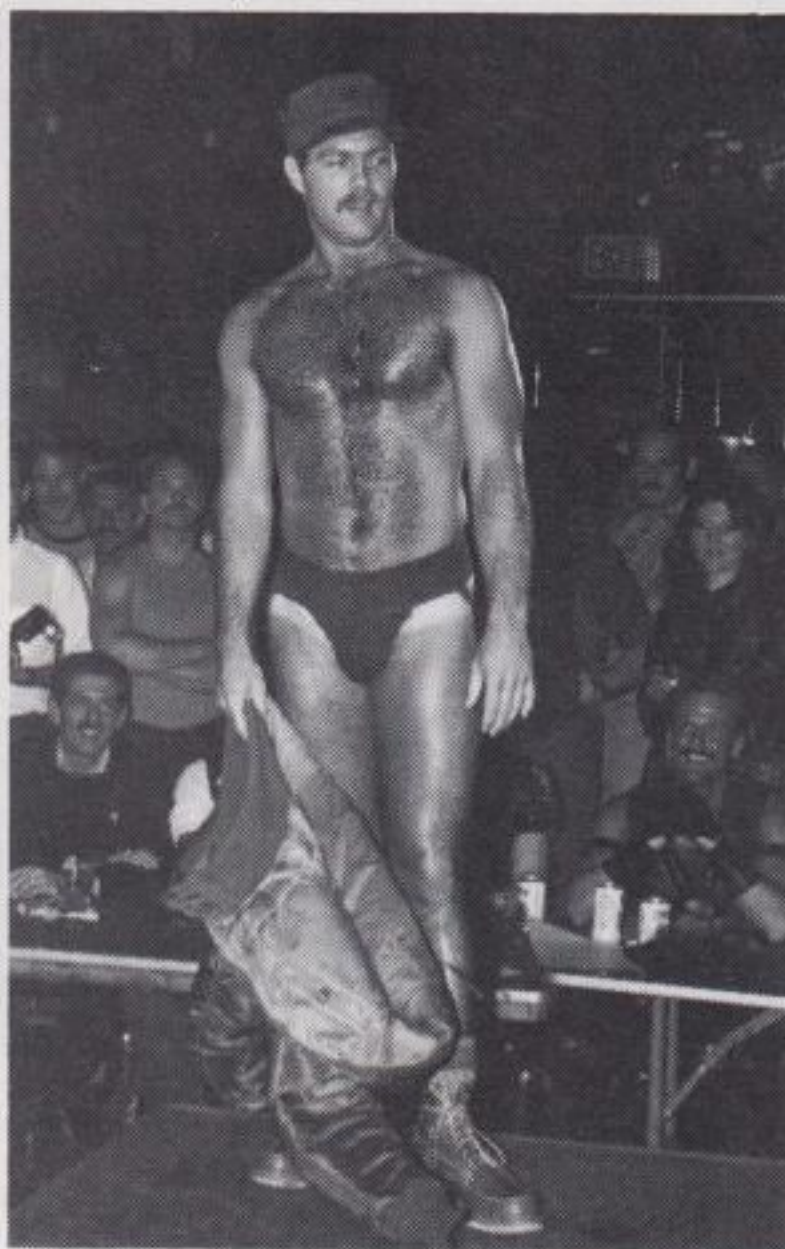
is where some of the best leather comes from—so when Bill Bailey, owner of The Drum launched on this year's Mr. Southwest Drummer Contest, he wanted the region to show the country that leather has a special significance and that the men who wore it were some of the, if not *the*, hottest men in the country. From the decision of the

judges, he might be right.

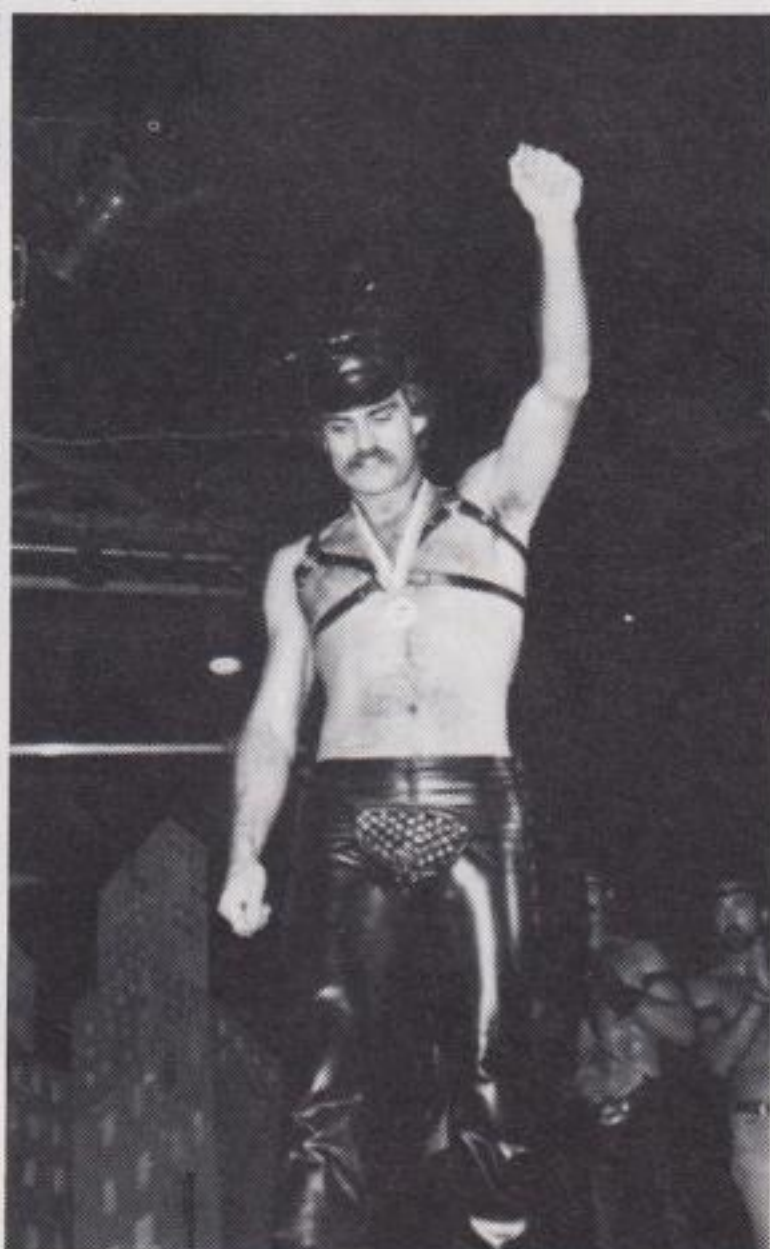
The preliminary work had been going on for many months (ever since last year), but what the public saw began on March 25th when the contestants in this year's heat were presented at The Drum. It was Houston's first close up look at the ten men who would dominate everyone's interest for the entire weekend.



Second Runner-up Steve Merion



First Runner-up Randy Chamblee

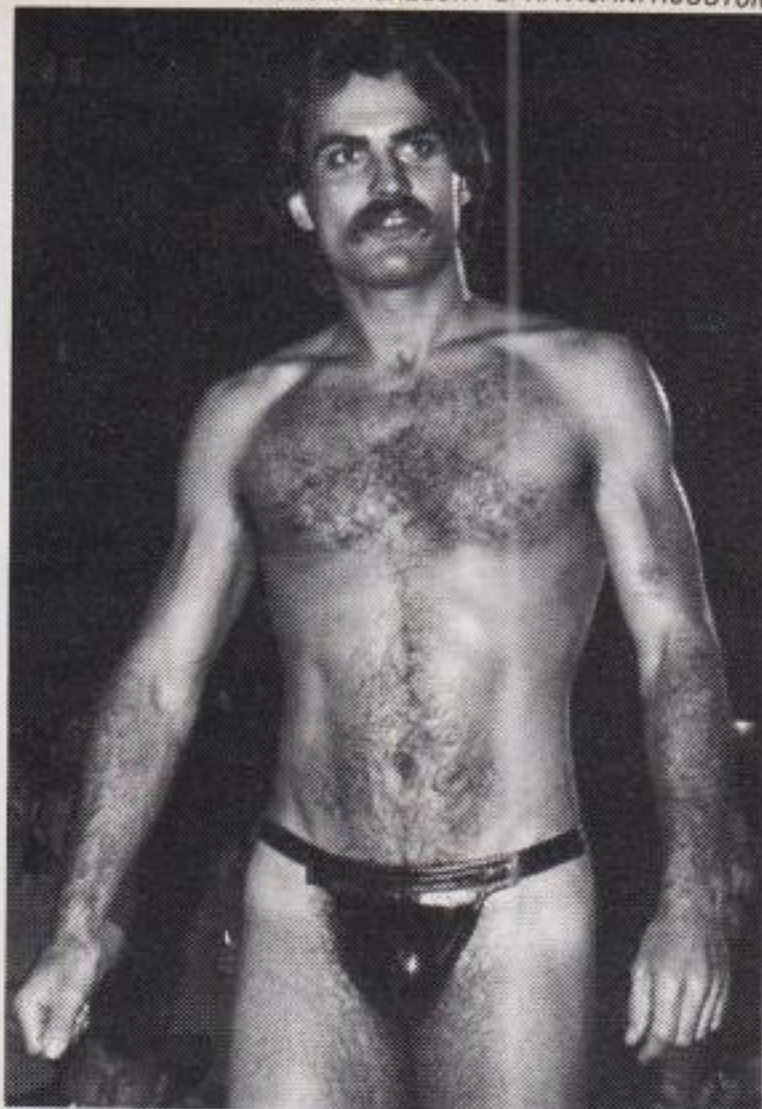


Winner—David Le Blanc

PHOTOS BY GREGORY L. HAVICAN/HOUSTON

PHOTO BY JEFF REDINGS





Saturday afternoon The Drum staged a lube wrestling contest and the public got to see what these men looked like greased for action—as well as *in* action. Lube wrestling may replace chili cook-offs as Texas' second favorite pastime.

Saturday night was a pre-contest party for the contestants, their sponsors, everyone involved in the staging of this year's event, as well as the public.

But Sunday night was the main event, and Numbers, the largest disco in Houston, co-hosted the finals. A laser light show (already on everyone's 'must see' list when visiting the Southern city) and a special slide show prepared by *Drummer* were the preliminary visuals that built the audience up for the parade of beefcake. Kenny Sacha (who burst on the scene a couple years ago as the star of *French Dressing*, and who is appearing this summer at Radio City Music Hall with Sandy Duncan) and Danny Villa (the annual MC of the Mr. Prime Choice Contests in Houston) co-MCed the contest. The judges (Luke Daniel, Mr. Drummer 1982; Ben Moore, Mr. Prime Choice 1980; Don Hughes, Mr. Prime Choice 1981; Jim Rollins, Mr. Prime Choice 1983; Dale Ross, Mr. Detroit Leather 1982; Baxter Lowry, Locker-room) got down to heavy business and announced David LeBlanc (sponsored by The Leatherworks of Houston) as the new Mr. Southwest Drummer 1983. First Runner-up was Randy Chamblee. Second Runner-up was Steven Merino. Everyone was very excited by the selections (the story goes that when the audience saw David LeBlanc they collectively held their breath)—and Houston is extremely confident that David will walk away with the 1983 Mr. Drummer title when he competes in San Francisco on June 24th at the finals. That's the kind of attitude that made Houston great. □

PHOTO BY JEFF REDINGS



AND THE WINNER IS David Le Blanc. Hardly recognizable under a coat of Lube in the greased-wrestling contest, he is shown

in a more presentable pose as he became MR. DRUMMER SOUTHWEST '83. Next stop San Francisco for the Big One.

DRUMBEATS

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MODELS

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Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. All get replies; the chosen get clipped. Box 3433.

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6'7" W/M Wants to meet Daddies or Boys 6'6" or taller. I'm versatile. Some travel possible. Send letter stating height w/photo (if poss.) to Box 3608.

LOOKING FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE IN AMERICA/ CANADA?

A slaveranch to work and earn my living for three-four weeks in June-July? Looking for a ranch to be a leather ranchhand, to be outside as a cowboy/ranchhand/ disciplinarian, inside as a slave, head to toe in leather (rubber). No fantasies but reality. Looking for a real S/M life style, perhaps for longer? I am adventurous, like horse riding, country life and look for a real master(s) who can handle and train this 39 years old dutch slave, sportive 6', 143, beard, moustache. Box 3302.

GRANT NIEWENDORP

PLEASE CONTACT FRANK IN RENO.
IMPORTANT.

I AM A SWISS BODYBUILDER

208 lb, 6'2" with a 8 inch cock and a big muscular ass. I am 32 years. I also like to wrestle with similar athletic guys no holds barred to submission. Loser gets his asshole stretched wide open for intense dildo—feet—and fist—fucking, whipping, rimming and asshole eating. Also into piss, tit—torture, bondage & rimming. Lets eat the shit out of each fucking asshole. I am visiting the USA 1983 from July 25th until August 13th. Interested pigs in meeting me for real hot action, please send picture with letter. I will send you mine too. Please write to: A. Buehlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zuerich, Switzerland.

PIE FACES AND SLOP HEADS!

Splat! A big cream pie smushed in a handsome face, decorated with syrup and feathers, crowned with gooey cake or a pot of oatmeal, splattered with raw eggs and whipped cream. Slapstick humiliation. Hot guys made to look ridiculous. Let's swap photos and experiences. Ron, P.O. Box 362, New Iberia, LA. 70560.

UTAH COWBOY

Has boots, shoes, sneakers, socks, photos of booted dudes, misc. for sale. Sell/ trade your own; Free listing. Send 60c in stamps for info to P.O. Box 2153, Salt Lake City, UT 84110 (1795 main).

FISTING/ KINK

Having trouble finding pictures that really get you off? Send me a hot photo and tell me what you want. I'll do my best to send it to you. Many interests to choose from. Box 3616.

GWM 24, LOOKING FOR RIGHT MAN

Relationship wanted. Desire to relocate. Write or call (412)228-2569. Joe. Box 3650.

ALABAMA

TWO BUDDIES

36 & 41, interested in action. Anything and everything. Well equipped dun-

geon. Call or write. Butch Brasher, P.O. Box 20453, Birmingham, Ala. 35216. (205) 979-3909.

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Seeks good buddies for fun while on the road. Southeast area. Photo and phone appreciated. Wesley Sitz, Box 20453, Birmingham, Alabama 35216.

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HOT BOTTOM

Into S/M, B/D, W/S, CBT/T, Toys, Oil. New to hot & heavy action but really get off on heavy bondage & serving you. Want to expand limits. Grass/ amyl OK. Am 170, 6'. Blond, Blue eyes, horny. Phoenix area. Box 3645.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVE

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, 8½" uncut if you are white, masculine and not overweight. My interests are shaving your crotch smooth, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand. S&M, FF and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number and times you are available. Box 308B

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEATHER BIKER TOP WANTED

I'm into heavy leather, leather bondage, and need to get into a heavy leather scene with a leatherman and or biker. Must wear full leather, as I do. I am WM, 29, 5'8", 152 lbs., and am bearded. Tall shiny leather boots, gloves and a beard a plus. Write to: Chris West, 1900 Eddy Street, No. 11, San Francisco, CA 94115. No feds, Blacks or heavy S&M.

PRIME CONTACT

Veteran of two wars: NAM (SOG) and South of Market (Leather Bar hustler). X-BB, hot WM, 39, 6'1", 190 lbs, uncut, experienced. Gets excited over S&M, straining muscles and sweat. Requires physical grace, mental agility and emo-

tional stability. If you're looking for a mutually satisfying-enduring relationship, this is the rare opportunity for the right hunk. Box 3130.

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Castro Valley, S, 36, 6', 160 lbs., good looking Leatherman seeks M, for Leather Action, obedience, outdoor-bike scenes, bondage. (415) 582-1162 or reply Box 1582.

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Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've been told, "it's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, gdlky, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast. So observe them or else. Seal your letter in a envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25c for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

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yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM, 40, 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441.

UNIFORMS

Dutch/German-American, 32, 6'2", 170 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, hot. Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RST, Apt. #2, 437 29th St., S.F., CA 94131.

LEATHER BOTTOM WANTED

Young Asian Top seeks WM bottom in full black leather. Whipping, shaving, mutual TT. No drugs. Prefer smoker, moustache, 35+. Sir, Box 1632. No photo, no reply.

2 6H STUDS 4 HOT 3RDS

2 9's N2 most scenes. No hvy S&M/scat. Moustache, LL, VA, B&D, TOYS R A+. S Bay area. We R hot—U better B 2! Box 3484.

W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B, T/T, FF. Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 3106.

FACESITTERS/MASTERS

German urinal-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs, wants to make his fantasies real with a real S.F. TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night, SIR. Also available for Private-Clubs

and I'm willing to work for my Master, SIR. Please send me the date, I will come to S.F., SIR. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461.

SAN FRANCISCO BOOTS

I live, sleep, eat and love to fuck with black leather boots. The heavier and the taller the better. I am a demanding and very goodlooking bootmaster; and I expect my boots to be well serviced. Am especially into loggers and engineer boots. Will also gladly accept your new and worn boots for wearing! If you wish to serve me or maybe be served contact me. Photos with reply receive same. Box 3491.

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet-even intelligent, experienced in S&M. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic, dominant, and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566.

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, face-sitting, raunch, tit, cock & ball torture, piercing. But your trip, your way. Travel. Am 41, 5'11", 150#. Versatile. Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 5906, S.F., CA 94101.

ROPES

Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 35, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes, 795 Buena Vista West #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

BELTS AND LAUGHTER

Are you a hunky bottom man, under 35 and in shape, who can handle rough sex and masculine affection in equal

amounts? Do you want a together buddy who can make decisions, plow your ass, and share good times? Description w/photo and phone to Box 3598.

FLEXING AND SHOWING

Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder teases and sensually torments you until you come, again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Colt types preferred. Write to P.O. Box 5401, Oakland, CA 94605.

BAY AREA:

BOTTOM/ SLAVE

6', 165 lbs, WM. Looking for dominant, masculine Top/ Master. Into B/D, W/S, want to experience more. Request instructions with photo/ description. Box 3577.

MALE SEEKS MALE LOVER

With stocky muscular thick thighs and large developed tits, into girdles, corsets, nylons. I am sincere and discrete. Send picture and phone number to 537 Jones, #5136, S.F., CA 94102.

BODYBUILDERS—WRESTLERS

W/M, 5'6", 145, into muscle worship, pecs, biceps, armpits, sweat, J/O, wrestling, testing strength. Seek big BB, muscular small guys, blacks and orientals into flexing. P.O. Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

WANTED: OLDER 45+

Large, muscular, hairy man; By hot bearded hairy, muscular, dark caucasian; hung thick, long; tight bottom; 35, 5'8", 150, balding on top. Want to explore. Box 3610.

W/M, 41, 5'8", 155 lbs.

Intelligent, masculine, discreet, versatile and horny. Enjoy traveling, motorcycling, outdoors and downright sex. Seeks same under 45 years for correspondence, sharing experiences and sexual exploration with possibility of

eventual meaningful relationship. Photo appreciated. No fats. Yreka. Box 3426.

GAY WHITE MALE SEEKING C&B TORTURE

31, cute, 5'11", mustache, blonde hair blue eyes, 160 lbs, workout at gym. I am new to this, and shy! Would like to hear from similar, responsible guys who respect limits. Would like to hear from both S's and M's, young, couples, inexperienced or experienced o.k.. If interested send information about yourself and what you like, fantasies, toys, etc, picture if possible, and phone number and address to: Occupant, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA. 94114.

MASTER WANTED

By 25 yrs. old, 5'11", 155# hunky, grey eyed, blond. I'm looking for a master, 25-40 yrs. old, to take control and build me in mind, body, and spirit. I have finally realized my place is to be in total servitude as the property of a master. I'm into L/L, B/D, FF, W/S, and ready to have my limits expanded. I'm serious on giving my total being to the master. Sir if you're serious about your life, please write me. W/photo. Box 3628.

50, 5'10", 165, Hairy

Warm, hot, sks solid connections—action, a fling? Perm? W/masc, trim, Wh. Top a +. Box 31581, S.F., CA 94131.

33, WHITE MALE, 180

Seeks life as dog with leathery master owner. Into heavy B&D, punishment. Sk to be collared, caged, mind controlled, kenneled, used, tagged & kept as dog for life. Never again treated as a human. Perm only. Must be able to handle animal safely & sanely. No games. "Kai" c/o 540 — O'Farrell 306, S.F., CA 94102. (415)775-9120. Relocateable.

HOT COCK +

I'm 32, 150#, 5'10", hirsute, muscular w/br. hair, moust. & beard, tit-ring & tatoo; usually top but welcome other

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tops one—to—one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather. You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/both new & old scenes for max. pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102.

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W/SLAVE—DOG

Wants 3rd and/ or 4th. I am a (G.L.) masculine Master (37). I own a Butch Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands, leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation, bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy. Other Masters invited— other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/photo will merit this experience. Box 3615.

UNIFORMS—FANTASIES

5'8", 135, 32. Looking for tall, trim men who know how to be tough cops (CHP, LAPD, SFPD, etc.), GI's, rangers, etc. Also interested in fantasies where you act like a tough young punk, Southerner, redneck, convict, straight kid, etc. I like disguises; changes of character, voice, accent. No heavy S/M; heavy verbal scenes are OK. P.O. Box 14622 SF, CA 94114.

COCK TORTURE

Wanted by hot bottom, 5'3", 38, 140#. Also need heavy tit torture and fist fucking by experienced top. Prefer man of my age or older. Relationship possible. Send photo and phone number with reply. Mitch, P.O. Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94104.

ENEMAS

Intimate physical exams, disciplinary spankings, given by affluent, experienced, careful, middle-aged father-figure, to clean-shaven, short-haired, shy, modest SON, 18-25 only, who would be truly em barrased, yet submit to authority. No sex. Not interested in furtives or fone freeks. You have my phone number; give yours if you want to talk to me. Call Noon to 6 pm any day; leave message. Steve. (415) 339-8581. Trust!

SCAT LOVER

Goodlooking, professional, 37, slim and hot. Loves mutual scat scenes. Interested in settling down and eating ass. No one nighters. Box 3638.

26—FIST

Russian river, 5'10", 155 lbs. Seeks healthy, trim buddies to share mystical, sensual scene. Handball. Tits, cock, balls stimulation. Flexible roles. Box 3637.

DADDY MASTER

50, Seeks baby/ slave son to diaper, spank, dominate and love. Box 1292 Oakland, CA 94604. Must be 18—25. Photo please.

INTENSELY SEXUAL (BUT NOT INSATIABLE)

Blonde, blue, 5'11", 160#, 39, wants to meet local men for dating. Send interests, photo, & phone to: #222, 3030B Q ST., Sacramento, CA 95816.

DADDY LOOKING FOR SON AND/ OR SLAVE

Into W/S, F A/P, G A, Spanking and Domination. Uncut cock is a real turn on. Also into dirty jockey shorts. Larry, P.O. Box 3356, Napa, CA. 94558.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog— 30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.— seeks masters who

know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

HOT TOUGH HANDSOME M

6'1", 27 years, 175 lbs, 8", athletic. Needs to be trained and dominated, taught how to serve by hard experienced master. Leather, cowboy, levi, etc. Genuine only. Photo. Box 3040.

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3"— 40— 190 into all scenes— complete game room— B/D S/M W/S FFA. Leather Hoods— wax tits— etc. 619-420-8967.

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair; broad hairy shoulders, chest, and back; pliable beer belly; cut 6½"; nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209.

HORNY-WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fucking-rimming-sucking. Dildoes-S&M. W/S, Poppers-prolonged ass hole play-versatile (top-bottom) AM, 46, 180 lbs-6' tall-beard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520.

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL

W/M, 30, 5'8", 130, goodlooking & trim, pierced tits, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard, works out. Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking, sucking, fisting, piss, J/O, spit, armpits, Crisco, hot wax, tit-play, amyl, fun drugs, toys, greasy jockstraps, wet briefs, tight faded levi 501's, ass-play, torn underwear, levi/leather, sweat, fantasies. Prefer bot-

tom, but top/tradeoff also. Rough scenes or playful good times. Man-to-man, 3-ways or groups. Write w/photo if possible: BOX 121, 13624 SHERMAN WAY, VAN NUYS, CA 91405. Yeah! Hot fun!

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old, 5'6", 130 lbs, Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body— Seeks: slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter, w/photo to: Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352.

DESERT TRAINING RANCH

Near Barstow 3+ hours from L.A. being developed. Tops/ bottoms, what are your needs, equipment, preferences, ideas? Playroom in a boxcar, underground rooms. Hard labor now for sons, slaves, bottoms. HEXA-D RANCH, Box 6269, Torrance, CA 90504.

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6'/165 sks master for S/M & torture of big uncut C/B's. Box 5191, El Monte, CA 91734.

USED JOCKS/SHORTS

Etc., from heavily hung studs. Write/ send SASE to: Box 5191, El Monte, CA 91734.

DAD WANTS SLAVE BOY

Hot W/M Daddy/ Master 40, 5'8", 185, stocky build, salt & pepper beard & moustache, balding, seeks hot young Daddy's Boy/ slave 18-29 for B&D, S&M, TT, C&B, Training & service. P.O. Box 702, Ventura, Calif. 93002.

MASTER

SAN DIEGO AREA

Opening for G.W.M. 18-28 slave— to live in complete bondage, chains, jockstrap, sleep in cell— send history of self and photo. P.O. Box 1048, San Diego, CA 92112.



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WANTED

LEATHER BIKE MASTER

Into motorcycles, shaving, branding, B-D, Heavy Discipline, humiliation, tits, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5'8 or taller, 140 or heavier, 25 years or older, White, Photo requested, slave offers himself entirely. Box 3631.

NOVICE WHITE BOTTOM DADDY

Needs real Top Daddy. Black, White, any age, race. Clergy considered. Photo and instructional letter desired though not required. Box 3635.

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The magazine for Real genuine macho men. U will definitely find the Man of your sexy dreams, the Man for your wild fantasies. Enjoy fabulous DRUMMER. It's Right down your raunchy alley! Matthew & Buddy of Glendale (Calif.).

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ATTRACTIVE MEDITERRANEAN MAN

Trim, beard, 6'5", 199 lbs. Looks for intelligent, very good looking, masculine man for warm contact. Send photo. Box 3641.

ASIANS PLEASE NOTE

Attr W/M, 40's, 6'1", 175#, BB, bizman, sks Asian lover, roommate. Box 905, Laguna Beach, CA 92652.

ANY REAL ACTION

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Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P, Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seat, Humil., and ??????. Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place, HAIRY W/M, CHICANOS, come in 2nd, with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up, lets do it, ads are for it. Box 3647.

WANTED

YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

To learn trucking from the BOTTOM up — Permanent only — Will supply what I think you need! Call weekends 1-619-723-8481. Box 3646.

WANTED

SLAVE TO GIVE SERVICE

To WM master 58 140 B-H B-E beard — Serving this master full time. 8 inches uncut is the key. Training depends on you. Photo pref. 21-30. Box 3648.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

COLORADO

WANTED:

Slender well-built, well hung little stud — slave/boy for dominant, asshole, bastard. I am into bodybuilding, leather, and most scenes. I will respect your limits, but I will expand them. You will have to earn my respect. With the right person I have been known to be labeled an S/M teddy

bear. I am all man and love to fuck hard and deep. If you can't take it don't answer this ad. If you are man enough to have a hard core reality: Send photo, phone, and descriptive letter. Anyone visiting the Denver area: is welcome to try me on for size. I am always ready. Get off your ass and write now. Box 3132.

HAIRY HOT HORNEY

Italian built hard to stay tough. Are you man enough? Box 3614.

CONNECTICUT

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER

Experienced seeks partners who want and need S&M, B&D, TT, C&BT, Gr/Fr, WS, Domination and other Leather actions including Leather toys. Send me your applications. Limits respected. Leather Tops & Cowboys welcome to share. Box 1531.

WM, 35, 6'1", 180

BL/BL, 7 1/2 cut; MASC; A/P Fr/Gr. Desires sgl or multi-party mtgs w/MASC Wm, 30-50, 6'+, in good physical shape; hairy/uncut — neither mandatory; prefer outdoor, western, trucker, construction types. No S/M or B/D; just REAL sex w/REAL men. Eventual mtgs desired but correspondents welcome. WRITE: Occupant, 102 Whalehead Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335.

DADDY:

Bright, mid 40s, demanding seeks live in son who needs to belong, can take discipline, hard work, and wants to grow in mind and body. Box 3624.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIRSTY

MD-DC-VA. M, Cancer, 6', 35, 168 lbs., blond/blue, moustache, sensuous, thirsty, independent, straight-appearing, looking for experienced, creative, hung, hard-bodied tops, 30-

45. Recycled beer, repeat shooters, long sessions, leather, body worship and sweat are turnons; fat, fakes, fems, skinnies, pretty boys, heavy drugs, pain, blood and shit are turnoffs. Not looking for an Adonis or one fantastic fuck, but for men to serve, experiment with, and expand limits with over time. Deeper relationship possible, not likely, but willing to try. Told I'm good-looking, hot, but you decide. Recent photo and letter gets recent photo and response. Your photo returned. Sir, please write: Box 50602, Washington, DC 20004.

FLORIDA

SADISTIC COPS ONLY

Goodlooking, well-built male seeks aggressive, no-nonsense cops who know how to feed cock, kick ass, and earn respect. Not interested in phonies or play acting. Real cops only. Box 009.

FT. LAUDERDALE MASCULINE

Imaginative, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, etc., for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline, but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address a must, phone optional. Am 47, 165 lbs, 7" cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional, but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 258.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, stable, good looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313.

ATTRACTIVE, BEARDED MASTER

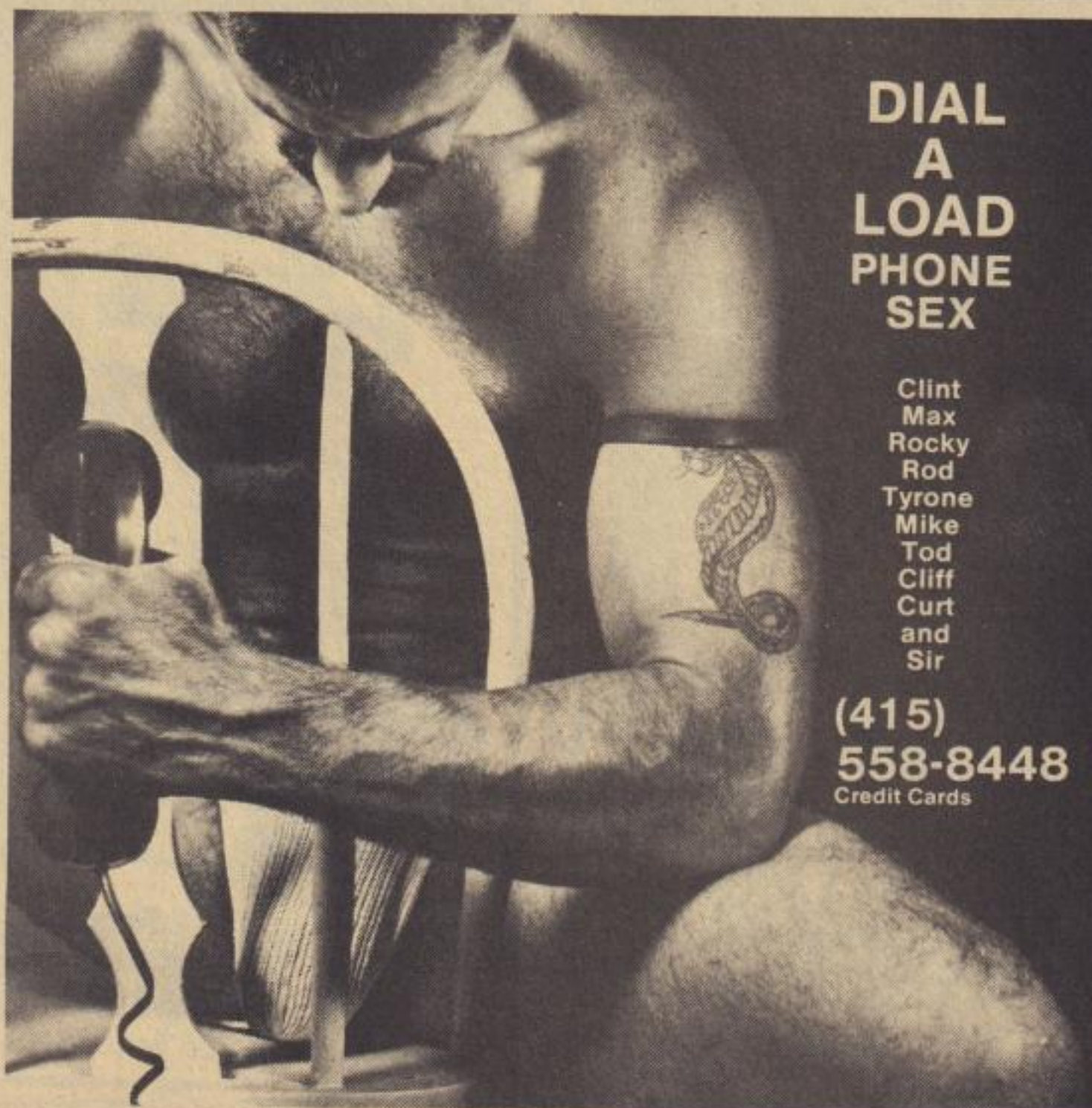
36, seeks crotch, piss slaves, who enjoy humiliation, being used. Travel widely. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

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HAIRY MACHO MEN

Wanted by Miami W/M, 50, 160#, slim with that firm ass. If you're into hot sweaty funky, rough, rugged sex write me telling me what you will do to me. Can travel and receive. Box 59.

SLAVES

Applications for available slaves for extensive training in S&M by professional model and bodybuilder master. Applications must include photo, qualifications and reason for consideration. No feds, drugs, or fakes. POB 601155, N. Miami Beach, FL 33160.

WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M:wh, un36, some exper lthrsx, slim or musc, could re-locate, educ, mature. S:Wh, 40, educ, finan secure, 6'3", BB, Handsome, completely masc & dom, has Full lthr & equip, boots, toys for lt to hvy S&M, B&D, VA, CBTT, WS, GrA, FrP, Respect lim, but we'll expand them.

M:describe self & exper, phone#, recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to S:Answer w/more info & specs, my pics, Plan me your area/ you visit S:Fla. Mr. Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud., Fla. 33339.

BIG BLACK BEEF

Wanted by bearded, 165 lbs., 5'10", white slave who needs hot sweaty funky sex with black men. WS, B&D, S&M, oral and rear with rugged, tough numbers. Box 2059.

HAIRY MIAMI MASTER

33, Wants boot-licking bottom for B&D, spanking and ballwork. Beginners welcome, limits respected. Photo mandatory. P.O. Box 144484, Coral Gables, Florida 33114.

WANTED:

30-50 yr. old exp. stable top, willing to train inexp. 29 yr. old btm. in leather,

domination, B&D, light S&M. No FF, Scat, Piercing, Heavy Pain. I'm blind, blue, 57", 135 avlb. wknd's. You, built, hung, med. to hairy bod., close beard and mstche. okay. Un-cut a plus. All letters with photo's answered. Boxholder P.O. Box 9001 Cocoa, Fla. 32922 Fla. Ga. and Ala. only please.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

WANTED LL TOP

BB, gymnast, construction worker, any masculine studs 18-40? Intelligence, action, body, youth are all pluses. By G/W/M, 6'1", 180, 31, br, bu, intelligent, bottom. Into: light to rough scenes, bondage, C/B/T torture, giving rear french, W/S, initiations, jocktraps, training, being fucked, foot and pit licking, forced BB, outdoor and group scenes, and? Photo, phone, and/ or descriptive letter gets same. Mail To: SPB, P.O. Box 427, Jupiter, FL 33468.

WANTED—BIG

Burly muscular black men (straight or gay) to be top master to willing and able slave into hot sweaty funky sex. Can receive and travel. Write Box #59.

MAN UNDER 35

With smooth firm body wanted by handsome, athletic 30 year old profession. Prefer submissive blonds but can be top/ bottom with right partner. Include phone number and photo, if possible. P.O. Box 331387, Coconut Grove, Florida, 33133.

TATTOOED ASS

Takes whipping with thick leather strap, then fist, dildoes, enema, wax, piss, Crew-cut, ex-Marine, beard, 37, 5'11", 190 lb, gameroom, sling, pool table, whipping horse, toys/ can travel. Letters with photo/ phone get fastest answer plus wild photo set. P.O. Box 10084, Bradenton, FL 34282-0084.

GEORGIA

—BREECHES AND BOOTS—

Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears English riding clothing and has a fetish for tall, tight, polished boots. I am booted and breeched top, white, 60, 6 feet, 165 pounds. Into leather, light S&M, motorcycling, boot worship, uniforms and wearing riding clothing in public with similarly clad partner. Your photo gets mine. Near Chattanooga. Box 3155.

YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN

May apply to a muscular real bodybuilder Master for all kinds of hot action scenes. A letter of application must include photo, qualifications and physical data. Rewards for excellent service, and limits respected. No feds or drugs. Macon. Box 3076.

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

MS, WM, 36, 6'

Into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, boots, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, 69, susp, 501 levis, and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, damage. Phone a must. Travel. Box 3276.

HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather, boots. Am 27, 150 lbs, 5ft10in. with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No feds, feds, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348.

HOT HANDSOME MAN

5'11" 33 170 165. Seeks big cocks to beat, deep holes to FF, Beat, Piss in. Tits to pierce, chew & shave— big dildoe takers & hairy bodies a plus— TVL— U.S & Europe. Your photo gets mine. Box 3547.

HOT, HANDSOME, ATHLETIC

Clean man into mutual ass play. Includes enemas, F.F., and dildoes seeks same. W/M, 34, 5'11", 145, brn/ blue, moustache. Box 3625.

HARDBODIED

WM, 33, 5'11", 165 lbs; masculine & athletic; Fr A/P; Gr A/P; Digs levis, uniforms, leather, wrestling, rope, sweaty work-outs; seeks lean or well defined aggressive man. No feds, feds, FFA, scat, heavy pain. Send details to MSI Box 8281 Atlanta, GA 30306.

IDAHO

WANTED BOY FRIDAY

W/M— masculine— slim build 18 to 25 for W/M DAD 46 yrs, 6'4" 185 lbs Brown eyes and hair to "come" relax and enjoy life and love, in north country PANHANDLE in Idaho. Please no Drugs, Fats or Hangups. Send letter and photo to R.R. FIELD, P.O. BOX 1358, PRIEST RIVER, IDAHO, 83856.

ILLINOIS

ENEMA/ASS SLAVES

2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission, bondage, humiliation and to accept spankings, diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm, beg, cry. First-timers and novice welcome— limits respected. Send explicit application with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237.

GERMAN MASTER

Hairy men in need of discipline apply to tough but caring German (handsome, blond, blue, hung, uncut). Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O.B. 6262, Chicago, IL 60680.

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GOODLOOKING, HOT
W/M, 24, seeks same. Warm my ass
with your hand or paddle. Send photo
with fantasy. Box 3636.

HOT W/M MASTER
Likes slave 18-35 for B/D, W/S, C/BT,
titwork. No scat, non-harsh or use
drugs. Box 1, Warsaw, IL 62379.

ATHLETIC WELL-BUILT GUY
26, Wants to dominate and humiliate
you publicly (bars, baths, bookstores).
Drink my piss and kiss my ass in front
of other guys. Write groveling letter.
Chicago. Box 3627.

DOMINANT MASTER
W/M, 6', 175, seeks M that knows what
it's about, light to heavy, respectful of
limits, no babies, fats or feds. Photo
and letter telling all about yourself.
Bloomington area Box 3629.

KANSAS

WM 28, 6', 180
Short brown hair/beard, stuck in NE
Kansas, seeks contacts anywhere.
Prefer over 30, hairy, heavyset. Like
rubber and uniforms but you need not.
Please no married, slim, clean-shaven,
demented. Box 3517.

GK P FR W/M 5'10 175#
Bill (316)669-8665 Hutchinson, KS.

**N.E. KANSAS
& K.C. AREA**
WM 36 5'11" 185 Beard, mostly bottom,
Gr, Fr, humiliation, no pain, scat, FF,
WS. Box 23031, KC., MO 64141.

LOUISIANA

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS
New Orleans. WM, 35, Leather, Police
Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks
same. Am turned on by touch, smell,
taste and feel of Leather, High black
boots, Full police uniform and gear. I
seek a few discreet men into the same.
Occasionally travel. Box 1579.

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FANTASIES FULFILLED HOT BOTTOM

What turns you on? Let's do it. Into
most hot wet raunchy scenes. W/M,
47, trim 158 lbs. mbustache, brn eyes;
brn hair. Ringed: frenum, guiche.
Smoke & aroma. Any race. Masculine
only. Phone Bill, (213)876-5911.

W/M 37,6' 170 LBS, BR/BL
Seeks correspondence with men 30-40
interested in sharing fantasies, expe-
riences, philosophies or just hot letters.
Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 2304 New
Orleans LA 70176.

MAINE

GREATER PORTLAND
WM 21 New to sex, needs good teacher.
Open minded. When can we get it
together? Box 3649.

MARYLAND

MACHO W/M 30
Blue/ Blue, BB whips your ass till its
red and burning then fucks it endlessly
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DC area or farther away (with assist-
ance). Write to Butch, Box 3651.

MASSACHUSETTS

BONDAGE SLAVE
WM, 65, is looking for a young master,
23-35, with 8" or more of uncut cock to
service. Am French active and Greek
passive. No drugs, FF, S&M or pain,
just bondage. Plymouth Area, but am
retired, can travel anywhere AMTRACK
goes. Your nude photo gets mine. Box
2025.

C&B PAIN
B&D for 18-23 slaves. Call (617) 256-
2968.

**LET ME BE YOUR
BONDAGE SLAVE**
To a young master age 21-28, No whips,
F.F. Pain, Drugs or S&M, only Bondage.
Let me suck your cock, balls, tits and
ass while in bondage. Let me get fucked
by you and your friends in the mouth
and in the ass at the same time. Your
nude photo gets mine. Am free to
travel. Lets hear from you young mas-
ters. Box 3606.

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S&M COUPLE SEEKS TO BE SERVICED

By submissive slaves who need total domination from 1 or 2 Masters. S is 29, 6', blonde, hot & horny looking for hunky studs to train. M is 30, 6', & begs to serve & please you and my Master. Applicants must be hung, hairy chested w/mustache, 25-40 into S&M, B&D, WS, FF, VA, Whips & Spit. Boston & NYC areas. Submit photo & explicit letter. Box 3618.

BIG TITS

Interested in hearing from other nipple and foreskin freaks with info on nipple enlargement, foreskin stretching and restoration. Exchange photos and techniques. Box 3609.

HOT BOTTOM

W/M 45' 180 LBS Wants hairy chested exec. to fuck my face, ass, talk dirty, spit, piss, enemas. Also into mutual raunch with right guy. Long term relationship possible with right top. Box 3617.

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

MICHIGAN

HAIRY AND HORNEY
35 white 5'10" 150# solid A&P/F A/G Nude full photos answered first. P.O. Box 203, Walled Lake, Michigan 48088.

MINNESOTA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
TWIN CITY MASTER, 39, white, seeks permanent slave/houseboy who needs to be owned. Prefer young (however all considered), trim or muscular, clean, obedient, submissive and ready for

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

slavery in mind. Novice okay, will train. If you know you were meant to be a slave, write submissive, groveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo. Box 3251.

GAY MALE WOULD

Like to meet older men for bondage and S&M also for a good fuck scene. Bearded, hairy muscular men a plus. Tie me up and ride! Box 3623.

MISSOURI

NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED

Kansas City. Tattooed S, 45, 6'2", muscular 185.7", wants slender man-slave 20-30 to be kept naked, chained and shaved for total and permanent S&M lifestyle. Apply with photo. Box 3129.

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TIT TORTURE, BALL STRETCHING
Beatings, dildoes, asshole eating—use me for your pleasure. Good-looking and hot. P.O. Box 27872 ST. LOUIS, MO 63146.

WHITE CHUBBY BEAR

Seeks white chasers, hunters. Almost all scenes. Photo! POB 4422 KC MO 64127.

NEVADA

RENO

G/W/M Wants to serve hot dudes visiting or passing thru—your wish—my command—P.O. Box 60586, Reno 89506 or (702)329-2849 after 6:30.

NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN JERSEY

W/m, 43, 6'2", 185 lbs, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems, or phonies. Box 291.

NEED DISCIPLINE?

Leather guy will lay on his well-used belts and straps on round firm buns. If your trim, slim or muscular, 20-35, get in touch. I'm 48, 5'7", 135#, experienced and stern but sensible. Have a firm muscular body (not B.B.), hairy chest. No GR., F.F., or scat. But other fun and games for eager bottoms. Have house in Jersey City, 30 minutes from Christopher St. Alan. Box 3632.

TRUCKERS/ HARD HATS/ COWBOYS

36, 6', 160# offers insatiable ass to 8" or more. (201)377-5905.

I'M INTO LEATHER, BOOTS

Gloves, cigars, tattoos, and bikes. I'm looking for someone who's looking for me. P.O. Box 4379, Warren, NJ 07060.

NEW YORK

WAY OUT S&M

Given to hot body, young, experienced or beginner M by well-equipped, level-headed Master. Send photo, age, height, weight to: Box 12R, c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., NYC 10036.

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Correctional facilities for disciplining young aspiring Bondage Slaves. A strict but decent Custodian supervises caged confinement & woodland exposures, employing Pillory, Strait-jacket, fetters, etc. Body shaving, prolonged restraint, humiliation imposed. Also unpleasant chastisement when necessary for behavior control. Heavy S&M, pain. FF, Scat NOT approved. Prisoner's limits & responses, both mental & physical, closely monitored. Mutual trust, respect encouraged. Long term slavery considered. Photo necessary, sent with honest dignified application to: The Warden, 335 W. 11, NYC 10014, NY.

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

Greenwich Village. Experienced S, W/m, 48, 5'9", 175 lbs. uncut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks slaves (novice to well-trained) for long, hot sessions. Must have endurance, crave punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S/M, B/D, etc. No scat. My motto: sane S/M; intense, not brutal erotic, not reckless; firm but affectionate. If your head is right, write appropriate letter now. No fems, fats, fakes. Box 185R.

ATTENTION SLAVES

Manhattan Master, 36, 6'4", 190 lbs with slave, 32, 6'3", 170 lbs. Both are muscular, blonde and attractive. You are also muscular and attractive and need to be trained and owned as a second slave. Applications without detailed resume and photo will not be considered. Box 673.

MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE

Very handsome Leo BB, 26, 6'6", 205#, blond, smooth. Big hungry butt, throat for long, exploring sessions. FF, leather, titwork, piss, toys, S&M, many things if approached with right atti-

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HERPEX can be obtained for \$14.95 (plus \$2 shipping and handling) by mail: Order from Breakthrough Product Research, Inc., P.O. Box 10887, Portland, Oregon 97210, or by phone: Call toll free 1-800-836-2246, ext. 556, in Kansas, 1-800-362-2421, ext. 556.

tude. You: hot, experienced, together. Hairy muscles a special turnon. Train me, guide me, lead me to new levels through trust & respect, not violence or humiliation. Include photo/phone. Your place. Box 3338.

NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM

W/m, 5'7", 135 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, moustache, hairy. Hot ass, wants to be bound & fucked. Also into B/D. W/S, shaving, spanking, light S/M, enemas, polaroids, toys. Seeks patient & understanding topman to each and help me expand my limits. Must be 25-40, good body, attractive. Photo & phone appreciated. Box 3373.

(212)672-1010 TOP/INSATIABLE JKSN HTS, QNS

W/m, 6/160/bro/bro. You now know all you need to know about this insatiable top, who's always looking for true bottoms, short of talk, but long on their capability to absorb both unlimited verbal & physical abuse. Having worn both the green of the army, as well as the blue of the navy, will obviously give preference to former members of the military and/or married slobs, who realize it is their preordained destiny in life to receive cock, as oppose to giving it. Box 3381.

W/M 36 145 LBS

With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for His pleasure and enjoyment. Will consider permanent slavery. Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfillment as obedient slave. Box 3432.

MEN OVER 40

Age and strength deserve respect. WM, 28, 5'4", 135, dk hr, brd, hry, musc, new to NYC, inexp but enth, sks WM 40+ top/master, brd, hry, (pref) musc for

reg trng sessions. Spend 20 cents and 10 minutes. I'm worth it. Box 3344.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN

Let's have leather sex on and off our bikes. Slaves invited if you can take B&D, C&BT, TT, SM, WS, etc. Novice will be trained. Men from areas of NY, CT, NJ, MASS. Write me with details and photo. Box 3035.

SPIITON BOOTWIPE URINAL

Drooling deviate dog grovels for beer drinkin', cigar-smokin', ass-kickin', straight men: ex-con toilet slurps cop-snot, trucker-feet, biker-butt for public humiliation: retarded dude is Daddy's queer-boy forever. Am real tough, real dirty, real hung short lean blond w/stash. Filthy letter w/pix gets same, Sir! First ad. NYC Metro. Box 3535.

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NY—BONDSERVICE

Handsome forthright Aryan older brother. Bondage addict, gives or takes prolonged restraint/correctional discipline, using serious equipment in provocative surroundings. Fantasies realised with imaginative integrity. Photo ABSOLUTELY necessary & reciprocated by BONDSMAN, PO Box 663, N.Y., N.Y. 10156.

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded, master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim, and under 35. Reply with Photo and Phone #. J. Miller, 156 Wall St. Kingston, NY 12401.

NEW YORK CITY

I am 33, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes, submissive bottom man, into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F. Seek top man, 30-40. Box 3373.

RUBBER BOOTS

Hipbooted W/M seeks men who wear hipboots, chest waders, raingear, gas-masks at work and play: firemen, fishermen, sewer men. Let's get together to J/O and piss in our gear. (212) 662-0447.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage— coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc./ musc. B.B.'s into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits/ ass being chained, whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/ captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/ Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/ sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/ fakes/ feds. Box 3566.

HOT PISS SLAVE

W/M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs, muscular, seeks uncut piss master. Also bondage. Novice to S/M: no heavy pain, must respect limits Hungry ass into toys. No SCAT, heavy SM. Reply with photo (required) + description of your fantasies. Box 3564.

CIGARS

Cigar smoking tops wanted. Box 3885 Hartford CT 06103.

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STEVE GARRETT'S WESTERN OUTPOST

Cowboy gear & western gifts for the cowboy & cowboy at heart. All gear custom made at reasonable prices. Steve Garrett's Western Outpost, Box 6221, Albany, N.Y. 12206.

DRUMMER #59!!

DRUMMER #59!!

Will the model whose photo appears on page 90 of this issue (You Asked For It) please contact the undersigned. Reason? Obvious+. Thanks. Box 4033, NYC 10017.

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

UNIFORM LEATHER MASTER

Trim, 45, requires guy who understands discipline and submission as virtues and is prepared to bare his ass and bend his back in my service through strength, not weakness, in a world that is soft and disorderly. Box 3622.

WANT TO GET FAT?

6'0", 25, 170# stud seeks guy into weight gain. If you really want a whopping 48" gut hanging out over your pants. (Box 3619).

CLASSY B&D NYC/WORLDWIDE

Be stylish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult, Anglo-Saxon, pukka batman who'll stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict discipline and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction. Sir. Tie me, try me. Appointments open for preliminary interrogation, plus imposition of nonjudicial punishment (Article 15 UCMJ) at Office Hours. Box 3092.

TRIM ATHLETIC BOTTOMS

Are required to strip down to their tight nylon briefs for examination prior to disciplinary lessons by quiet slim 5'11" W/M 37 who trains you how to serve his pleasure and earn his respect. Box 3611.

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SEEKS SLIM**

GWM's into W/S tits raunch and possible scat Write: P.O.B 665 New York 10004.

**ROUND ASS
EXHIBITIONIST**

Kinky, devil worship, getting high, tight pants, heavy J.O. 30, 6'2", 235, (212)974-1176.

MASTER W/M 37

5'8" 170 lbs seeks slave total body and toilet service you will be kept naked and chained no limits no excuses apply with photo & phone Box 28 North Hackensack Station Riveredge NJ 07661 When I call you will obey.

N.Y.C.—WANT HEALTHY

Hairy guy 18-40 for J/O etc. Scenes. Must have big cock & be bottom black or white. Amblond, 6FT, 170 lbs smooth good looking 49 year old. Lets hear from you now! Box 3644.

LONG ISLAND

Hot, but selective, mouth to service young, hung stallions 18-30. Satisfaction and discretion assured. Marrieds welcome. Box 3642.

TOILET MOUTH SLAVE

Wants serious tops looking for grub-hound bootlicking pig into piss, scat, rimseat sucking, cigar spit, snot, feet, animals, hot wax, titwork, paddling, face-slapping, leather, rubbers, filthy socks and jocks and more. I know you're out there but my brown hanky doesn't seem to catch that special top-man. You know who you are and now you can find me, your pig-slave at (212)683-8517.

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

There are many men who want to be a slave, but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL seek a master! And I still seek a slave....for obedience, total commitment, punishment (when needed), and love (when earned). I am DEADLY SERIOUS! And so are YOU! Now DO something about it! Call Randy. (704) 324-1465, or write to 1305 11th Avenue, S.E., Box 24, Hickory, NC 28601.

COUNTRY BOY

29 6'1" 185 lbs. Blonde/ Blue, tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 35 masculine looking men, uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response PO Box 338 Pine Level, N.C. 27568.

NORTH DAKOTA

RANCH/RODEO COWBOY

24, W/M Cowboy, 150, 5'9", needs another Cowboy for leather action. Brn, Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps, boots, spurs, gloves, levis, hats & rubbing leather clad crotches. Versatile, ready for any action with another Cowboy only. Cowboys reply to C.R., Box 87, Mandan, North Dakota 58554.

OHIO

CLEVELAND

29, 5'11", 150 lbs, hairy. I need a leather-topman to expand my ass to its limits. WS, FF, TT, scat, possible piercing. No photo needed. I will surpass your expectations. Please include phone # in your answer for quickest response. Box 3156.

CINCINNATI

LEATHERMAN/ MOTORCYCLIST
41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck, piss, kiss and fuck 'till it

all tastes and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cinti., Ohio 45241.

W/M, 27, 6', 145

Seek topmen into fucking, sucking, dildos, fisting, bondage, leather, spanking, paddles and tit torture. No fats, fems or scat. Box 3634.

OKLAHOMA

OK CITY DADDY

45, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants submissive Daddy's boys into hot scenes. SM, B&D, WS, shaving, and all other scenes considered. You name it, you get it. Phone/ photo to Box 2099.

RODEO COWBOY

W, 5'10", 150 lbs, 25 yo, goodlooking, good body, seeks other cowboys to get it off in tight fittin' 501 levis, big silver buckles, leather chaps, and hot spurred cowboy boots. Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather, jeans, and boots. Need my tight bulging crotch took care of. Photos in riggen will get mine. Box 3115.

OREGON

BIG MAN

Top, 40, Good looking, hairy, bearded, 6'1", 225 lbs, muscular will work your ass, cock, balls, nipples & entire body & mind. Into B&D, TT, W/S, FF. Recent photo with reply to: Pete, P.O. Box 42476, Portland, Oregon 97242.

SLAVE WANTED

Master has private 40 acre mountain forest with comfortable home, very well equipped barn training room and stone walled dirt floor dungeon. Slave will live in leather, uniform, and naked; be trained and built in body, mind and spirit. Prefer well defined, smooth body but right attitude and learning capability is important. Master is hunky WM 5'10", 155. Photo mandatory with detailed application. Box 3302.

DOMINATE MALE

6', 175#, seeks trim w/m for B/D S/M. Interest important, not experience. Photo. Box 3612.

PENNSYLVANIA

REAL MASTER

Needed for heavy bondage, total control, Weekend Confinement, and Discipline. Slave is 35, untamed, able to travel to master's location. Please send orders with phone & photo to P.O. Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

LOOKING FOR SON

W/M 40 6'2" 8½ cut. Looking for young son. He must want love and good home. Into long sex. He should be interested in body building wishing to be in top condition. I will help you and relocate you. Write with photo. RAF 1205 Jeter Ave. Bethlehem PA 18015.

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

Needs to be owned by leather master 25-45 yrs. Let me serve you. Sir willing to relocate anywhere. No FF or scat. Paul Anderson P.O. Box 30822 Phila, PA 19103.

FF VIRGIN SEEKS


Experienced hand for grand opening. 32, 5'8", 150. Also W/S & etc in W. PA & eastern Ohio. Age, race, etc. no barrier. Box 3621.

WEIGHT LIFTER

Philadelphia. MS, Cancer, 45, 6'2", 210, white, 7" cock. Masculine Weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist. Leather/ levi motorcyclist. Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired. Box 23.

PITTSBURGH, PA

Cute Daddy's Boy, Blonde, 28 Seek Daddy- Lover, 30-45 years old. Have



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ISSUE 36

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ISSUE 37



ISSUE 38



ISSUE 39



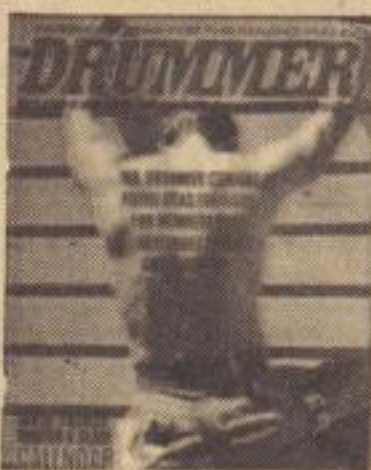
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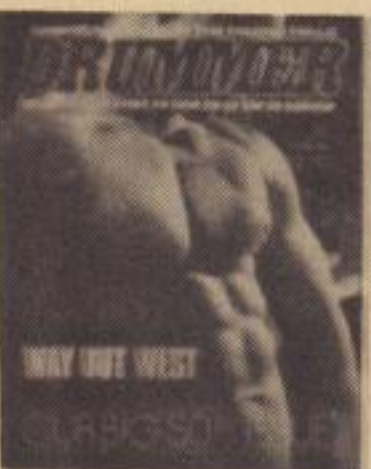
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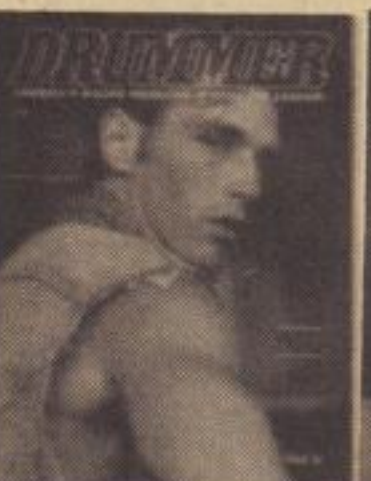
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ISSUE 61

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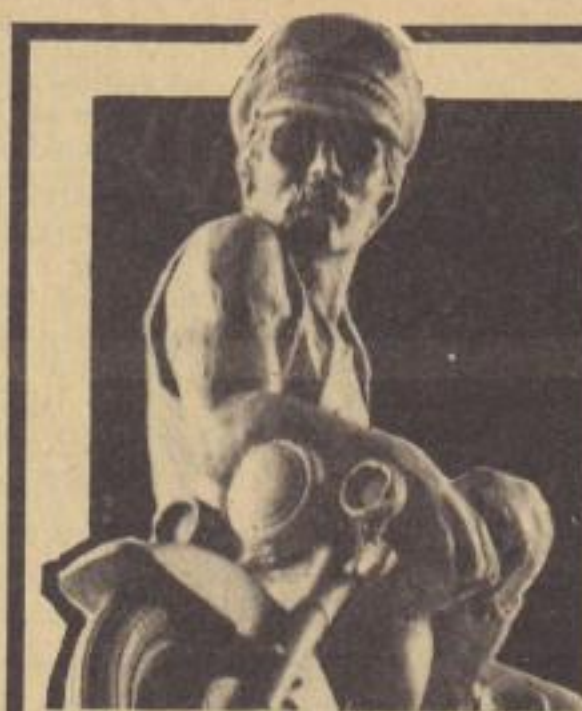


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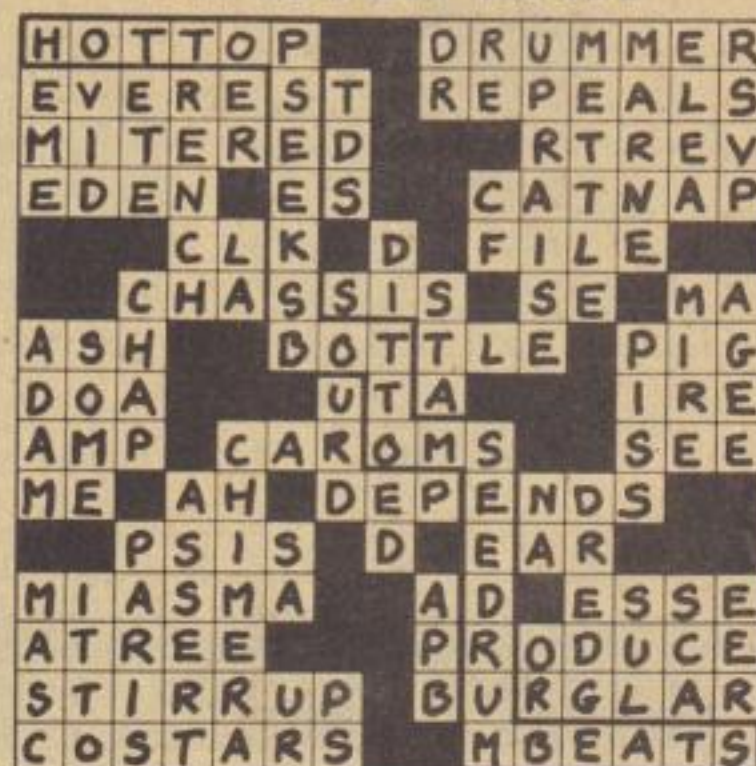
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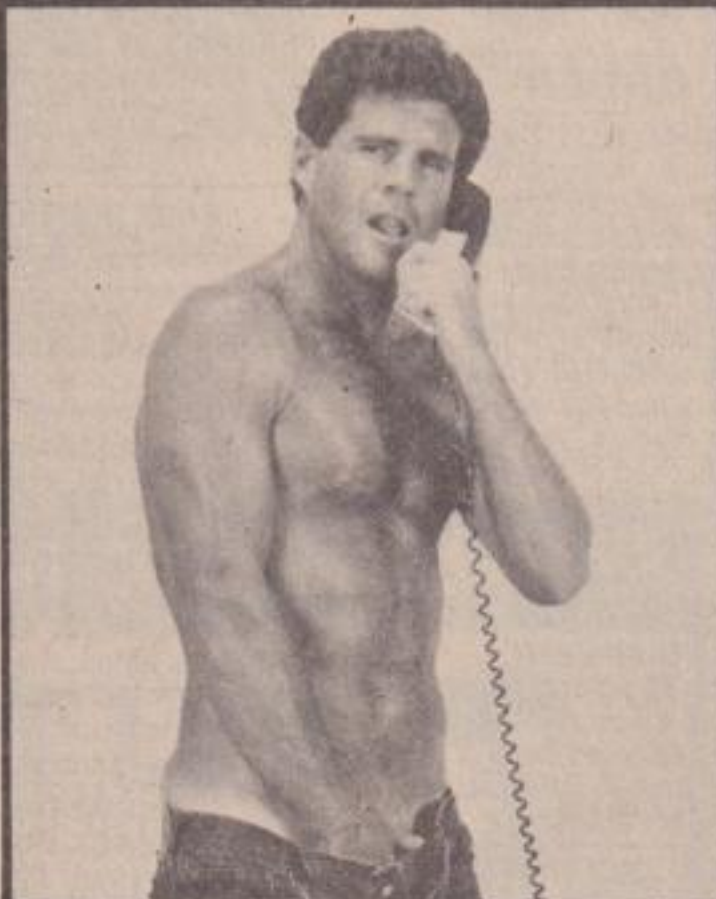
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Rainmakers: The ultimate water sports club for guys into giving/ receiving golden showers. Name, age, stamp to: P.O. Box 623 RMD, NYC, NY 10013.

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ATTENTION

Writing to inmates has risks as well as rewards. Some prisoners are sincere, others are con artists. Proceed very carefully by checking with authorities or The Prometheus Foundation. Report rip-offs and attempts to Prometheus which aids gay and young prisoners, and also protects against rip-offs. For info about the PenPal group and other programs, send SASE to The Prometheus Foundation, P.O. BOX 12954, Pittsburgh, PA 15241.

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(213) 863-5817.

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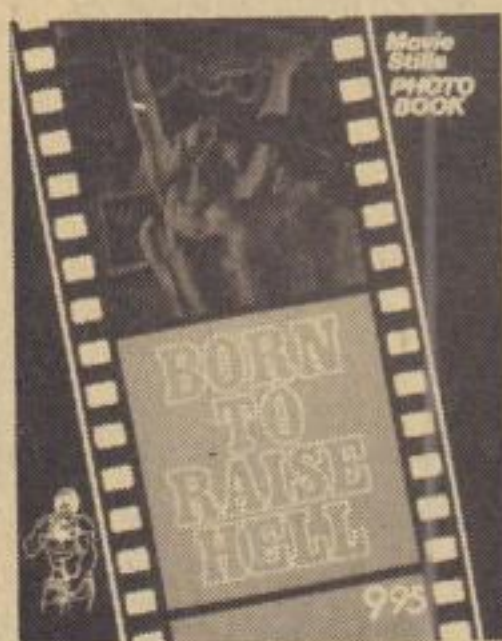
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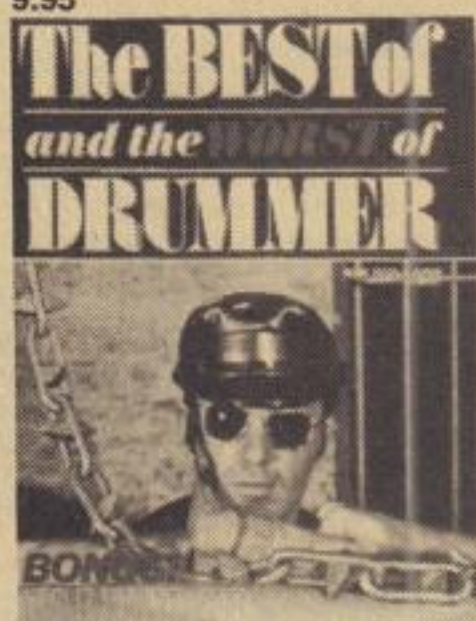
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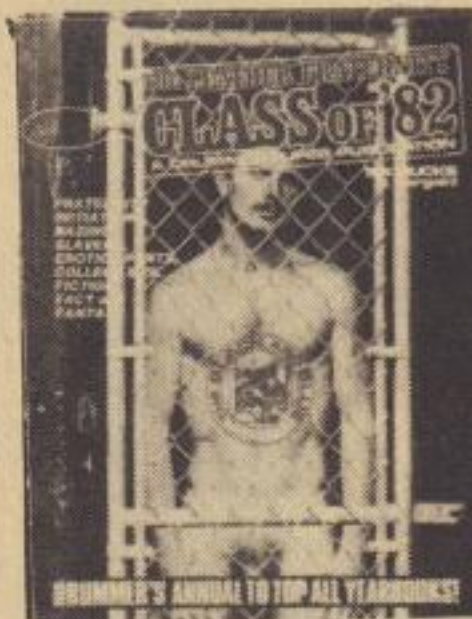
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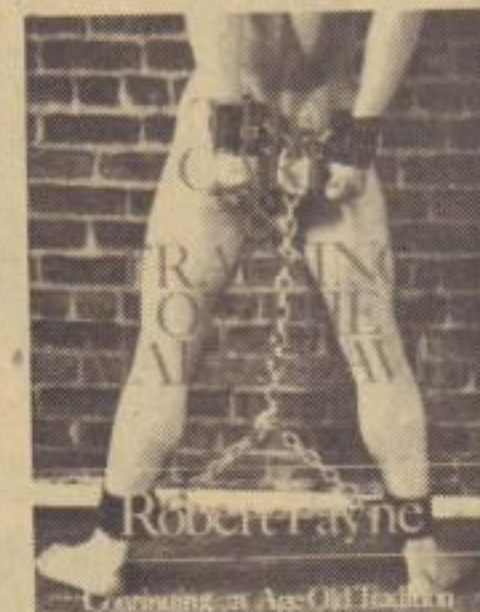
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CITY/STATE/ZIP _____
Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD Card No. _____
Expiration Date/Signature _____

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GAY MAGAZINE
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\$40 a year (outrageous!)
- ☐ Send me MANIFEST and make it snappy!
\$20 a year (cheap!)
- ☐ Send me MACH. I'm man enough.
\$20 a year (and worth it!)

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ADDRESS _____

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☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD no. _____
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JOIN US IN THE SEARCH FOR **MR. DRUMMER**

April 23

Elimination for MID-ATLANTIC MR. DRUMMER 1983
THE POST BAR (1705 Chancellor St., Philadelphia, PA)
Co-hosts: The Companions

April 23

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MR. DRUMMER 1983
Portland, Oregon
Co-hosts: JR'S CELL (300 N.W. 10th)

April 30

MR. ROCKY MOUNTAIN DRUMMER 1983
THE TRIANGLE (2035 Broadway, Denver, CO)

May 1

MID-ATLANTIC MR. DRUMMER
DCA Club, Philadelphia, PA
Hosts: The Companions

May 14

MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER 1983
TEXAS DRILLING COMPANY
(1026 N. Highland Ave. N.E., Atlanta, GA)

June 11

MR. DRUMMER MID-WEST 1983
A MAN'S WORLD (2402 St. Clair Ave, Cleveland, OH)

June 23

Reception for the MR. DRUMMER 1983 Finalists
THE BRIG (San Francisco)

JUNE 24 MR. DRUMMER 1983

TROCADERO  **TRANSFER**

ALL FINALISTS COMPETING AT ONE GIANT PARTY!

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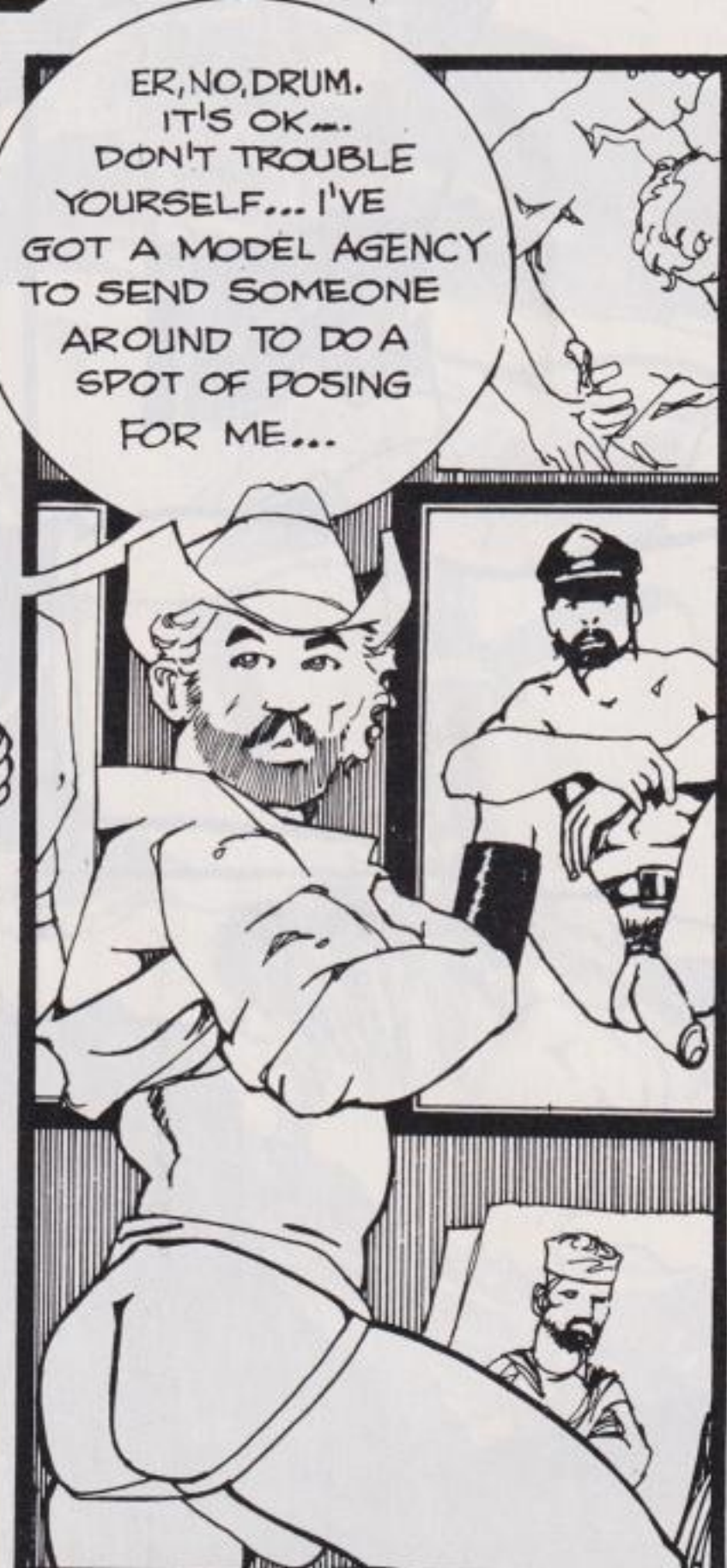


THOUGHT I'D CALL
'ROUND TO SEE WHAT
YOU WERE DRAWING FOR
MY LATEST DRUMMER
STRIP.

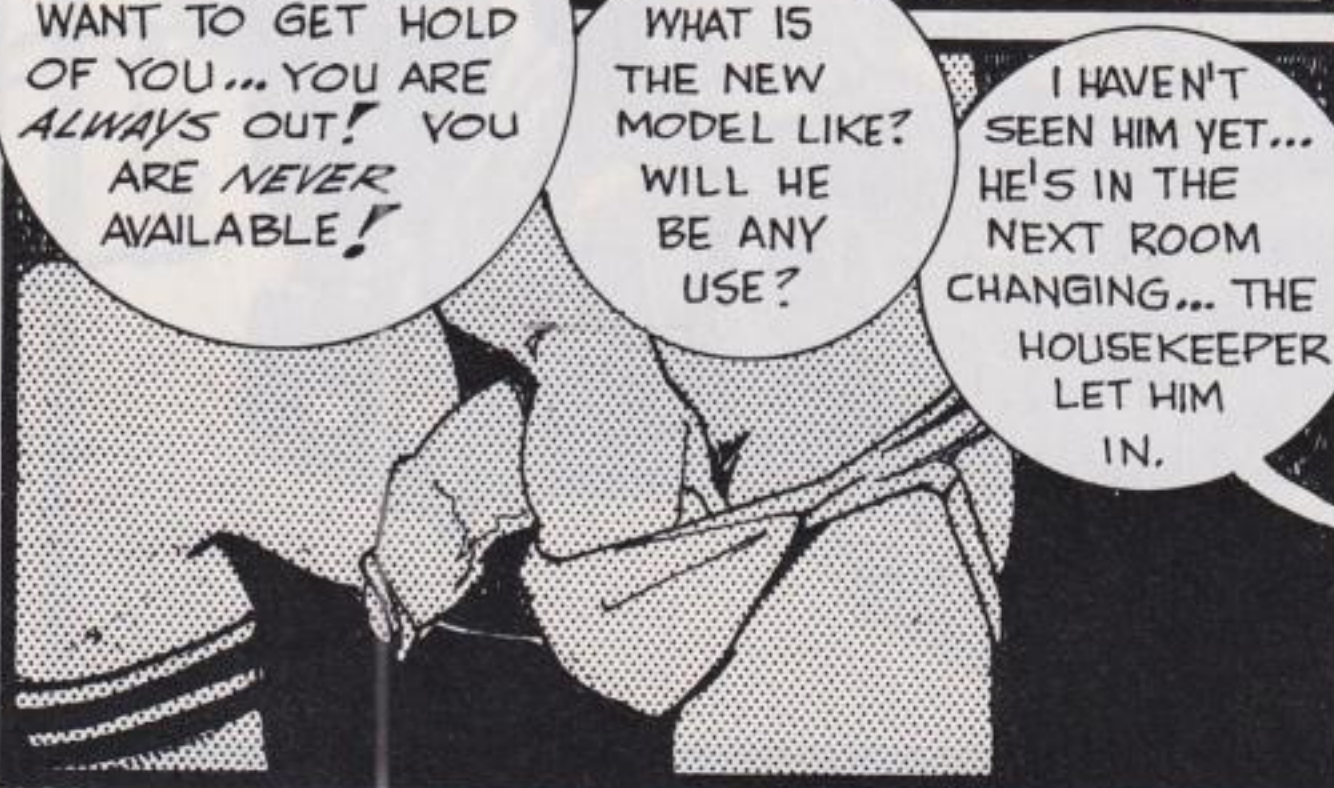
-NOTHING!
I HAVEN'T GOT
A SINGLE IDEA...
I'M JUST 'DRAWING'
HOPING I'LL THINK
OF SOMETHING!



TELL YOU
WHAT! I'LL STRIP
OFF AND FLASH
IT AROUND A
BIT-IT MIGHT
INSPIRE YOU
TO A GREAT
IDEA...



ER, NO, DRUM.
IT'S OK...
DON'T TROUBLE
YOURSELF... I'VE
GOT A MODEL AGENCY
TO SEND SOMEONE
AROUND TO DO A
SPOT OF POSING
FOR ME...



NO USE YOU
LOOKING AT ME LIKE
THAT. WHENEVER I
WANT TO GET HOLD
OF YOU... YOU ARE
ALWAYS OUT! YOU
ARE NEVER
AVAILABLE!

WHAT IS
THE NEW
MODEL LIKE?
WILL HE
BE ANY
USE?

I HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM YET...
HE'S IN THE
NEXT ROOM
CHANGING... THE
HOUSEKEEPER
LET HIM
IN.



I'LL GO AND
TAKE A LOOK-IF
HE'S NO GOOD I'LL
GET RID OF HIM FOR
YOU THEN WE CAN
GO OUT TO A
BAR AND HAVE A
BEER.
OK?

SHAKE-IT!

...ER!
NO, BILL... NO
GOOD AT ALL... TOO
ER-FAT-AND GROSS...
WRONG TYPE...
NO USE YOU SEEING
HIM... I'LL GET
RID OF HIM...
SEE YOU
AROUND!
GOTTA GO

WHAT
ABOUT
HAVING THE
BEER YOU
MENTIONED
?

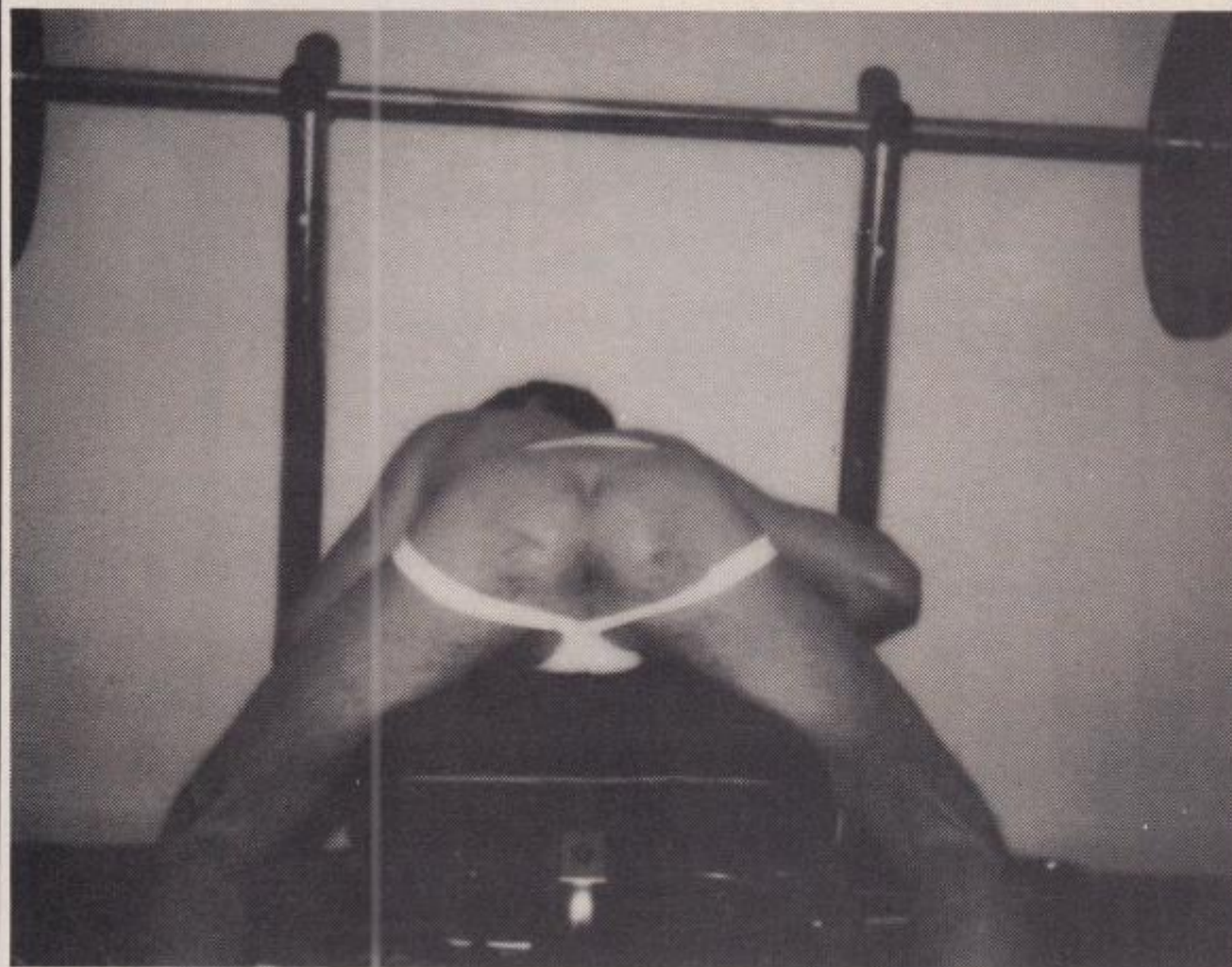
...CAN'T
STOP... SOME
OTHER TIME,
MAYBE.
G'BYE!

I HAVE
THE FEELING
THAT I'VE JUST
MISSED
OUT ON MORE
THAN A
BEER

LUKE
DAN

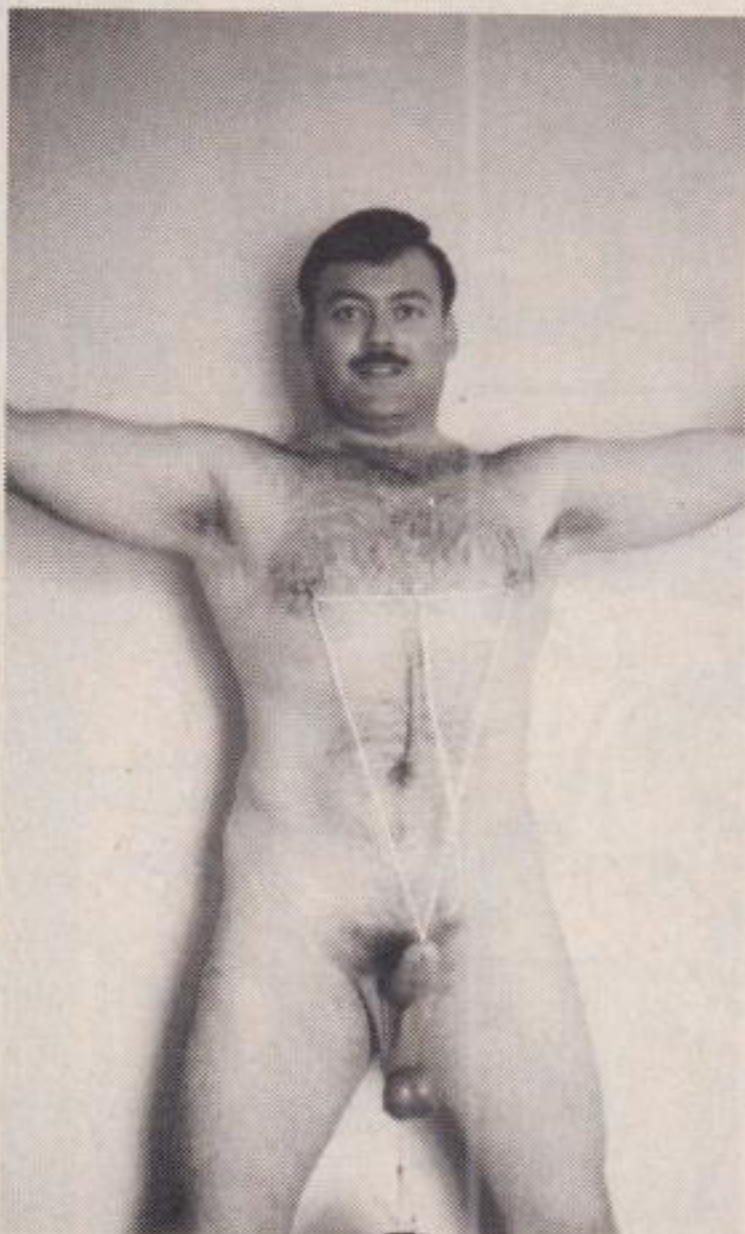
BILL DOC

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



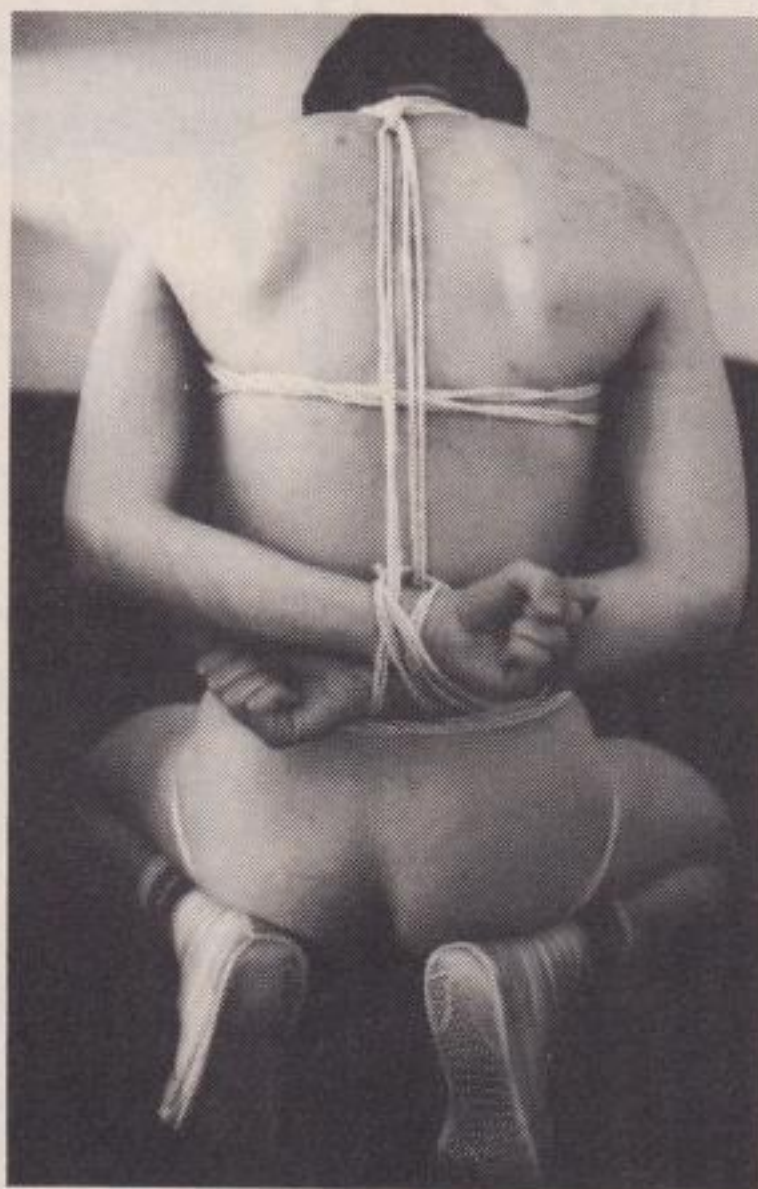
TEXAS-SIZE ASS

Want to plow this spread pair? Want to whip it first? Then get ahold of T.C. No. 1062; spreadeagle in Dallas, Texas.



BUTCH

Top, bottom, B&D, S&M, leather, military scenes, very versatile, 36, 5'10", 185 lbs., uncut, pierced, novice shaver, located in the nation's capital. Anything else you need to know: T.C. No. 1064.



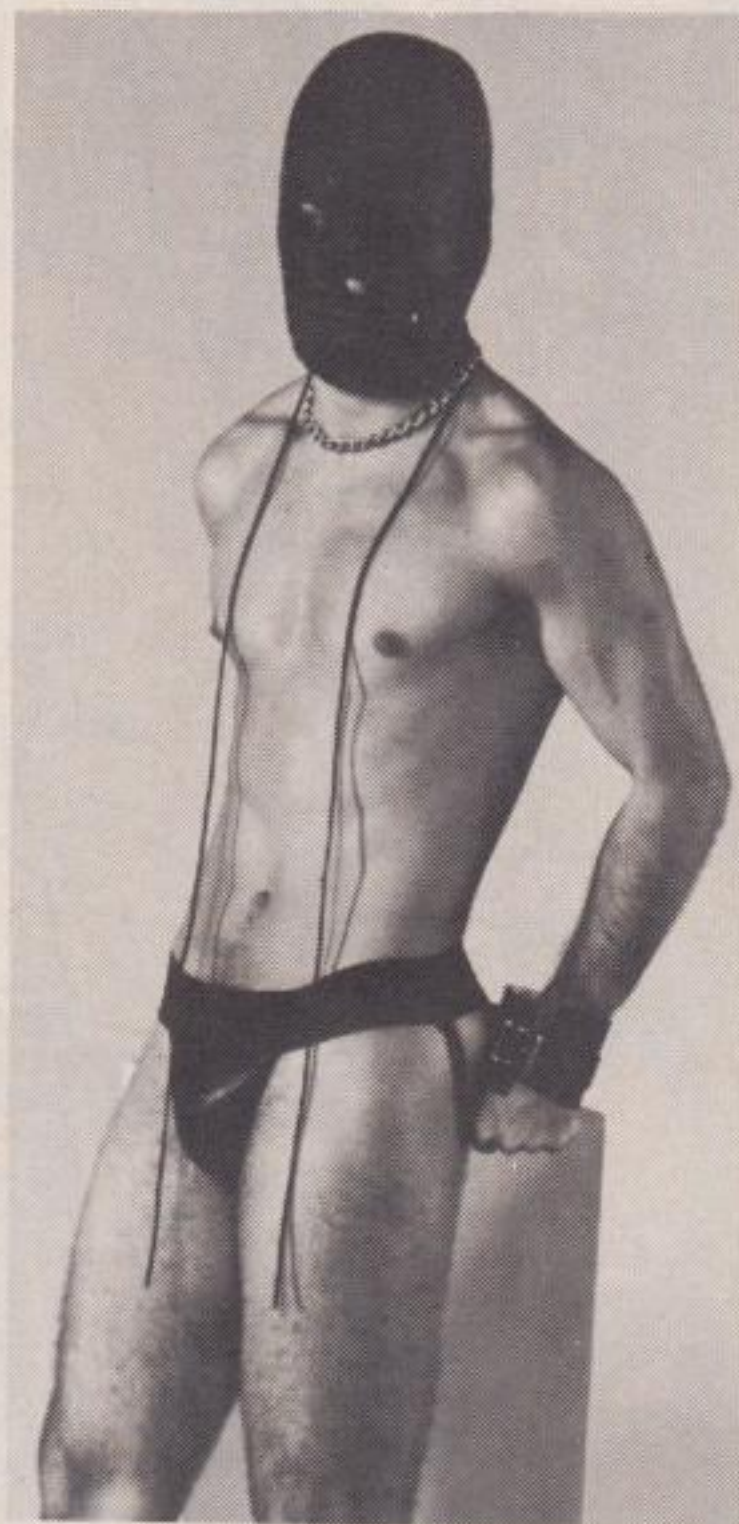
GERMAN TONGUE

Deutsches slave with a busy tongue, 24, is coming to New York, and looking for a strong, bearded man with a lot of imagination to show me his town and have me serve him. I'll clean his sweaty body with my tongue, lick his dirty feet and asshole, and be his total slave. My English isn't too good, but a slave can be taught anything quickly. Ulrich Kretschmann, Wandsbeker Chaussee 162, 2000 Hamburg 76, W. Germany.



LOUISIANA JOCK

See ad in this issue of Drumbeats for Ron under Louisiana to find out why this man has two jock straps over his head.



NEW YORK MASKED MAN

This choice piece of beefcake is 29, 5'8", has blond hair and blue eyes, and comes without hood. His 140 pounds of solid muscle sport a set of tits, a pair of balls, and a hole that are ready for a real sadist. You take him slow and far in almost any trip. Tell him what you'll put him through, and he'll send you a photo showing you his face. T.C. No. 1063.



LOOKING FOR A COP?

Mike of Michigan, who has shown his all off to you before in "Tough Customers," got so turned on by our special Cops Issue that he decided to put on his



uniform and whip out his nightstick. No, you can't write to him— he's checking out the "Drumbeats" section and he'll get ahold of any possible violators, so watch out!



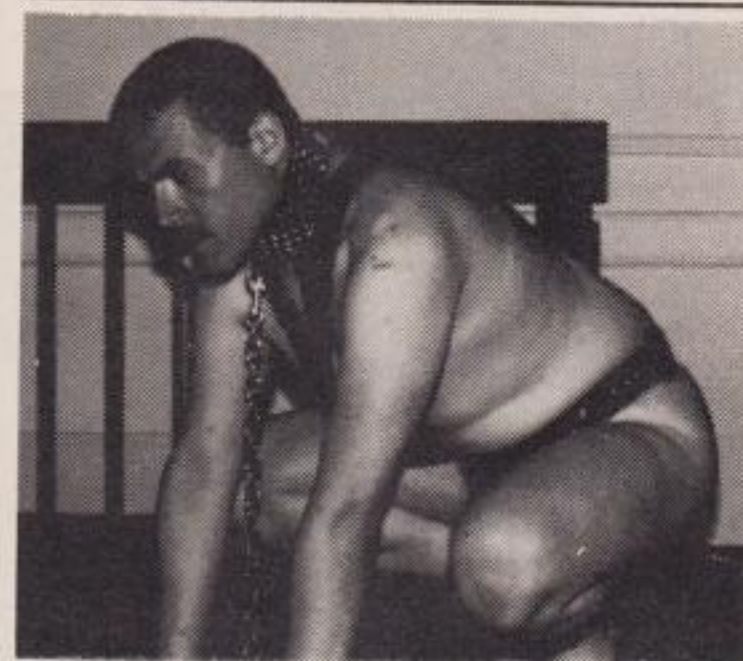
SWISS MUSCLES

This Swiss bodybuilder (208 lbs., 6'2", 8" cock and a muscular ass) is visiting the USA from July to August this year and would like to wrestle (no holds barred) with similar athletic guys. Loser gets his ass opened with dildoes, fists, feet. Also into whipping, eating ass, piss, tit torture, and bondage. Interested? Send photo and letter to: Andrew Buehlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich, Switzerland.



SHAVED FLORIDA MEAT

This tough customer is into big ones (yours and his) and specializes in performing: you watch, adore and worship as he performs for you. Shaving? C&B torture? Show him yours: John Stude, Box 181, Cocoa Beach, FL 32931.



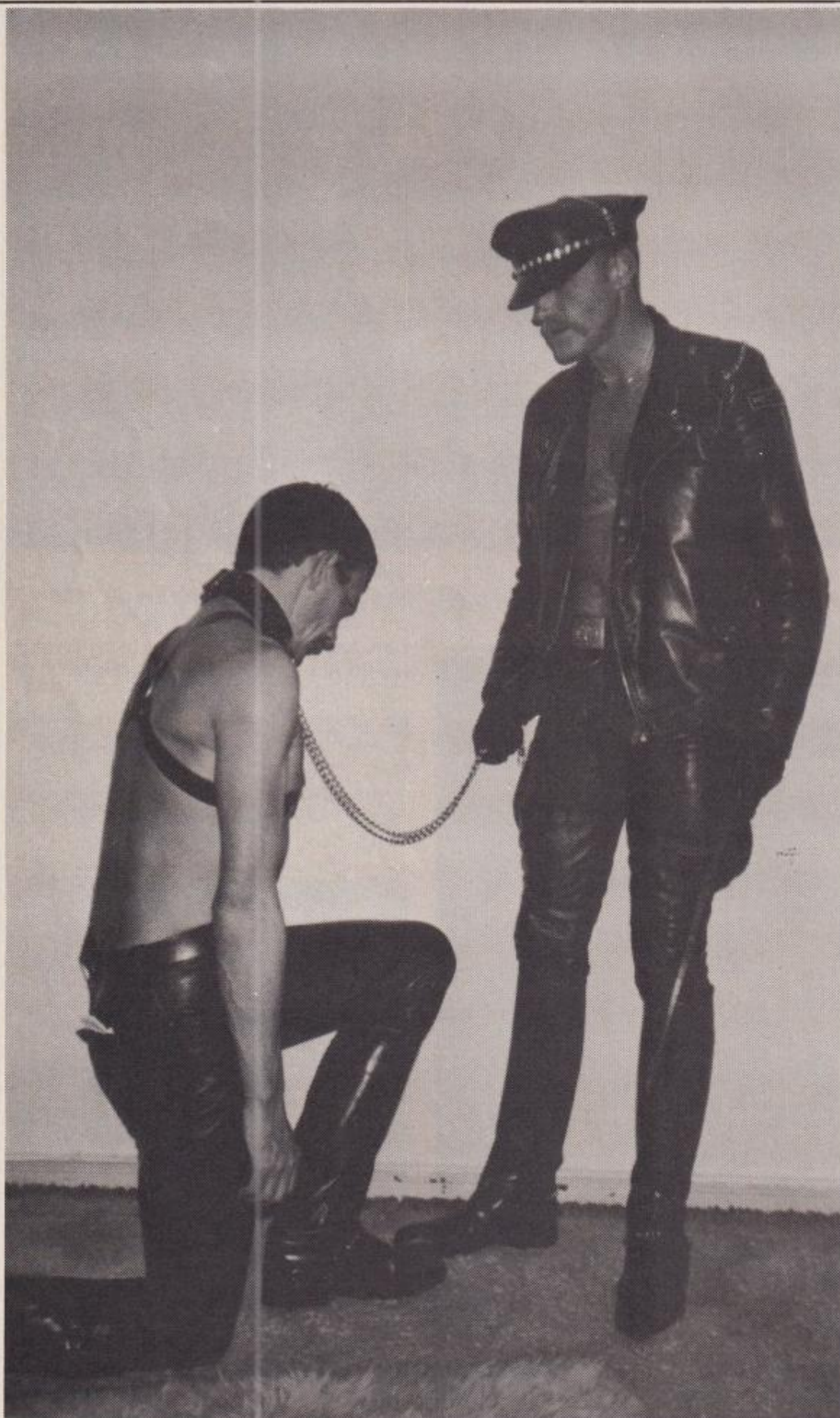
MUTT WANTS MASTER

White male, 33, 180 lbs., seeks life as dog with leathered master/ owner into heavy B&D, punishment. Seek to be collared, caged, controlled, kenneled, used, tagged and kept as a dog for life, never again to be treated as a human being. Permanently. No games. Must be willing and able to handle animal safely and sanely. KAI, c/o 540 O'Farrell, No. 306, San Francisco, CA 94102. Can relocate.

HOW TO CONTACT A TOUGH CUSTOMER

If the Tough Customer has his address listed, then just drop him a line. If there is a T.C. number listed instead, then write him a letter, seal it in an envelope with your return address on it and the Tough Customer number written in pencil on the front of the envelope. Put

correct postage on the envelope (remember, mail outside the United States is currently 40¢ for each ½ ounce). We will re-address the sealed envelope to the particular Tough Customer and mail it on to him. Incorrectly prepared letters will be destroyed.



AUSTRALIAN TEAM

German Master and English slave living in Australia are visiting New York and San Francisco in the summer and fall of

this year and want to contact leathermen into piss, dirty assholes, whipping and other scenes. Check out their ad in Drumbeats under Germany.

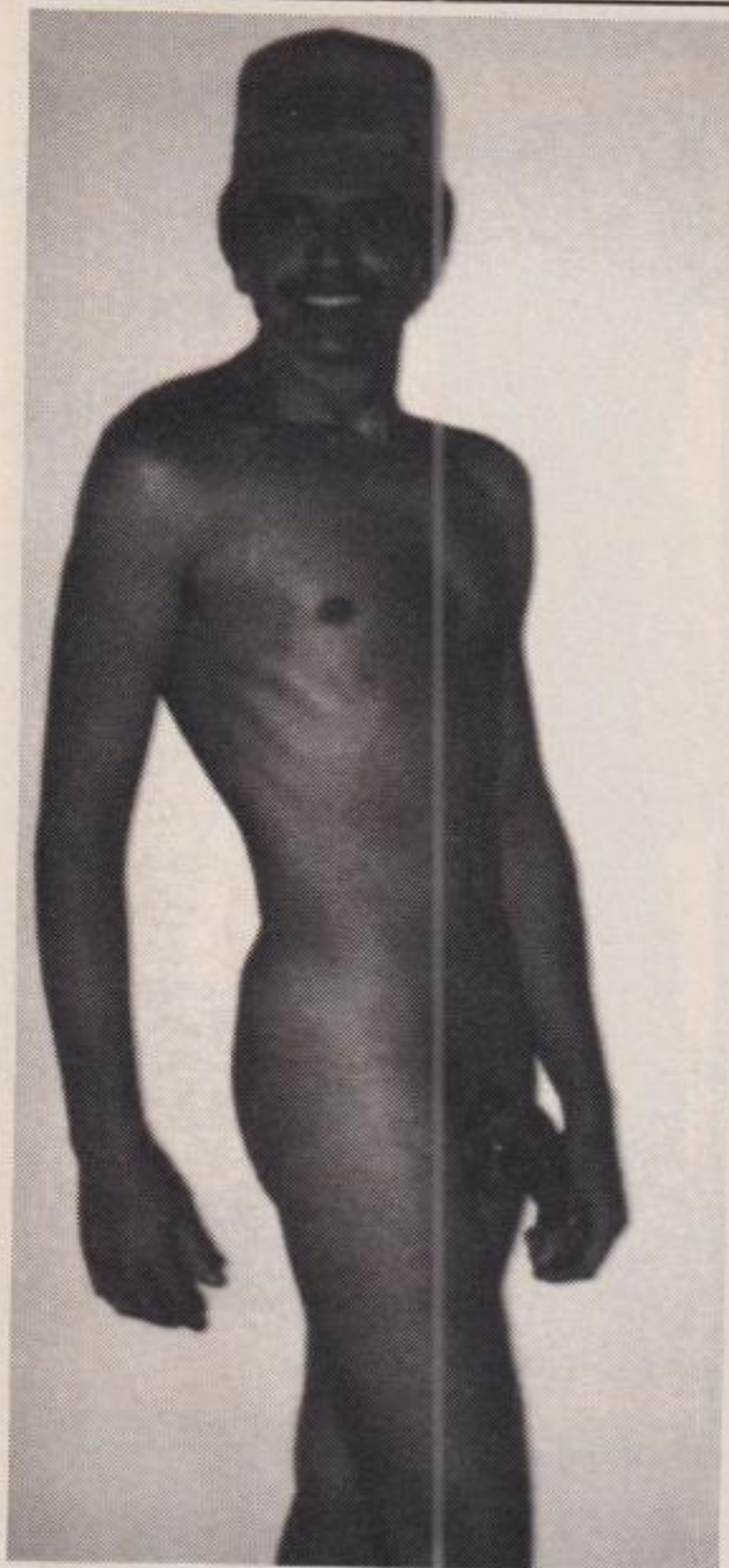


ITALIAN-DUTCH TREAT

Italian man living in Amsterdam is looking for a relationship with a nice, masculine man. A photo will get you a photo of the rest of: V. Vincenzo, I-Helmersstraat 333, Amsterdam 105LEE, The Netherlands.

WANT TO BE A TOUGH CUSTOMER?

Want to show the world your stuff? Send a clear photo (black and white is best) with a description and what turns you on. Sign the photo on the back. Include the information that you are 21 years of age. If you like, we'll assign you a coded reply number in case you do strike someone's fancy. Send it to: *Tough Customers/Drummer*, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103.



UNINHIBITED IDAHO

Yes, there are hot and horny studs in Idaho. If you're man enough to spend a night in the dungeon, send a photo and tell me what you're into (I'm into everything but scat). Come visit! T.C. No. 1061.



POLIZIST

38-year old West German into leather, uniforms, SM, TT, cock and ball torture, fisting, wants to meet hairy, hung American tops (with playrooms) during June/July 1983. Will take part in amateur films, videos, pose for photos. Visitors to Germany welcome. TC No. 1067. (Send letters by Air Mail).



AIRPORT SECURITY

While disciplining his teddy bear at the Tampa Airport, this tough customer realized that what he really wanted was to be raped by a cop. Any takers? TC No. 1066.

DRUMMER IN DEUTSCHLAND

In the April issue of *Torso*, a gay magazine published in Berlin, was this little note about a classified ad that appeared in a previous issue of *Drummer*: For anyone who does not know, April 20 is the birthday of the Fuhrer, thus the U.S. gays who put this classified ad in the gay magazine *Drummer* are preparing to celebrate A.H. (which means Adolf Hitler). They are probably planning an orgy with uniform freaks and SM disciples. Or is it just a gay Nazi who has been hoarding up in his home old swastika flags and other Nazi rubbish, whose hand is itching in his pocket, as he wants to use it for a 'German' salute? Whatever: Fools never die out. We want to thank *Torso* for telling us what the classified ad was all about. We thought it was the annual birthday party for Ass Holes.



HOT DANISH BUNS

Danish slave available to well hung master. Butter these buns then plow into them with your cock or fist. Write to: T.C. No. 1065.

TIT CLAMPS AT AFFORDABLE PRICES

We now manufacture and have in stock 18 styles of tit and cock & ball torture clamps, with many more styles to come!!!

WE ALSO CARRY AND MANUFACTURE:

- BANDANAS
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- CHROME CHAINS
- LEATHER FOR EVERY OCCASION

Send \$2.00 for Catalog & Tit Clamp Brochure
State Over 21 years of age

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12" to crotch high
From \$120 to \$325
18" Engineer
boots \$150

THE DRUMMER SHOPPER

BOOTS

20" Engineer Boots
with Vibram Soles: \$170.00
Other Styles Available
Catalogue 50¢

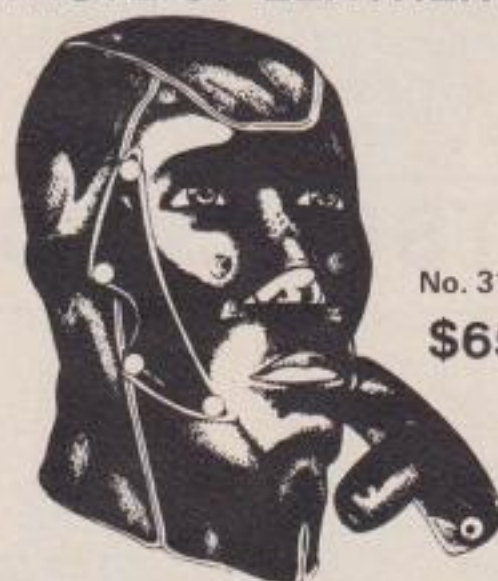
HOT BOOTS



SAFCO BOOTS

The best supplier (maybe even the biggest) of regulation safety boots.
Write to: **Jim of Safco Boots**
Box 23764 San Jose, CA 95129

A TASTE OF LEATHER'S



No. 3113
\$65.

ULTIMATE LEATHER HOOD
with detachable blindfold
and mouth gag

FOLSOM



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SAN FRANCISCO 94103
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Dial "M" for "Murder"

with these exceptional,
fully adjustable
Pain Machines!



**"TURN-ON"
TIT CLAMPS!**

\$19⁷⁵
(includes
postage)

"Nobody
Does It
Better!"



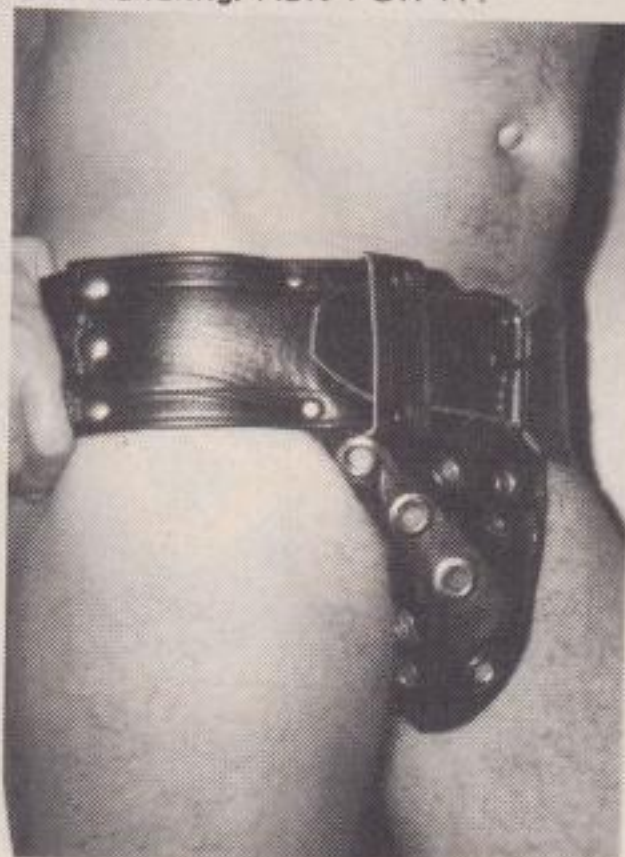
Order from
R. Phillips
132 W. 24th St.
New York, NY 10011

Send \$2.00 for illustrated Tit Torture Catalog.

Montgomery Leathers

Box 161, Agincourt,
Ontario, Canada, M1S 3B6

Catalogue #3 now available. Illustrated
32 page catalogue \$5.00 + 90¢ postage
and handling. ASK FOR IT!



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2 1/2" BELT \$75.⁰⁰

#783A FULL ASS COVER

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A FULL-COLOR
FULL-VIEW SET OF TWELVE
MOUTH-WATERING PHOTOGRAPHS
OF THIS YOUNG MAN
BEING TOLD TO PULL HIS
UNDERPANTS DOWN
AS HE SUBMITS
TO HIS FIRST
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DELUXE COCK RING BALL STRETCHER



ITEM #611 \$14.95

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More than 200 pages
filled with pictures
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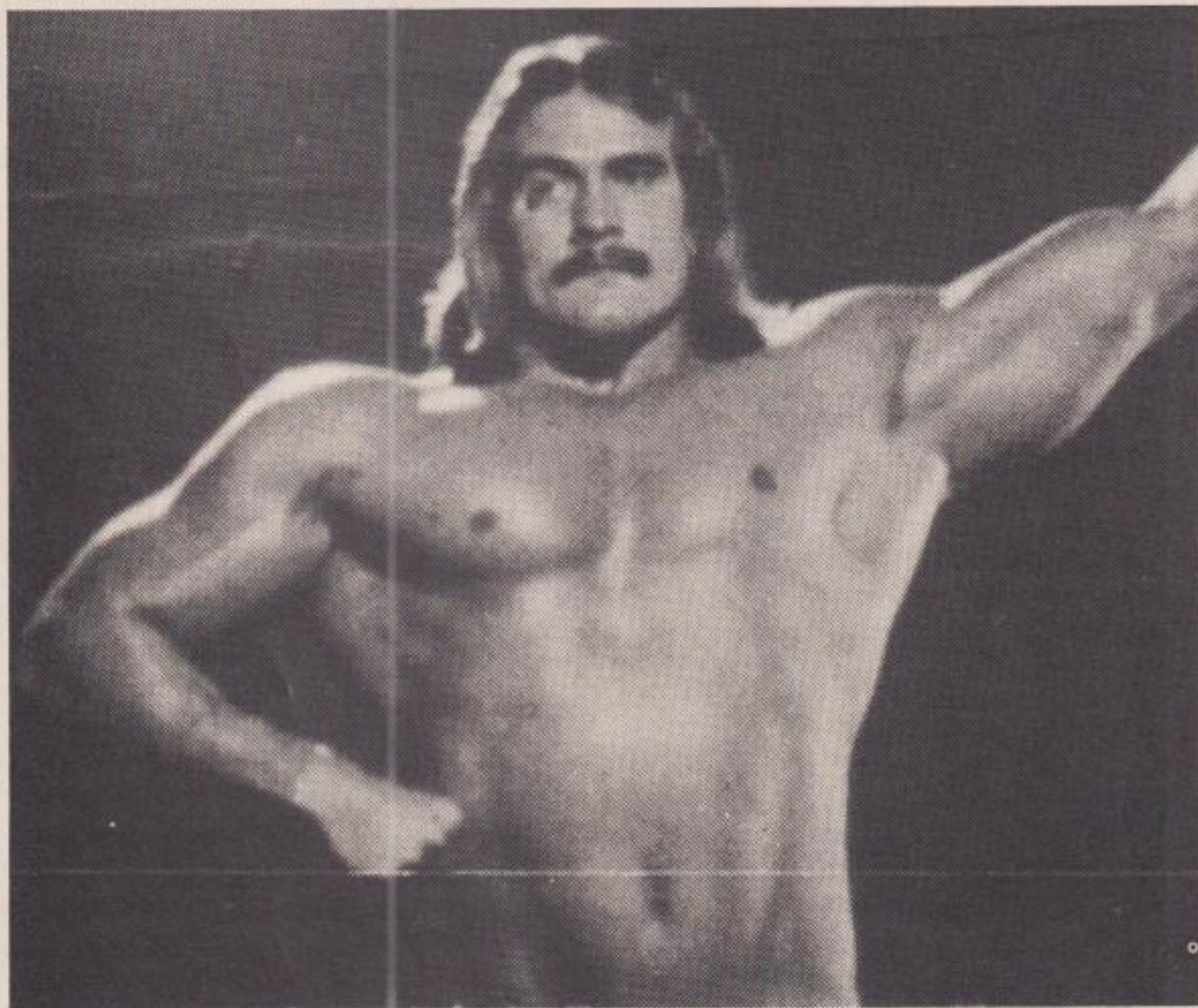
THE DAVID BARTON-JAY PROJECTS
Suite 3156, 175 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10010

the cross to sexually satisfy him. Lyric, beautiful, even ending in orgasm—a dream.

The second segment opens with Stacey, in a brief posing pouch, going through his flexing routine on a platform... somewhere. The camera plays over this man's massive, sculptured physique. From somewhere... a man's hand reaches out and strokes one large, tense thigh muscle. As the posing routine continues, the man, a silent, adoring observer, becomes more and more of the centerpiece until he is opening beating off while stroking and licking Stacey's powerful physique. But these are almost disjointed characters: the

Finally, in the film's closing segment, it is Cassidy who helps provide what Bruce Morgan, as the priest, searched for in the beginning, a masculine yet highly romantic pairing of two powerful bodies locked in a sexual embrace.

Loadstar is sexually tame by today's standards. The ordinary sucking and fucking of porn fare prevail. But its intention was something else entirely, and there it succeeds. Never before and not since have so many legit bodybuilders been involved in so much gay sex on the screen. So, as a historic porn document, *Loadstar* is a must. Section of this film were released in 8mm under the title *California Supermen*; the 8mm



man animated and flush with sexual desire, Stacey an automatic muscle machine that turns, squats, pumps, turns, flexes, stops. Finally, with no emotional communication, the man climaxes.

The scene changes dramatically, away from this posture of illusion and allegory. Jim Cassidy, a non-competition bodybuilder already known to gay porn audiences, is on a boat in France, watching the landside landmarks float past and recalling an orgy from, perhaps, the night before. The likes of Bob Birdsong (a former Mr. Universe), Jean Claude (a bodybuilder/wrestler with a television career), Dakota, the man who came to symbolize the Colt look, Bruce Morgan, and assorted others act out a series of sexual combinations and postures. The film jumps between Cassidy on the boat and Cassidy as the sexual servant to this wealth of iron men until it settles down into the film's longest, most complex sex scene.

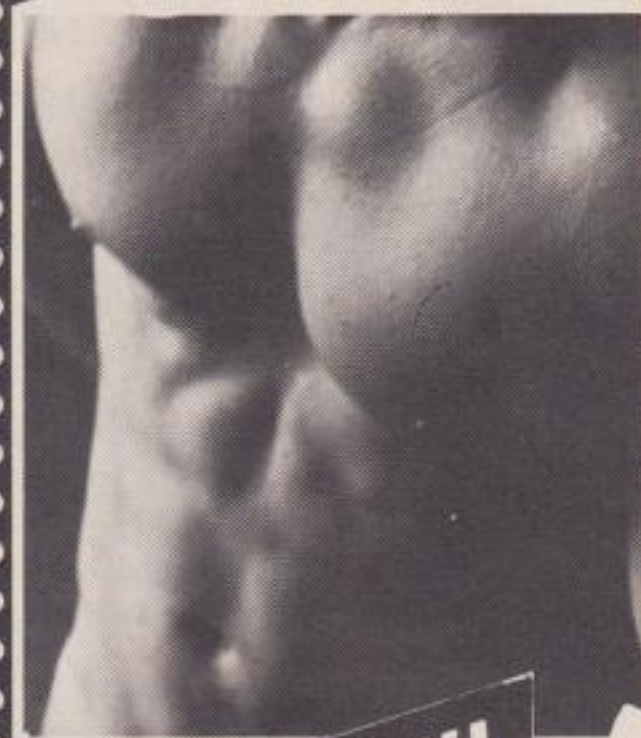
was an edited version of the third segment, called *Bon Voyage* in *Loadstar*, featuring Jim Cassidy.

JUDO—USAF STYLE

If you're a judo buff, or a military training buff, you might be interested in a collection of 21 United States Air Force training films available as a single two hour video cassette. Titled *Combative Measures/ Judo*, this cleared-for-release anthology of training films covers a wealth of attack and defense positions, movements and strikes. Filmed with military personnel as instructors and subjects, the films have that no-nonsense, gung-ho, middle-American quality that has come to typify the military training film. The 21 individual films are from the 1950-55 period and are in black and white. The two-hour cassette (Beta or VHS) is \$100 post-paid from: The Film League, Box 12444, San Diego, CA 92112.

— John W. Rowberry

CLUB MALEXPRESS



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MEMBERSHIP CLUB
WITH THESE
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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

BEEF ON THE HOOF

The regional Mr. Drummer contests have begun across the country. During the weekend of March 25-27, I judged the contest at The Woods on the Russian River along with Jim Cvitanich, former Mr. San Francisco Leather, John Ponce, last year's Mr. Northern California Drummer, Alan Selby of Mr. S Products, and Ray Sciep, former Mr. Russian River. Out of a field of 11 contestants, Paul Manenti became *Mr. Northern California Drummer 1983*. The growth of the popularity of Mr. Drummer had The Drum in Houston running its first contest at Numbers during the same weekend. David LeBlanc, a transplanted Texan from Boston, handily won the title of *Mr. Southwest Drummer 1983*. All of the hot leathermen will vie for the title of *Mr. Drummer 1983* in San Francisco on June 24.

The Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club of Colorado will be having its Twelfth Annual Golden Fleece Run July 1-4 in the Rocky Mountains. For information write: The R.M.M.C., Box 2629, Denver, CO 80202.

The Thunderbolts (Box 1997, Waterbury, CT 06722) are having their big 12th Anniversary run in Springfield, Mass. on June 10-12. The run has become so popular in New England that they have sold out the accommodations, but D.L. tells me that they may be able to find space for those who want to attend. If you are a leatherman living in the area, don't miss it. Drop them a line at the above address and they'll do something to include you. Christ, there must be a cage in the dungeon where you can stay! Also, the T-Bolts support charities like Save The Children which is a part of what all of us are about!

For you guys who are looking for your local clubs, here are a few who have been in touch with me and how you can contact them:

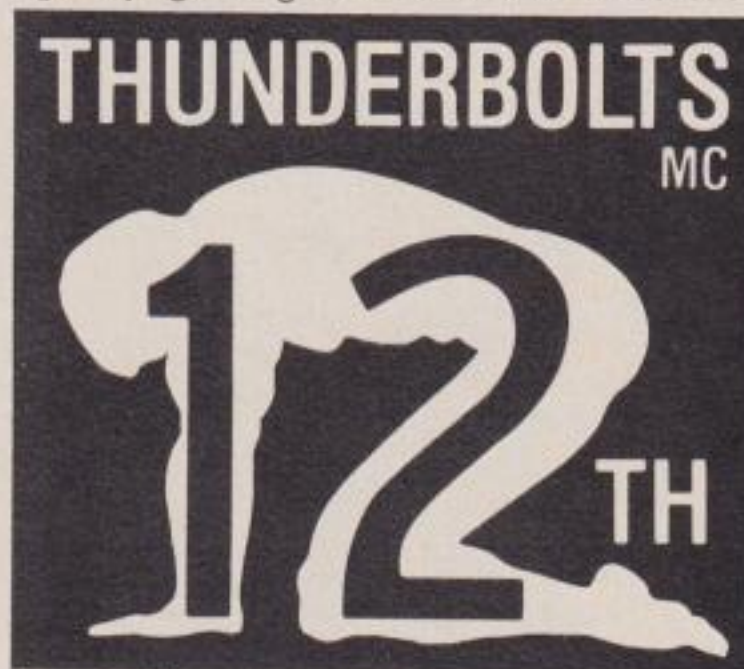
Wildcats M.C. of Norfolk, VA— P.O. Box 11324, Norfolk, VA 23517.

Hill Country Leathermen— Attn. David McLaughlin, Back Street Basics, 611 E. 7th, Austin TX 78701.

Fiesta Run 1983 will leave San Antonio steaming from April 22-24. Five clubs are sponsoring the run: *Tejas M.C.*, *Hidden Door (Home of the CCMC)*, *San Antonio M.C.*, *The Mustangs*, and *San Antonio Rough Riders*. There will be a leather champion contest, bar poker run, hot 'n' 40 contest, and down 'n' dirty denim contest. If you are interested, and who wouldn't be, you can get more information from: Fiesta Run 83, Box CP-72, Central Park Station, San

Antonio, TX 78216. There is another plus in this sort of run; guys who might be interested in joining a club have the opportunity of meeting the members and seeing the clubs who might meet their needs. You will have a ball-busting time with men who could become life-long buddies.

I have made mention of the *Oktoberfest* trip to Munich, West Germany at the end of September. We have been busting our balls, trying to put this trip together. I had hoped to have a group of 75 guys for the trip, but the travel agency says the group has to be limited to 55. Sorry about that, men! Manfred Stavenhagen of *Zum Lohengrin* in Munich is one of the people who is going to make the trip such a success. He hustled around with Caroline from the travel agency, getting rooms for the visitors. I



got a call from Berlin where a friend told me that the word of Drummer's trip had reached there. Siegfried Hoffman of the ECMC plans to be there. The trip should be an exciting one. Sure, you don't have to go all the way to Germany to get your rocks off or to have a scene, although I'm sure there will be a lot of both if you are interested. There are going to be a number of parties, including the big meet of the Munich Leather Club which always brings guys from all over Europe into town. Besides trips to the Castle of the Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria (who happened to be one of us) and to Berchtesgaden, the retreat of Adolf Hitler (who wanted to exterminate us), there is the opportunity of good fellowship and lasting friendships. There will be a lot of other happenings and you will have plenty of free time to do your own thing. If you're interested and want to go with us, find our ad in the magazine and let us know. I've gotten a lot of inquiries and I hope to hear from you. The gala of *Oktoberfest* is worth it all by itself. Let me point out one thing that is absolutely forbidden on the trip and could sour the whole deal for you— Nazi regalia. The

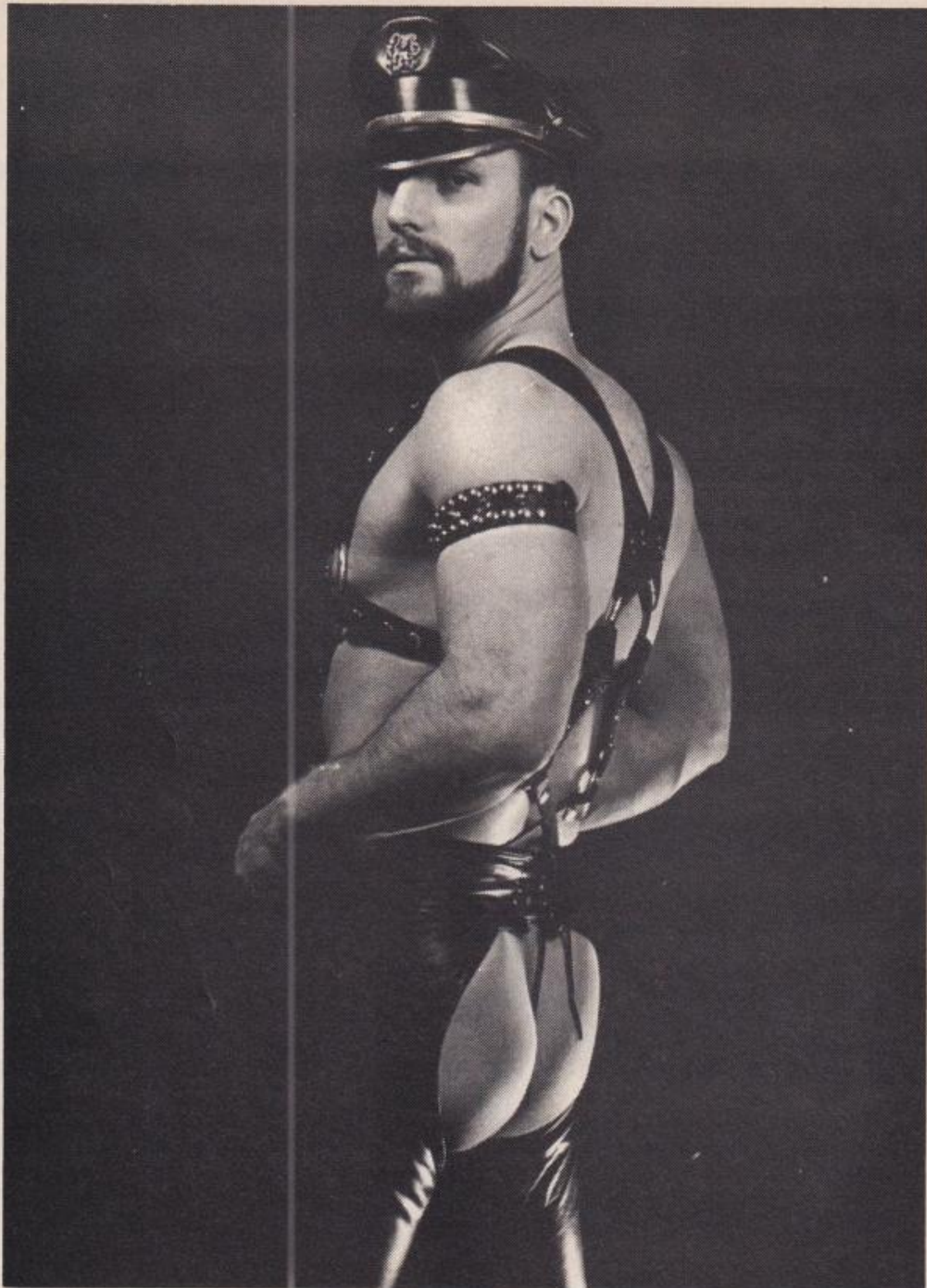
West German customs people will not only confiscate any Nazi emblems or material, they will fucking well put you back on the plane for the US of A and you won't even see the outskirts of Munich! Your leathers are in, your toys are out. The latter should be no problem. For one thing you can always find substitutes (that good heavy belt has other uses than to hold your pants up, while a few neckties can serve to tie someone up, plus your own natural equipment). Also remember you will be dealing with people who have their own things.

If you miss this trip, you will regret it, especially when *Drummer* comes out with the facts afterward. Remember also, the German Mark looks good against the American dollar, which wasn't the case a year ago.

Some issues back, I asked you guys to send me some posters. The only responses were from The Crypt in San Diego and The Chute in Reno. Now that has got to be one of the shittiest responses that I have ever received. You must have thought that I wanted these posters to decorate my walls. It ain't so! The posters will be going to Munich where they will be displayed. Get your fucking fingers out of your asses. Leather in Europe has wanted to establish relationships with American clubs and you know the Germans go to American leather bars when they come over here. Let's show a bit of class! I know the bike clubs and businesses out there have posters. Let them know who you are and where you are.

THE FIRST GAY RODEO IN COLORADO!

The Colorado Gay Rodeo Association is planning it for June 3-5. Coal Creek Rodeo Park is where it will happen in Denver, which is on the north side of 6th Avenue East about one mile east of Buckley Road. Exhibition dancing will be held Saturday night on June 4 at the Rodeo's Downtown Headquarters, The Ramada Inn at 1170 East Colfax. Information on registration for competing or the Grand Marshall contest comes by calling (303) 399-1986 between 6 and 9 daily MST, except Sunday. No registrations will be accepted after May 15. The Grand Marshall contest is of particular interest since it will raise money for the National Gay Health Education foundation, Inc. I get pretty flip about a lot of things, but this is serious and it deserves everyone's full support. If you can't attend, buy a ticket and give it to a friend who might not be able to afford it.



MR. MISSOURI LEATHER 1983

Look out Chicago! Missouri, the Show Me State, has one hot contestant for the Mr. International Leather contest.

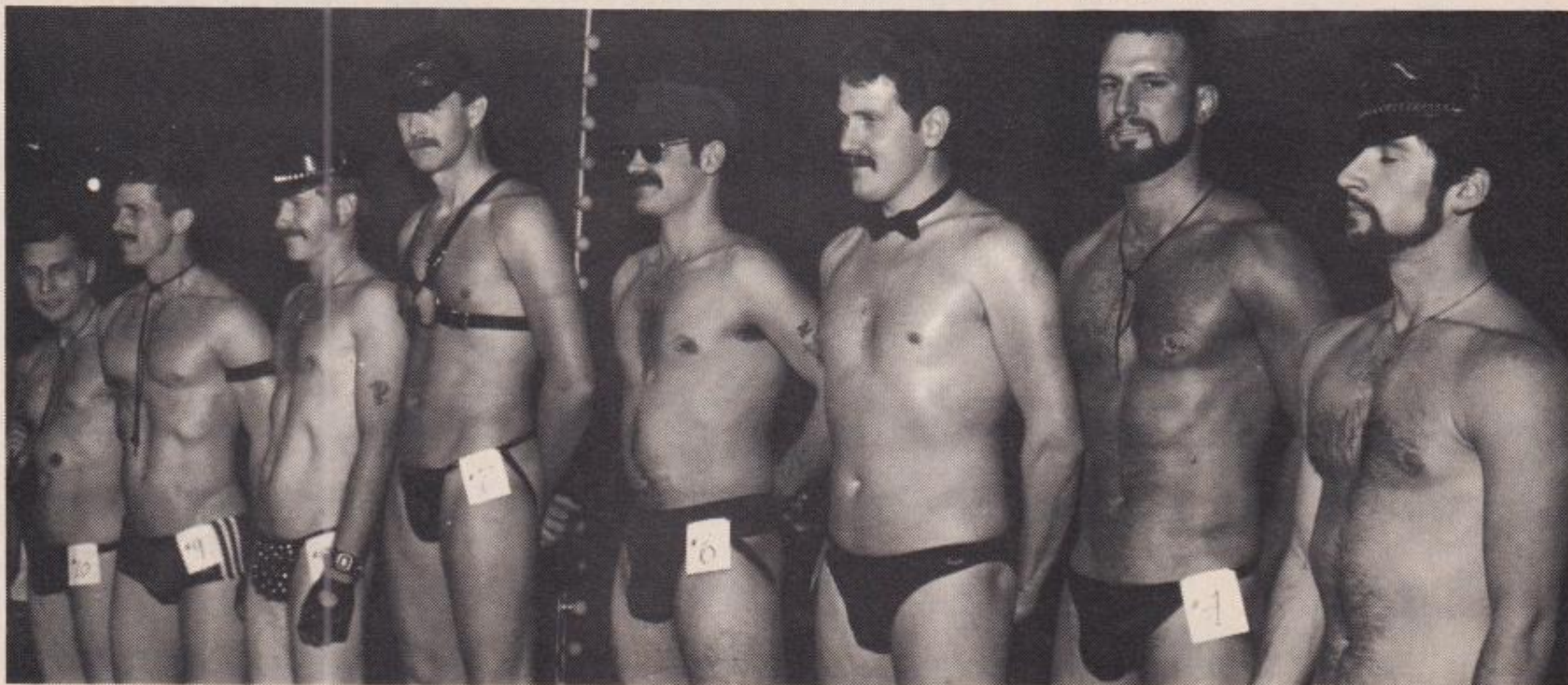
This was the first Mr. Missouri Leather contest held in St. Louis. The Gateway M.C. brought off the event of the year,



an event which would have been impossible a few years ago.

On March 4, the Gateway Saloon and the Connection hosted the events which led to the choice of Charlie Scheib as Mr. Missouri Leather. Clementine's, a nationally known levi/leather bar, sponsored Charlie. Nine other men competed for the title and they were all hot challengers.

The advent of this contest, along with a slave auction which was also held at the same time, says much about the growth and development of the leather scene in St. Louis. What is particularly important is that the Gateway M.C. had the balls to make it a success. Not only did the leather community support it but the entire gay community was behind it.



HOUSTON AND LEATHER

It all began on Thursday night, Feb. 3, when The Leather Works opened its shop in The Ripcord, Houston's hot new leather bar. Val Martin emceed a leather fashion show of topmen and slaves (see the photos). The bar was packed while guys from all over the area waited patiently for a chance to get inside. Jerry Elam, The Ripcord's manager, and Keith Hayman of The Leather Works worked hard to make it a successful night.

That was only the warmup for the big *Let Us Entertain You!* weekend. Mario Simon and I were there from *Drummer* and had a very memorable time.

The night I got in, The Leather Works had the grand opening of their main

store on Montrose. The place was crowded with shoppers and visitors from out of town. Guys came in from San Antonio, Dallas, Phoenix and points East. After the shop closed, we moved to a private party being given by Charles R., an associate member of the Chicago Hellfire Club.

Ed H., president of Hellfire, along with Vince B., Chuck B., and Tony de B., came from Chicago to attend the *Little Inferno*. Other associates, such as Keith H. of Houston and Ron B. of Midland, also attended and we all had a great time.

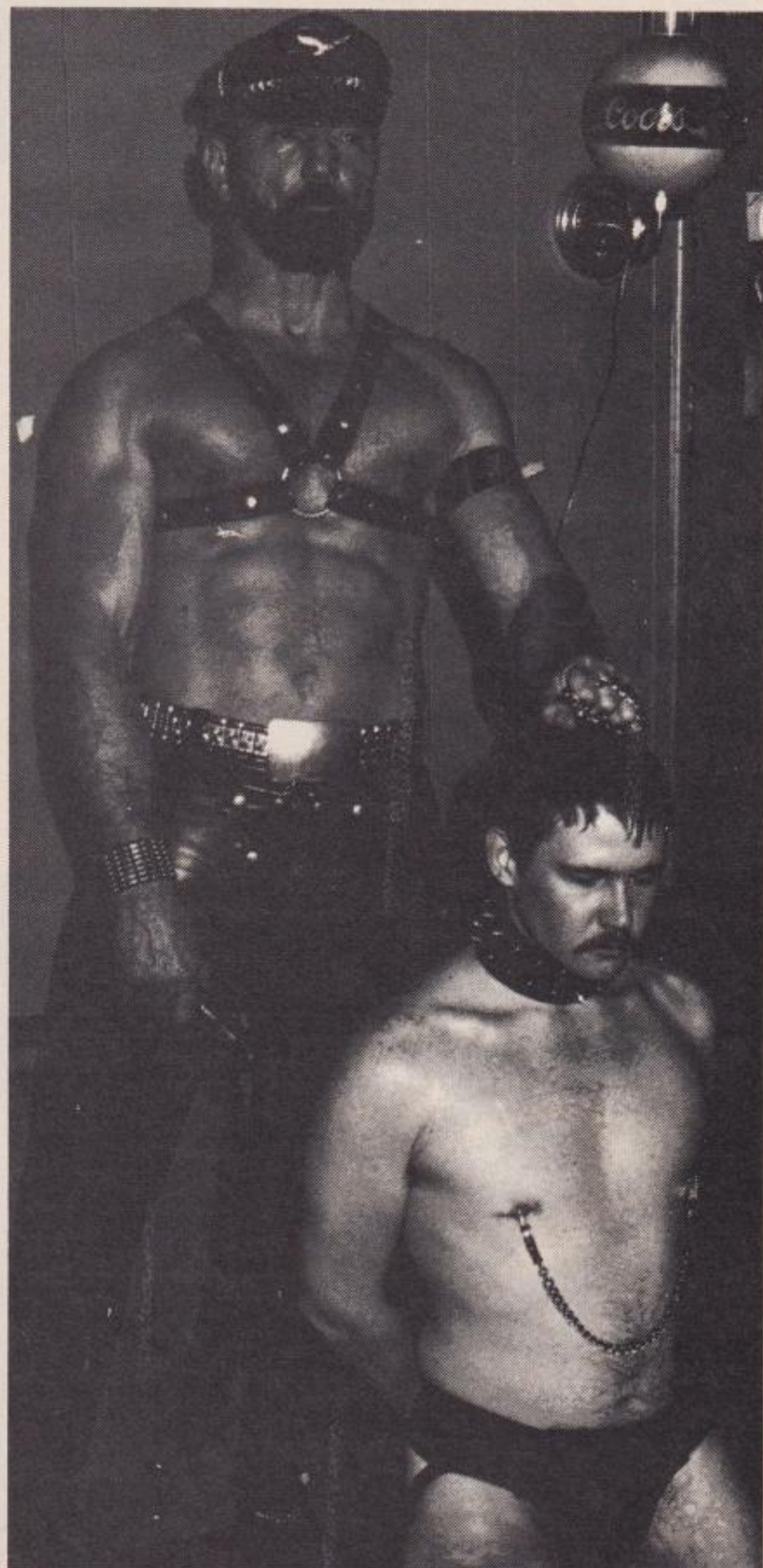
I made it around to the different watering holes, The Drum, Mary's and The Ripcord, where I found a different

attitude toward visitors than I have encountered anywhere else. Everyone knew what hospitality was all about. I met Bill Bailey of The Drum and had a great time with him as well as bikers from the many clubs in and around Houston.

Leather was everywhere and the men were hot and ready. One of the hottest men in Houston has to be David LeBlanc, a man whom I predict will become a household word in the nation's leather community.

If you are looking for a good time with real down-home men, check Houston out sometime. Believe me, you won't regret it.

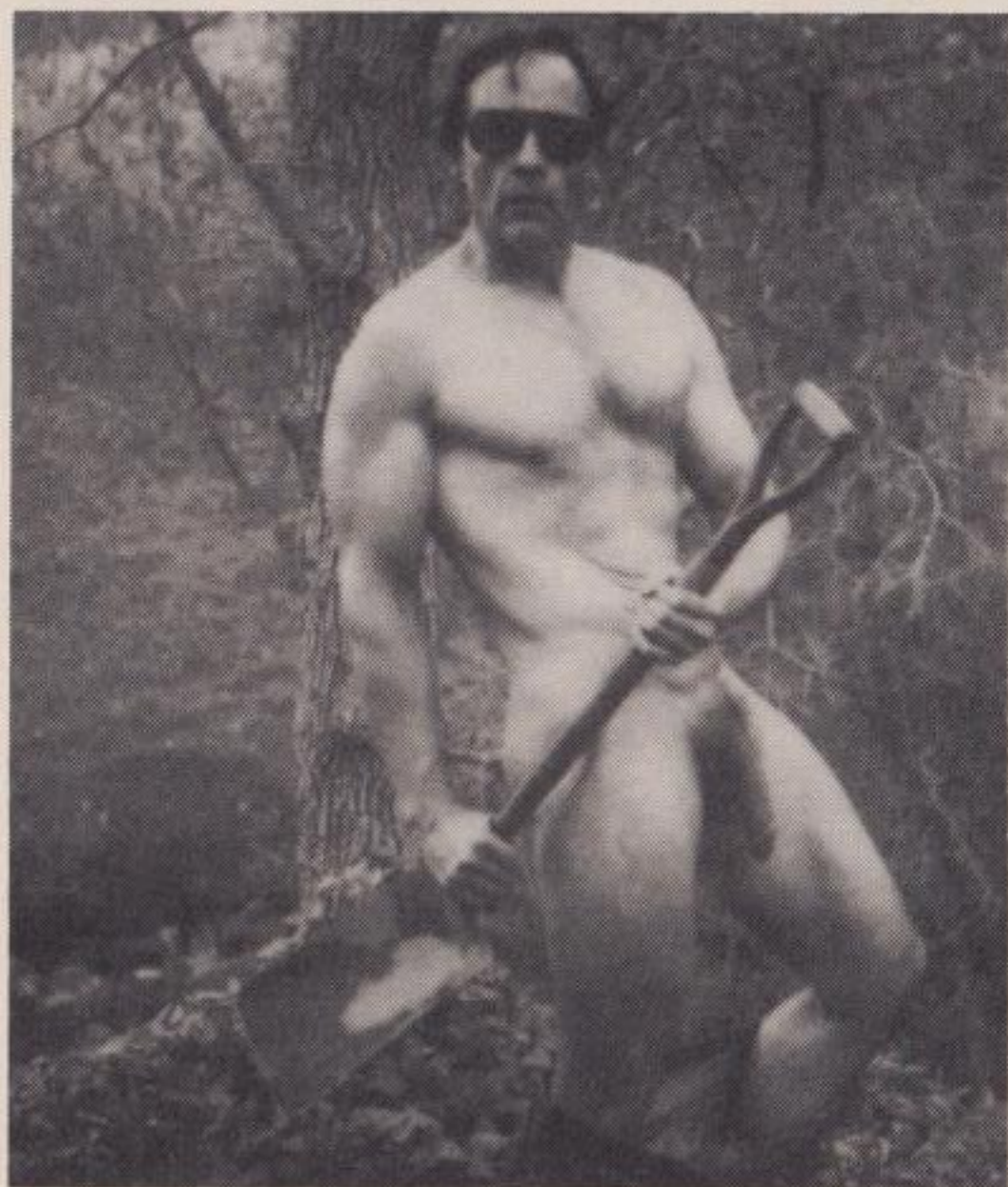
— Frank O'Rourke



Photos by Tom Godwin

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN



TOUGH, RUGGED SON WANTED

Any gutsy, butch son who gets hot enough to want to pull down his dad's pants may get the dad and the belt from the pants. Dad will apply the belt generously, heavily, and regularly to son's bare ass from then on.

I am looking especially for an older, mature son who is totally submissive and needs domination and regular physical discipline sessions. He must work out regularly, as I do, and have a muscular, developed body.

I am 45, 6'2", 190 lbs. He can have no inhibitions and must be totally obedient. I set limits. He will become a total slave and be permanently marked for ownership.

Kept nude, or in a slave collar and chains, his head shaved, he will cook, clean, and do heavy gardening and landscaping work on my 10 acre residence in the Sierra Foothills of Central California.

Though I prefer an older son, he should be fairly fresh and unmarked. I want to be the first to enlarge his tits, then nail them to a 2x4 and permanently ring them. If this sounds harsh, it is. Physical discipline is most satisfying to son and dad when applied harshly, but with a minimum of tissue damage. The rougher the action, the better the son can show his love, trust, and devotion. It also causes the dad to respond with tender acts of love, rewards, and respect for what his tough, rugged son has endured for him.

Let me add that I find any disfigurement to a son's body unacceptable and would never cause permanent marks other than a well-placed, unobtrusive mark of ownership, and pierced tits. But these things can be built up to slowly, over a long time span, in combination with preliminary and accompanying physical stress and ritual in a way to give maximum impact, satisfaction, and bonding to the relationship.

R.W.M.

DAD TRAVELS TO DISCIPLINE

This is one Dad with a difference. A big, fat, bearded Southern Daddy who won't hesitate to haul his grown son out to the woodshed and wear out his butt with a switch or with his long leather belt. This hairy behemoth won't think twice about tanning your behind and then shifting my massive bulk to sit on you for good measure will you squeal. You just see if I don't.

To my mind, a son has one overwhelming use for his trim, nearly hairless buns and that is the use of the seat for corrections. A son doesn't need to hang his head and get ashamed of his immaturity and mess-ups when he can just come to his old daddy and get instructed on how to do better—the old-fashioned way that stays with you—particularly when you sit down.

After living all my life in the South I'm about to pick up

and move to New York City (so don't bother writing to me). Seems some of you boys up there need some real education—the good way!

C.W.D.
Greensboro, NC

RAUNCHY DAD WANTED

I am looking for a daddy who is into raunchy sex. Who is Top or mutual in shit and piss for his son—who is a bottom or mutual, and who wants to eat his hot man's turds.

I am 31, 5'7", 130 lbs., body hair, beard and moustache and some tattoos. I love getting fucked, want my dad to fist fuck me, and would rim his ass, lick his hot sweaty body, his bare feet, suck his toes, eat his farts. Daddy can get me into light bondage and SM. I just ask that he not shave my body.

I'm looking for a dad that is 36-50 years of age, not overweight, taller than I am, with body hair and/or tattoos. But if a Black dad wants me for his white son, then body hair and tattoos aren't really important.

I have always wanted an older dad. When I was young I used to go to public restrooms and watch older men taking a piss or listen to them taking a shit and imagine it was my dad. I would jack off time after time.

I live alone in Toronto, Canada—and would be happy to correspond with a hot dad, or have one come to visit me.

Bill, Toilet Son

MARRIED DAD

It's great being a daddy and even greater to read that *Drummer* has made it possible for all of us to open up our needs and communicate. Recently I've realized some phases of the pleasures of 'daddyhood' and so I'm ready for a close daddy/son relationship.

I am a (married) man, 52, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair, grey eyes, clean shaven, uncut, and need to own a younger man. My plan is to use him as a back scrubber in the shower, masseur, and as a male animal to toy with, use, train, and discipline. Though benevolent on occasion, I am a firm believer in tough discipline, punishment and reward. I want to share a very active sex life—teach him how to serve as my oral slave and share frequent mutual J/O.

An applicant should be mature-minded, sure enough of his own masculinity to be able to turn himself over to me, and manly. I prefer one close to 30, husky, self-reliant (but dependent on me for emotional and physical satisfaction) and ready for me when I want him. I promise him a shave when I feel like it, a strap on his ass when he needs it, and plenty of affection when he earns it.

C.E.B.
Sherman Oaks, CA

UNDISCIPLINED SON SEEKS HOT COP

I've been reading all the stories and ads of Daddys and sons in *Drummer* the last issues and I can only wish I had a strong handed, strict daddy like the ones in your magazine.

I am going to L.A. this summer in hopes of finding my new daddy. My idea of a good dad would be: About 35-40, 6'1", (or at least taller than me), white or Chicano with a thick moustache, hairy body, big hands and feet and a direct, loud voice. But all of this is just an idea. I don't know how to get around in L.A., and I don't know where to go, but in hopes of finding a good dad, I'll manage it somehow and it will be worth it.

I want a real daddy I can take care of and learn from. I am 19, Chicano, raised in Arizona, about 185 lbs., stocky, with a 44" chest, pretty big arms, a moustache, and crazy for rock and roll and Harley-Davidsons. I was never disciplined in any way by my parents when I was younger. I guess they thought it would be too much like child abuse. Anyway, I feel it is my responsibility to find a strict daddy to train me to his specifications and prepare me to be a good daddy when I get older.

I lift weights regularly and ride a bike. I am not fat, but have a football player's build. I've tried going to bookstores and all that shit, but no dice. The bars are mostly filled with 90 lb. queens. I don't like sissy guys who think

they're macho.

I'm really turned on to cops and highway patrolmen. I couldn't think of anything better than having a cop for a daddy, fixing his uniform and making his coffee every morning... wow!

R.R.
Phoenix, AZ

DADDY MAKES THE RULES

Bike riding, cigar smoking, beer swilling, high boot wearing, belt wielding, ass kicking, butt fucking, mouth feeding, tit piercing, hand cuffing, leg shackling, hog tying, stern, uncut, black leather Daddy looking for a cock sucking, piss drinking, boot licking, ass rimming, pit cleaning, bike polishing, hard, tight assed son: obedient, respectful, and hard working.

I make the rules, you make it easy on yourself and follow the rules. Step out of line and I bust your hump.

Sons should be seen and not heard. And no son gets too big to spank or knock down a peg of two if he smarts off to his old man.

Prefer uncut, hairy, under 5'10", but realize that sons are very different from their dads—taller, cut, fairer.

Prefer boy living in rural area (at least 40 miles from nearest gay bar).

J.M.
Miami

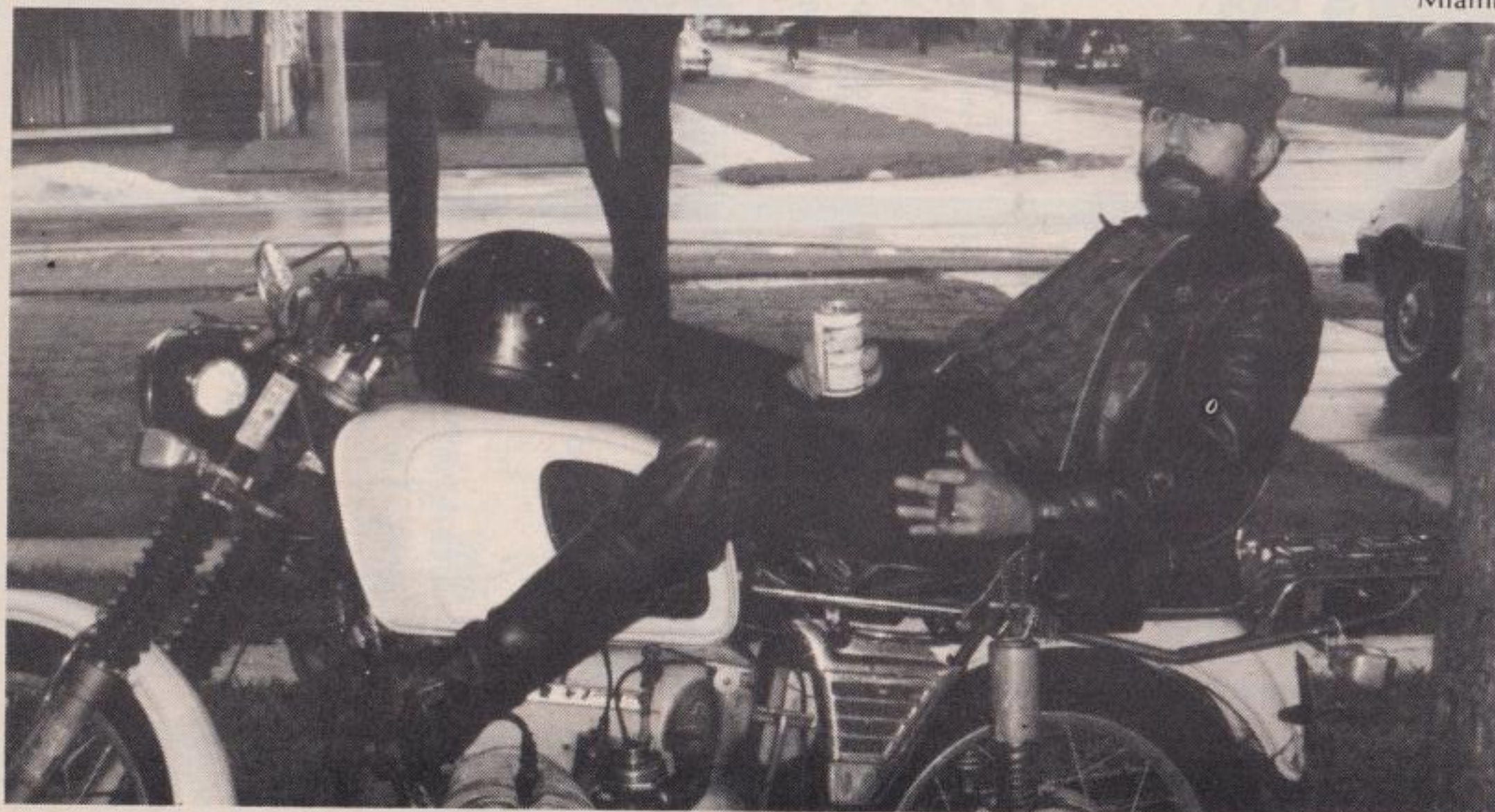


EDUCATED SON

This blonde, bearded, smooth-bodied son (5'10", 147 lbs., 29" waist) is in search of a Daddy/Master in the NYC area. If you are seriously looking for a son/slave, are bearded, very dominant, yet sensitive and affectionate, I'd like to hear from you. I promise total obedience, fidelity and submission to my Daddy, and will serve his needs exclusively (monogamously for the right Dad)—S&M, B/D, WS, etc., as well as a loving, emotionally supportive Father/son relationship. My nonsexual interests include opera, theater, films, hiking, bicycling, mountains, beaches and travel—and a Daddy with whom to share and expand these interests.

Please write with photo if possible (returned at your request). We've cruised each other in the bars and on the streets long enough, and I'm tired of playing bar games. I'd much prefer spending that time together getting acquainted as Father and son. How about you, Dad?

JAD
NYC



LETTERS

Continued from page 7

(Editor's Note: We can't believe you don't already know the answer to your question, but just in case—bestiality, the act of engaging in sex with animals (non-human variety) is against the law in each of the 50 states and most foreign countries. The most we could do is talk about it in a clinical, non-sexually arousing way. And frankly, we think the New England Journal of Medicine does that sort of thing much better.)

THE FICTION TRUTH

Who are the people who write the stories in *Drummer*? Sometimes I think the same person is writing under different names. Is John Preston/Prescott a real person? I know Larry Townsend is, is he also Robert Payne? How do writers get their stories published? What's the

real story on your writers?

D. Royce
Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's Note: John Preston is a real person. He wrote the novel *Mr. Benson* under the name Prescott when it first appeared in *Drummer*; since then he has taken credit for it under his real identity, and when the paperback is published this summer—with a new ending—his real name will appear as the author. Robert Payne is another person and Larry Townsend is yet another person. Mr. Payne, who is the author of *The Story of Q*, among other titles, was the original editor of *Drummer*, and has been editor of the magazine on and off over the years. Larry Townsend, a separate person, is best known as the author of *The Leatherman's Handbook*, a work he has recently completely revised and which was just published. Some of these

people even know each other. Although a number of authors write for *Drummer* under pseudonyms, many use their real names. In the past we have published stories by Felice Picano (his real name), George Whitmore (his real name), Jason Klein (his real name), and a number of other writers who have established careers elsewhere. We also publish a good number of unknown writers, and have proudly been the first place in which many, many gay writers have ever appeared. The same holds true for artists and photographers, we might add. How do you break into print? Simple. When you have a completed manuscript, you send it to us, we read it, and one of two things happens: we send it back with a nice rejection note or we contact you with an offer to publish. Everyone has a good story in them somewhere—the hard part is learning how to tell it.) □

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